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THE BEQUEST OF

ISAAC MYER

RECEIVED FEBRUARY 1904

THE

WORKS

OF

Samuel Johnſon, LL.D.

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

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THE

HISTORY

OF

RASSELAS,

PRINCE OF ABISSINIA.

CHAP. I.

DESCRIPTION OF A PALACE IN A VALLEY.

YE who liſten with credulity to the whiſpers of fancy, and perſue with eagerneſs the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promiſes of youth, and that the deficiencies of the preſent day will be ſupplied by the morrow; attend to the hiſtory of Raſſelas prince of Abiſſinia.

Raſſelas was the fourth ſon of the mighty emperour, in whoſe dominions the Father of Waters begins his courſe; whoſe bounty pours down the ſtreams of plenty, and ſcatters over half the world the harveſts of Egypt.

According to the cuſtom which has deſcended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Raſſelas was confined in a private palace, with the other ſons and daughters of Abiſſinian royalty, till the order of ſucceſſion ſhould call him to the throne.

The place, which the wiſdom or policy of antiquity had deſtined for the reſidence of the Abiſſi-

nian princes, was a ſpacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, ſurrounded on every ſide by mountains, of which the ſummits overhang the middle part. The only paſſage, by which it could be entered, was a cavern that paſſed under a rock, of which it has long been diſputed whether it was the work of nature or of human induſtry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was cloſed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, ſo maſſy that no man could without the help of engines open or ſhut them.

From the mountains on every ſide, rivulets deſcended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle inhabited by fiſh of every ſpecies, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake diſcharged its ſuperfluities by a ſtream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern ſide, and fell with dreadful noiſe from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The ſides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diverſified with flowers; every blaſt ſhook ſpices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the graſs, or brouſe the ſhrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extenſive circuit, ſecured from beaſts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the paſtures, on another all the beaſts of chaſe friſking in the lawns; the ſprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the ſubtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the

ſolemn

ſolemn elephant repoſing in the ſhade. All the diverſities of the world were brought together, the bleſſings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, ſupplied its inhabitants with the neceſſaries of life, and all delights and ſuperfluities were added at the annual viſit which the emperour paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the ſound of muſick; and during eight days every one that reſided in the valley was required to propoſe whatever might contribute to make ſecluſion pleaſant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and leſſen the tedioufneſs of time. Every deſire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleaſure were called to gladden the feſtivity; the muſicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers ſhewed their activity before the princes, in hope that they ſhould paſs their lives in this bliſsful captivity, to which thoſe only were admitted whoſe performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of ſecurity and delight which this retirement afforded, that they, to whom it was new, always deſired that it might be perpetual; and as thoſe, on whom the iron gate had once cloſed, were never ſuffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new ſchemes of delight, and new competitors for impriſonment.

The palace ſtood on an eminence raiſed about thirty paces above the ſurface of the lake. It was divided into many ſquares or courts, built with greater or leſs magnificence, according to the rank

of thoſe for whom they were deſigned. The ro were turned into arches of maſſy ſtone joined b cement that grew harder by time, and the build ſtood from century to century deriding the ſtitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without n of reparation.

This houſe, which was ſo large as to be ſ known to none but ſome ancient officers who ſ ceſſively inherited the ſecrets of the place, was b as if ſuſpicion herſelf had dictated the plan. every room there was an open and ſecret paſſa every ſquare had a communication with the r either from the upper ſtories by private galler or by ſubterranean paſſages from the lower ap ments. Many of the columns had unſuſpe cavities, in which a long race of monarchs repoſited their treaſures. They then cloſed up opening with marble, which was never to be moved but in the utmoſt exigencies of the kingd and recorded their accumulations in a book wh was itſelf concealed in a tower not entered bu the emperour, attended by the prince who ſt next in ſucceſſion.

CHAP. II.

THE DISCONTENT OF RASSELAS IN THE HAP VALLEY.

HERE the ſons and daughters of Abiſſinia l only to know the ſoft viciſſitudes of plea and repoſe, attended by all that were ſkilful to light, and gratified with whatever the ſenſes

er

enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and ſlept in the fortreſſes of ſecurity. Every art was practiſed to make them pleaſed with their own condition. The ſages who inſtructed them, told them of nothing but the miſeries of publick life, and deſcribed all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where diſcord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man.

To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with ſongs, the ſubject of which was the *happy valley*. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment was the buſineſs of every hour from the dawn of morning to the cloſe of even.

Theſe methods were generally ſucceſsful; few of the princes had ever wiſhed to enlarge their bounds, but paſſed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could beſtow, and pitied thoſe whom fate had excluded from this ſeat of tranquillity, as the ſport of chance and the ſlaves of miſery.

Thus they roſe in the morning and lay down at night, pleaſed with each other and with themſelves, all but Raſſelas, who in the twenty-ſixth year of his age began to withdraw himſelf from their paſtimes and aſſemblies, and to delight in ſolitary walks and ſilent meditation. He often ſat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taſte the dainties that were placed before him: he roſe abruptly in the midſt of the ſong, and haſtily retired beyond the ſound of muſick. His attendants obſerved the change, and endeavoured to renew his

love of pleaſure: he neglected their officiouſneſs, repulſed their invitations, and ſpent day after day on the banks of rivulets ſheltered with trees, where he ſometimes liſtened to the birds in the branches, ſometimes obſerved the fiſh playing in the ſtream, and anon caſt his eyes upon the paſtures and mountains filled with animals, of which ſome were biting the herbage, and ſome ſleeping among the buſhes.

This ſingularity of his humour made him much obſerved. One of the Sages, in whoſe converſation he had formerly delighted, followed him ſecretly, in hope of diſcovering the cauſe of his diſquiet. Raſſelas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for ſome time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were brouſing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

"What," ſaid he, "makes the difference between man and all the reſt of the animal creation? Every beaſt that ſtrays beſide me has the ſame corporal neceſſities with myſelf; he is hungry and crops the graſs, he is thirſty and drinks the ſtream, his thirſt and hunger are appeaſed, he is ſatisfied and ſleeps; he riſes again and is hungry, he is again fed and is at reſt. I am hungry and thirſty like him, but when thirſt and hunger ceaſe I am not at reſt; I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, ſatisfied with fulneſs. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry that I may again quicken my attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves where they ſit in ſeemii happineſs on the branches, and waſte their lives in

in tuning one unvaried ſeries of ſounds. I likewiſe can call the lutaniſt and the ſinger, but the ſounds that pleaſed me yeſterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more weariſome to-morrow. I can diſcover within me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleaſure, yet I do not feel myſelf delighted. Man ſurely has ſome latent ſenſe for which this place affords no gratification, or he has ſome deſires diſtinct from ſenſe which muſt be ſatisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and ſeeing the moon riſing, walked towards the palace. As he paſſed through the fields, and ſaw the animals around him, "Ye, ſaid he, are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myſelf; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity; for it is not the felicity of man. I have many diſtreſſes from which ye are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it; I ſometimes ſhrink at evils recollected, and ſometimes ſtart at evils anticipated: ſurely the equity of providence has balanced peculiar ſufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

With obſervations like theſe the prince amuſed himſelf as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that diſcovered him to feel ſome complacence in his own perſpicacity, and to receive ſome ſolace of the miſeries of life, from conſciouſneſs of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diverſions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

CHAP. III.

THE WANTS OF HIM THAT WANTS NOTHING.

ON the next day his old inſtructor, imagining that he had now made himſelf acquainted with his diſeaſe of mind, was in hope of curing it by counſel, and officiouſly ſought an opportunity of conference, which the prince, having long conſidered him as one whoſe intellects were exhauſted, was not very willing to afford: "Why, ſaid he, does this man thus intrude upon me; ſhall I be never ſuffered to forget thoſe lectures which pleaſed only while they were new, and to become new again muſt be forgotten?" He then walked into the wood, and compoſed himſelf to his uſual meditations; when before his thoughts had taken any ſettled form, he perceived his purſuer at his ſide, and was at firſt prompted by his impatience to go haſtily away; but, being unwilling to offend a man whom he had once reverenced and ſtill loved, he invited him to ſit down with him on the bank.

The old man thus encouraged, began to lament the change which had been lately obſerved in the prince, and to enquire why he ſo often retired from the pleaſures of the palace, to lonelineſs and ſilence. "I fly from pleaſure, ſaid the prince, becauſe pleaſure has ceaſed to pleaſe; I am lonely becauſe I am miſerable, and am unwilling to cloud with my preſence the happineſs of others." "You, Sir, ſaid the ſage, are the firſt who has complained of miſery in the *happy valley*. I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cauſe. You

are

here in full poſſeſſion of all that the emperour Abiſſinia can beſtow; here is neither labour to be dured nor danger to be dreaded, yet here is all t labour or danger can procure or purchaſe. ok round and tell me which of your wants is thout ſupply: if you want nothing, how are you happy?"

"That I want nothing, ſaid the prince, or t I know not what I want, is the cauſe of my mplaint; if I had any known want, I ſhould ve a certain wiſh; that wiſh would excite en-avour, and I ſhould not then repine to ſee the move ſo ſlowly towards the weſtern mountain, lament when the day breaks and ſleep will no ger hide me from myſelf. When I ſee the kids d the lambs chaſing one another, I fancy that ſhould be happy if I had ſomething to perſue. t, poſſeſſing all that I can want, I find one day d one hour exactly like another, except that the ter is ſtill more tedious than the former. Let ur experience inform me how the day may now m as ſhort as in my childhood, while nature was t freſh, and every moment ſhewed me what I ver had obſerved before. I have already enjoyed o much; give me ſomething to deſire."

The old man was ſurpriſed at this new ſpecies affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was nwilling to be ſilent. "Sir, ſaid he, if you had en the miſeries of the world, you would know w to value your preſent ſtate." "Now, ſaid the rince, you have given me ſomething to deſire; ſhall long to ſee the miſeries of the world, ſince e ſight of them is neceſſary to happineſs."

CHAP. IV.

THE PRINCE CONTINUES TO GRIEVE AND MUSE.

AT this time the ſound of muſick proclaimed the hour of repaſt, and the converſation was concluded. The old man went away ſufficiently diſcontented, to find that his reaſonings had produced the only concluſion which they were intended to prevent. But in the decline of life ſhame and grief are of ſhort duration; whether it be that we bear eaſily what we have born long, or that, finding ourſelves in age leſs regarded, we leſs regard others; or, that we look with ſlight regard upon afflictions, to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.

The prince, whoſe views were extended to a wider ſpace, could not ſpeedily quiet his emotions. He had been before terrified at the length of life which nature promiſed him, becauſe he conſidered that in a long time much muſt be endured; he now rejoiced in his youth, becauſe in many years much might be done.

This firſt beam of hope, that had been ever darted into his mind, rekindled youth in his cheeks, and doubled the luſtre of his eyes. He was fired with the deſire of doing ſomething, though he knew not yet with diſtinctneſs, either end or means.

He was now no longer gloomy and unſocial; but, conſidering himſelf as maſter of a ſecret ſtock of happineſs, which he could enjoy only by concealing it, he affected to be buſy in all ſchemes of diverſion,

diverſion, and endeavoured to make others pleaſed with the ſtate of which he himſelf was weary. But pleaſures never can be ſo multiplied or continued, as not to leave much of life unemployed; there were many hours, both of the night and day, which he could ſpend without ſuſpicion in ſolitary thought. The load of life was much lightened: he went eagerly into the aſſemblies, becauſe he ſuppoſed the frequency of his preſence neceſſary to the ſucceſs of his purpoſes; he retired gladly to privacy, becauſe he had now a ſubject of thought.

His chief amuſement was to picture to himſelf that world which he had never ſeen; to place himſelf in various conditions; to be entangled in imaginary difficulties, and to be engaged in wild adventures: but his benevolence always terminated his projects in the relief of diſtreſs, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppreſſion, and the diffuſion of happineſs.

Thus paſſed twenty months of the life of Raſſelas. He buſied himſelf ſo intenſely in viſionary buſtle, that he forgot his real ſolitude; and, amidſt hourly preparations for the various incidents of human affairs, neglected to conſider by what means he ſhould mingle with mankind.

One day, as he was ſitting on a bank, he feigned to himſelf an orphan virgin robbed of her little portion by a treacherous lover, and crying after him for reſtitution and redreſs. So ſtrongly was the image impreſſed upon his mind, that he ſtarted up in the maid's defence, and run forward to ſeize the plunderer with all the eagerneſs of real purſuit. Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt. Raſſelas could

could not catch the fugitive with his utmoſt efforts; but, reſolving to weary by perſeverance, him whom he could not ſurpaſs in ſpeed, he preſſed on till the foot of the mountain ſtopped his courſe.

Here he recollected himſelf, and ſmiled at his own uſeleſs impetuoſity. Then raiſing his eyes to the mountain, "This, ſaid he, is the fatal obſtacle that hinders at once the enjoyment of pleaſure, and the exerciſe of virtue. How long is it that my hopes and wiſhes have flown beyond this boundary of my life, which yet I never have attempted to ſurmount!"

Struck with this reflection, he ſat down to muſe; and remembered, that ſince he firſt reſolved to eſcape from his confinement, the ſun had paſſed twice over him in his annual courſe. He now felt a degree of regret with which he had never been before acquainted. He conſidered how much might have been done in the time which had paſſed, and left nothing real behind it. He compared twenty months with the life of man. "In life, ſaid he, is not to be counted the ignorance of infancy, or imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we ſoon ceaſe from the power of acting. The true period of human exiſtence may be reaſonably eſtimated at forty years, of which I have muſed away the four and twentieth part. What I have loſt was certain, for I have certainly poſſeſſed it; but of twenty months to come who can aſſure me?"

The conſciouſneſs of his own folly pierced him deeply, and he was long before he could be reconciled to himſelf. "The reſt of my time, ſaid he, has

has been loſt by the crime or folly of my anceſtors, and the abſurd inſtitutions of my country; I remember it with diſguſt, yet without remorſe: but the months that have paſſed ſince new light darted into my ſoul, ſince I formed a ſcheme of reaſonable felicity, have been ſquandered by my own fault. I have loſt that which can never be reſtored: I have ſeen the ſun riſe and ſet for twenty months, an idle gazer on the light of heaven: In this time the birds have left the neſt of their mother, and committed themſelves to the woods and to the ſkies: the kid has forſaken the teat, and learned by degrees to climb the rocks in queſt of independent ſuſtenance. I only have made no advances, but am ſtill helpleſs and ignorant. The moon, by more than twenty changes, admoniſhed me of the flux of life; the ſtream that rolled before my feet upbraided my inactivity. I ſat feaſting on intellectual luxury, regardleſs alike of the examples of the earth, and the inſtructions of the planets. Twenty months are paſſed, who ſhall reſtore them?"

Theſe ſorrowful meditations faſtened upon his mind; he paſſed four months in reſolving to loſe no more time in idle reſolves, and was awakened to more vigorous exertion, by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark, that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

This was obvious; and Raſſelas reproached himſelf that he had not diſcovered it, having not known, or not conſidered, how many uſeful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardour to diſtant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her. He, for a few hours,

hours, regretted his regret, and from that time bent his whole mind upon the means of eſcaping from the valley of happineſs.

CHAP. V.

THE PRINCE MEDITATES HIS ESCAPE.

HE now found that it would be very difficult to effect that which it was very eaſy to ſuppoſe effected. When he looked round about him, he ſaw himſelf confined by the bars of nature which had never yet been broken, and by the gate, through which none that once had paſſed it were ever able to return. He was now impatient as an eagle in a grate. He paſſed week after week in clambering the mountains, to ſee if there was any aperture which the buſhes might conceal, but found all the ſummits inacceſſible by their prominence. The iron gate he deſpaired to open; for it was not only ſecured with all the power of art, but was always watched by ſucceſſive ſentinels, and was by its poſition expoſed to the perpetual obſervation of all the inhabitants.

He then examined the cavern through which the waters of the lake were diſcharged; and, looking down at a time when the ſun ſhone ſtrongly upon its mouth, he diſcovered it to be full of broken rocks, which, though they permitted the ſtream to flow through many narrow paſſages, would ſtop any body of ſolid bulk. He returned diſcouraged and dejected; but, having now known the bleſſing of hope, reſolved never to deſpair.

In theſe fruitleſs ſearches he ſpent ten months. The time, however, paſſed cheerfully away: in the morning he roſe with new hope, in the evening applauded his own diligence, and in the night ſlept ſound after his fatigue. He met a thouſand amuſements which beguiled his labour, and diverſified his thoughts. He diſcerned the various inſtincts of animals, and properties of plants, and found the place replete with wonders, of which he purpoſed to ſolace himſelf with the contemplation, if he ſhould never be able to accompliſh his flight; rejoicing that his endeavours, though yet unſucceſsful, had ſupplied him with a ſource of inexhauſtible enquiry.

But his original curioſity was not yet abated; he reſolved to obtain ſome knowledge of the ways of men. His wiſh ſtill continued, but his hope grew leſs. He ceaſed to ſurvey any longer the walls of his priſon, and ſpared to ſearch by new toils for interſtices which he knew could not be found, yet determined to keep his deſign always in view, and lay hold on any expedient that time ſhould offer.

CHAP. VI.

A DISSERTATION ON THE ART OF FLYING.

AMONG the artiſts that had been allured into the happy valley, to labour for the accommodation and pleaſure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanick powers, who had contrived many engines both of uſe and recreation. By a wheel, which the ſtream turned, he forced the water into a tower, whence

it

it was diſtributed to all the apartments of the palace. He erected a pavilion in the garden, around which he kept the air always cool by artificial ſhowers. One of the groves, appropriated to the ladies, was ventilated by fans, to which the rivulet that run through it gave a conſtant motion; and inſtruments of ſoft muſick were placed at proper diſtances, of which ſome played by the impulſe of the wind, and ſome by the power of the ſtream.

This artiſt was ſometimes viſited by Raſſelas, who was pleaſed with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquiſitions ſhould be of uſe to him in the open world. He came one day to amuſe himſelf in his uſual manner, and found the maſter buſy in building a ſailing chariot: he ſaw that the deſign was practicable upon a level ſurface, and with expreſſions of great eſteem ſolicited its completion. The workman was pleaſed to find himſelf ſo much regarded by the prince, and reſolved to gain yet higher honours. "Sir, ſaid he, you have ſeen but a ſmall part of what the mechanick ſciences can perform. I have been long of opinion, that inſtead of the tardy conveyance of ſhips and chariots, man might uſe the ſwifter migration of wings; that the fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleneſs need crawl upon the ground."

This hint rekindled the prince's deſire of paſſing the mountains; having ſeen what the mechaniſt had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do more; yet reſolved to enquire further, before he ſuffered hope to afflict him by diſappointment. "I am afraid, ſaid he to the artiſt, that your

your imagination prevails over your ſkill, and that you now tell me rather what you wiſh, than what you know. Every animal has his element aſſigned him; the birds have the air, and man and beaſts the earth." "So, replied the mechaniſt, fiſhes have the water, in which yet beaſts can ſwim by nature, and men by art. He that can ſwim needs not deſpair to fly: to ſwim is to fly in a groſſer fluid, and to fly is to ſwim in a ſubtler. We are only to proportion our power of reſiſtance to the different denſity of matter through which we are to paſs. You will be neceſſarily upborn by the air, if you can renew any impulſe upon it, faſter than the air can recede from the preſſure."

"But the exerciſe of ſwimming, ſaid the prince, is very laborious; the ſtrongeſt limbs are ſoon wearied; I am afraid the act of flying will be yet more violent, and wings will be of no great uſe, unleſs we can fly further than we can ſwim."

"The labour of riſing from the ground, ſaid the artiſt, will be great, as we ſee it in the heavier domeſtick fowls, but as we mount higher, the earth's attraction, and the body's gravity, will be gradually diminiſhed, till we ſhall arrive at a region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall: no care will then be neceſſary but to move forwards, which the gentleſt impulſe will effect. You, Sir, whoſe curioſity is ſo extenſive, will eaſily conceive with what pleaſure a philoſopher, furniſhed with wings, and hovering in the ſky, would ſee the earth, and all its inhabitants, rolling beneath him, and preſenting to him ſucceſſively, by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the

ſame parallel. How muſt it amuſe the pendent ſpectator to ſee the moving ſcene of land and ocean, cities and deſerts! To ſurvey with equal ſecurity the marts of trade, and the fields of battle; mountains infeſted by barbarians, and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty, and lulled by peace! How eaſily ſhall we then trace the Nile through all his paſſage; paſs over to diſtant regions, and examine the face of nature from one extremity of the earth to the other!"

"All this, ſaid the prince, is much to be deſired; but I am afraid that no man will be able to breathe in theſe regions of ſpeculation and tranquillity. I have been told, that reſpiration is difficult upon lofty mountains, yet from theſe precipices, though ſo high as to produce great tenuity of air, it is very eaſy to fall: therefore I ſuſpect, that from any height, where life can be ſupported, there may be danger of too quick deſcent."

"Nothing, replied the artiſt, will ever be attempted, if all poſſible objections muſt be firſt overcome. If you will favour my project, I will try the firſt flight at my own hazard. I have conſidered the ſtructure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings moſt eaſily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I ſhall begin my taſk to-morrow, and in a year expect to tower into the air beyond the malice and purſuit of man. But I will work only on this condition, that the art ſhall not be divulged, and that you ſhall not require me to make wings for any but ourſelves."

"Why,

"Why, ſaid Raſſelas, ſhould you envy others ſo great an advantage? All ſkill ought to be exerted for univerſal good; every man has owed much to others, and ought to repay the kindneſs that he has received."

"If men were all virtuous, returned the artiſt, I ſhould with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the ſecurity of the good, if the bad could at pleaſure invade them from the ſky? Againſt an army ſailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor ſeas, could afford any ſecurity. A flight of northern ſavages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irreſiſtible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happineſs, might be violated by the ſudden deſcent of ſome of the naked nations that ſwarm on the coaſt of the ſouthern ſea."

The prince promiſed ſecrecy, and waited for the performance, not wholly hopeleſs of ſucceſs. He viſited the work from time to time, obſerved its progreſs, and remarked many ingenious contrivances to facilitate motion, and unite levity with ſtrength. The artiſt was every day more certain that he ſhould leave vultures and eagles behind him, and the contagion of his confidence ſeized upon the prince.

In a year the wings were finiſhed, and, on a morning appointed, the maker appeared furniſhed for flight on a little promontory: he waved his pinions a while to gather air, then leaped from his ſtand, and in an inſtant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no uſe in the air, ſuſtained him

in the water, and the prince drew him to land, half dead with terror and vexation.

CHAP. VII.

THE PRINCE FINDS A MAN OF LEARNING.

THE prince was not much afflicted by this diſaſter, having ſuffered himſelf to hope for a happier event, only becauſe he had no other means of eſcape in view. He ſtill perſiſted in his deſign to leave the happy valley by the firſt opportunity.

His imagination was now at a ſtand; he had no proſpect of entering into the world; and, notwithſtanding all his endeavours to ſupport himſelf, diſcontent by degrees preyed upon him, and he began again to loſe his thoughts in ſadneſs, when the rainy ſeaſon, which in theſe countries is periodical, made it inconvenient to wander in the woods.

The rain continued longer and with more violence than had been ever known: the clouds broke on the ſurrounding mountains, and the torrents ſtreamed into the plain on every ſide, till the cavern was too narrow to diſcharge the water. The lake overflowed its banks, and all the level of the valley was covered with the inundation. The eminence, on which the palace was built, and ſome other ſpots of riſing ground, were all that the eye could now diſcover. The herds and flocks left the paſtures, and both the wild beaſts and the tame retreated to the mountains.

This inundation confined all the princes to domeſtick amuſements, and the attention of Raſſelas

was

was particularly ſeized by a poem, which Imlac rehearſed, upon the various conditions of humanity. He commanded the poet to attend him in his apartment, and recite his verſes a ſecond time; then entering into familiar talk, he thought himſelf happy in having found a man who knew the world ſo well, and could ſo ſkilfully paint the ſcenes of life. He aſked a thouſand queſtions about things, to which, though common to all other mortals, his confinement from childhood had kept him a ſtranger. The poet pitied his ignorance, and loved his curioſity, and entertained him from day to day with novelty and inſtruction, ſo that the prince regretted the neceſſity of ſleep, and longed till the morning ſhould renew his pleaſure.

As they were ſitting together, the prince commanded Imlac to relate his hiſtory, and to tell by what accident he was forced, or by what motive induced, to cloſe his life in the happy valley. As he was going to begin his narrative, Raſſelas was called to a concert, and obliged to reſtrain his curioſity till the evening.

CHAP. VIII.

THE HISTORY OF IMLAC.

THE cloſe of the day is, in the regions of the torrid zone, the only ſeaſon of diverſion and entertainment, and it was therefore midnight before the muſick ceaſed, and the princeſſes retired. Raſſelas then called for his companion, and required him to begin the ſtory of his life.

" Sir, ſaid Imlac, my hiſtory will not be long: the life that is devoted to knowledge paſſes ſilently away, and is very little diverſified by events. To talk in publick, to think in ſolitude, to read and to hear, to enquire, and anſwer enquiries, is the buſineſs of a ſcholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terrour, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himſelf.

" I was born in the kingdom of Goiama, at no great diſtance from the fountain of the Nile. My father was a wealthy merchant, who traded between the inland countries of Africk and the ports of the Red Sea. He was honeſt, frugal, and diligent, but of mean ſentiments, and narrow comprehenſion: he deſired only to be rich, and to conceal his riches, leſt he ſhould be ſpoiled by the governours of the province."

" Surely, ſaid the prince, my father muſt be negligent of his charge, if any man in his dominions dares take that which belongs to another. Does he not know that kings are accountable for injuſtice permitted as well as done? If I were emperour, not the meaneſt of my ſubjects ſhould be oppreſſed with impunity. My blood boils when I am told that a merchant durſt not enjoy his honeſt gains for fear of loſing them by the rapacity of power. Name the governour who robbed the people, that I may declare his crimes to the emperour."

" Sir, ſaid Imlac, your ardour is the natural effect of virtue animated by youth: the time will come when you will acquit your father, and perhaps hear with leſs impatience of the governour.

Oppreſſion

Oppreſſion is, in the Abiſſinian dominions, neither frequent nor tolerated; but no form of government has been yet diſcovered, by which cruelty can be wholly prevented. Subordination ſuppoſes power on one part, and ſubjection on the other; and if power be in the hands of men, it will ſometimes be abuſed. The vigilance of the ſupreme magiſtrate may do much, but much will ſtill remain undone. He can never know all the crimes that are committed, and can ſeldom puniſh all that he knows."

"This, ſaid the prince, I do not underſtand, but I had rather hear thee than diſpute. Continue thy narration."

"My father, proceeded Imlac, originally intended that I ſhould have no other education, than ſuch as might qualify me for commerce; and diſcovering in me great ſtrength of memory, and quickneſs of apprehenſion, often declared his hope that I ſhould be ſome time the richeſt man in Abiſſinia."

"Why, ſaid the prince, did thy father deſire the increaſe of his wealth, when it was already greater than he durſt diſcover or enjoy? I am unwilling to doubt thy veracity, yet inconſiſtencies cannot both be true."

"Inconſiſtencies, anſwered Imlac, cannot both be right, but, imputed to man, they may both be true. Yet diverſity is not inconſiſtency. My father might expect a time of greater ſecurity. However, ome deſire is neceſſary to keep life in motion, and ie, whoſe real wants are ſupplied, muſt admit thoſe of fancy."

"This, ſaid the prince, I can in ſome meaſure conceive. I repent that I interrupted thee."

"With this hope, proceeded Imlac, he ſent me to ſchool; but when I had once found the delight of knowledge, and felt the pleaſure of intelligence and the pride of invention, I began ſilently to deſpiſe riches, and determined to diſappoint the purpoſe of my father, whoſe groſſneſs of conception raiſed my pity. I was twenty years old before his tenderneſs would expoſe me to the fatigue of travel, in which time I had been inſtructed, by ſucceſſive maſters, in all the literature of my native country. As every hour taught me ſomething new, I lived in a continual courſe of gratifications; but, as I advanced towards manhood, I loſt much of the reverence with which I had been uſed to look on my inſtructors; becauſe, when the leſſon was ended, I did not find them wiſer or better than common men.

"At length my father reſolved to initiate me in commerce, and opening one of his ſubterranean treaſuries, counted out ten thouſand pieces of gold. This, young man, ſaid he, is the ſtock with which you muſt negociate. I began with leſs than the fifth part, and you ſee how diligence and parſimony have increaſed it. This is your own to waſte or to improve. If you ſquander it by negligence or caprice, you muſt wait for my death before you will be rich: if, in four years, you double your ſtock, we will thenceforward let ſubordination ceaſe, and live together as friends and partners; for he ſhall always be equal with me, who is equally ſkilled in the art of growing rich.

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"We laid our money upon camels, concealed in bales of cheap goods, and travelled to the ſhore of the Red Sea. When I caſt my eye on the expanſe of waters, my heart bounded like that of a priſoner eſcaped. I felt an unextinguiſhable curioſity kindle in my mind, and reſolved to ſnatch this opportunity of ſeeing the manners of other nations, and of learning ſciences unknown in Abiſſinia.

"I remembered that my father had obliged me to the improvement of my ſtock, not by a promiſe which I ought not to violate, but by a penalty which I was at liberty to incur; and therefore determined to gratify my predominant deſire, and by drinking at the fountains of knowledge, to quench the thirſt of curioſity.

"As I was ſuppoſed to trade without connexion with my father, it was eaſy for me to become acquainted with the maſter of a ſhip, and procure a paſſage to ſome other country. I had no motives of choice to regulate my voyage; it was ſufficient for me that, wherever I wandered, I ſhould ſee a country which I had not ſeen before. I therefore entered a ſhip bound for Surat, having left a letter for my father declaring my intention.

CHAP. IX.

THE HISTORY OF IMLAC CONTINUED.

"WHEN I firſt entered upon the world of waters, and loſt ſight of land, I looked round about me with pleaſing terrour, and thinking my ſoul enlarged by the boundleſs proſpect, imagined that

that I could gaze round for ever without ſatiety: but, in a ſhort time, I grew weary of looking on barren uniformity, where I could only ſee again what I had already ſeen. I then deſcended into the ſhip, and doubted for a while whether all my future pleaſures would not end like this, in diſguſt and diſappointment. Yet, ſurely, ſaid I, the ocean and the land are very different; the only variety of water is reſt and motion, but the earth has mountains and vallies, deſerts and cities: it is inhabited by men of different cuſtoms and contrary opinions; and I may hope to find variety in life, though I ſhould miſs it in nature.

"With this thought I quieted my mind, and amuſed myſelf during the voyage, ſometimes by learning from the ſailors the art of navigation, which I have never practiſed, and ſometimes by forming ſchemes for my conduct in different ſituations, in not one of which I have been ever placed.

"I was almoſt weary of my naval amuſements when we landed ſafely at Surat. I ſecured my money, and purchaſing ſome commodities for ſhow, joined myſelf to a caravan that was paſſing into the inland country. My companions, for ſome reaſon or other, conjecturing that I was rich, and, by my enquiries and admiration, finding that I was ignorant, conſidered me as a novice whom they had a right to cheat, and who was to learn at the uſual expence the art of fraud. They expoſed me to the theft of ſervants, and the exaction of officers, and ſaw me plundered upon falſe pretences, without any advantage to themſelves, but that

hat of rejoicing in the ſuperiority of their own nowledge."

"Stop a moment, ſaid the prince. Is there ſuch lepravity in man, as that he ſhould injure another vithout benefit to himſelf? I can eaſily conceive hat all are pleaſed with ſuperiority; but your ignorance was merely accidental, which being neither your crime nor your folly, could afford them no reaſon to applaud themſelves; and the knowledge which they had, and which you wanted, they might as effectually have ſhewn by warning, as betraying you."

"Pride, ſaid Imlac, is ſeldom delicate, it will pleaſe itſelf with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happineſs, but when it may be compared with the miſery of others. They were my enemies, becauſe they grieved to think me rich; and my oppreſſors, becauſe they delighted to find me weak."

"Proceed, ſaid the prince: I doubt not of the facts which you relate, but imagine that you impute them to miſtaken motives."

"In this company, ſaid Imlac, I arrived at Agra, the capital of Indoſtan, the city in which the great Mogul commonly reſides. I applied myſelf to the language of the country, and in a few months was able to converſe with the learned men; ſome of whom I found moroſe and reſerved, and others eaſy and communicative; ſome were unwilling to teach another what they had with difficulty learned themſelves; and ſome ſhewed that the end of their ſtudies was to gain the dignity of inſtructing.

"To

"To the tutor of the young princes I recommended myſelf ſo much, that I was preſented to the emperour as a man of uncommon knowledge. The emperour aſked me many queſtions concerning my country and my travels; and though I cannot now recollect any thing that he uttered above the power of a common man, he diſmiſſed me aſtoniſhed at his wiſdom, and enamoured of his goodneſs.

"My credit was now ſo high, that the merchants, with whom I had travelled, applied to me for recommendations to the ladies of the Court. I was ſurpriſed at their confidence of ſolicitation, and gently reproached them with their practices on the road. They heard me with cold indifference, and ſhewed no tokens of ſhame or ſorrow.

"They then urged their requeſt with the offer of a bribe; but what I would not do for kindneſs, I would not do for money; and refuſed them, not becauſe they had injured me, but becauſe I would not enable them to injure others; for I knew they would have made uſe of my credit to cheat thoſe who ſhould buy their wares.

"Having reſided at Agra till there was no more to be learned, I travelled into Perſia, where I ſaw many remains of ancient magnificence, and obſerved many new accommodations of life. The Perſians are a nation eminently ſocial, and their aſſemblies afforded me daily opportunities of remarking characters and manners, and of tracing human nature through all its variations.

"From Perſia I paſſed into Arabia, where I ſaw a nation at once paſtoral and warlike; who live without

without any ſettled habitation; whoſe only wealth is their flocks and herds; and who have yet carried on, through all ages, an hereditary war with all mankind, though they neither covet nor envy their poſſeſſions.

CHAP. X.

IMLAC'S HISTORY CONTINUED. A DISSERTATION UPON POETRY.

"WHEREVER I went, I found that poetry was conſidered as the higheſt learning, and regarded with a veneration ſomewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the Angelick Nature. And yet it fills me with wonder, that, in almoſt all countries, the moſt ancient poets are conſidered as the beſt: whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquiſition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the firſt poetry of every nation ſurpriſed them as a novelty, and retained the credit by conſent which it received by accident at firſt: or whether, as the province of poetry is to deſcribe Nature and Paſſion, which are always the ſame, the firſt writers took poſſeſſion of the moſt ſtriking objects for deſcription, and the moſt probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to thoſe that followed them, but tranſcription of the ſame events, and new combinations of the ſame images. Whatever be the reaſon, it is commonly obſerved that the early writers are in poſſeſſion of nature, and their followers of art: that the firſt excel in ſtrength and

invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

" I was deſirous to add my name to this illuſtrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Perſia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are ſuſpended in the moſque of Mecca. But I ſoon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My deſire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my ſubject, and men to be my auditors: I could never deſcribe what I had not ſeen: I could not hope to move thoſe with delight or terrour, whoſe intereſts and opinions I did not underſtand.

" Being now reſolved to be a poet, I ſaw every thing with a new purpoſe; my ſphere of attention was ſuddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deſerts for images and reſemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the foreſt and flower of the valley. I obſerved with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and ſometimes watched the changes of the ſummer clouds. To a poet nothing can be uſeleſs. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, muſt be familiar to his imagination: he muſt be converſant with all that is awfully vaſt or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the ſky, muſt all concur to ſtore his mind with inexhauſtible variety: for every idea is uſeful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he, who knows

ows moſt, will have moſt power of diverſifying s ſcenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote uſions and unexpected inſtruction.

" All the appearances of nature I was therefore reful to ſtudy, and every country which I have rveyed has contributed ſomething to my poetical wers."

" In ſo wide a ſurvey, ſaid the prince, you muſt rely have left much unobſerved. I have lived, l now, within the circuit of theſe mountains, and t cannot walk abroad without the ſight of ſome- ing which I had never beheld before, or never eded."

" The buſineſs of a poet, ſaid Imlac, is to ex- nine, not the individual, but the ſpecies; to re- ark general properties and large appearances; he es not number the ſtreaks of the tulip, or deſcribe ie different ſhades in the verdure of the foreſt. He to exhibit in his portraits of nature ſuch promi- nt and ſtriking features, as recall the original to very mind; and muſt neglect the minuter diſcrimi- ations, which one may have remarked, and another ave neglected, for thoſe characteriſticks which re alike obvious to vigilance and careleſſneſs.

" But the knowledge of nature is only half the ſk of a poet; he muſt be acquainted likewiſe with ll the modes of life. His character requires that e eſtimate the happineſs and miſery of every con- lition; obſerve the power of all the paſſions in ll their combinations, and trace the changes of he human mind as they are modified by various in- titutions and accidental influences of climate or uſtom, from the ſprightlineſs of infancy to the de- ſpondence

ſpondence of decrepitude. He muſt diveſt himſelf of the prejudices of his age or country; he muſt conſider right and wrong in their abſtracted and invariable ſtate; he muſt diſregard preſent laws and opinions, and riſe to general and tranſcendental truths, which will always be the ſame: he muſt therefore content himſelf with the ſlow progreſs of his name; contemn the applauſe of his own time, and commit his claims to the juſtice of poſterity. He muſt write as the interpreter of nature, and the legiſlator of mankind, and conſider himſelf as preſiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations; as a being ſuperior to time and place.

"His labour is not yet at an end: he muſt know many languages and many ſciences; and, that his ſtyle may be worthy of his thoughts, muſt, by inceſſant practice, familiarize to himſelf every delicacy of ſpeech and grace of harmony."

CHAP. XI.

IMLAC'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED. A HINT ON PILGRIMAGE.

IMLAC now felt the enthuſiaſtick fit, and was proceeding to aggrandize his own profeſſion, when the prince cried out, "Enough! thou haſt convinced me, that no human being can ever be a poet. Proceed with thy narration."

"To be a poet, ſaid Imlac, is indeed very difficult." "So difficult, returned the prince, that I will at preſent hear no more of his labours. Tell me whither you went when you had ſeen Perſia."

"From

"From Perſia, ſaid the poet, I travelled through Syria, and for three years reſided in Paleſtine, where I converſed with great numbers of the northern and weſtern nations of Europe; the nations which are now in poſſeſſion of all power and all knowledge; whoſe armies are irreſiſtible, and whoſe fleets command the remoteſt parts of the globe. When I compared theſe men with the natives of our own kingdom, and thoſe that ſurround us, they appeared almoſt another order of beings. In their countries it is difficult to wiſh for any thing that may not be obtained: a thouſand arts, of which we never heard, are continually labouring for their convenience and pleaſure; and whatever their own climate has denied them is ſupplied by their commerce."

"By what means, ſaid the prince, are the Europeans thus powerful, or why, ſince they can ſo eaſily viſit Aſia and Africa for trade or conqueſt, cannot the Aſiaticks and Africans invade their coaſts, plant colonies in their ports, and give laws to their natural princes? The ſame wind that carries them back would bring us thither."

"They are more powerful, Sir, than we, anſwered Imlac, becauſe they are wiſer; knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as man governs the other animals. But why their knowledge is more than ours, I know not what reaſon can be given, but the unſearchable will of the Supreme Being."

"When, ſaid the prince with a ſigh, ſhall I be able to viſit Paleſtine, and mingle with this mighty confluence of nations? Till that happy moment ſhall

arrive, let me fill up the time with ſuch repreſentations as thou canſt give me. I am not ignorant of the motive that aſſembles ſuch numbers in that place, and cannot but conſider it as the centre of wiſdom and piety, to which the beſt and wiſeſt men of every land muſt be continually reſorting."

"There are ſome nations, ſaid Imlac, that ſend few viſitants to Paleſtine; for many numerous and learned ſects in Europe concur to cenſure pilgrimage as ſuperſtitious, or deride it as ridiculous."

"You know, ſaid the prince, how little my life has made me acquainted with diverſity of opinions: it will be too long to hear the arguments on both ſides; you, that have conſidered them, tell me the reſult."

"Pilgrimage, ſaid Imlac, like many other acts of piety, may be reaſonable or ſuperſtitious, according to the principles upon which it is performed. Long journies in ſearch of truth are not commanded. Truth, ſuch as is neceſſary to the regulation of life, is always found where it is honeſtly ſought. Change of place is no natural cauſe of the increaſe of piety, for it inevitably produces diſſipation of mind. Yet, ſince men go every day to view the fields where great actions have been performed, and return with ſtronger impreſſions of the event, curioſity of the ſame kind may naturally diſpoſe us to view that country whence our religion had its beginning; and I believe no man ſurveys thoſe awful ſcenes without ſome confirmation of holy reſolutions. That the Supreme Being may be more eaſily propitiated in one place than in another, is

the dream of idle ſuperſtition; but that ſome places may operate upon our own minds in an uncommon manner, is an opinion which hourly experience will juſtify. He who ſuppoſes that his vices may be more ſucceſsfully combated in Paleſtine, will, perhaps, find himſelf miſtaken, yet he may go thither without folly: he who thinks they will be more freely pardoned, diſhonours at once his reaſon and religion."

"Theſe, ſaid the prince, are European diſtinctions. I will conſider them another time. What have you found to be the effect of knowledge? Are thoſe nations happier than we?"

"There is ſo much infelicity, ſaid the poet, in the world, that ſcarce any man has leiſure from his own diſtreſſes to eſtimate the comparative happineſs of others. Knowledge is certainly one of the means of pleaſure, as is confeſſed by the natural deſire which every mind feels of increaſing its ideas. Ignorance is mere privation, by which nothing can be produced: it is a vacuity in which the ſoul ſits motionleſs and torpid for want of attraction; and, without knowing why, we always rejoice when we learn, and grieve when we forget. I am therefore inclined to conclude, that if nothing counteracts the natural conſequence of learning, we grow more happy as our minds take a wider range.

"In enumerating the particular comforts of life we ſhall find many advantages on the ſide of the Europeans. They cure wounds and diſeaſes with which we languiſh and periſh. We ſuffer inclemencies of weather which they can obviate. They have engines for the diſpatch of many laborious

works, which we muſt perform by manual induſtry. There is ſuch communication between diſtant places, that one friend can hardly be ſaid to be abſent from another. Their policy removes all publick inconveniencies: they have roads cut through their mountains, and bridges laid upon their rivers. And, if we deſcend to the privacies of life, their habitations are more commodious, and their poſſeſſions are more ſecure."

"They are ſurely happy, ſaid the prince, who have all theſe conveniencies, of which I envy none ſo much as the facility with which ſeparated friends interchange their thoughts."

"The Europeans, anſwered Imlac, are leſs unhappy than we, but they are not happy. Human life is every where a ſtate in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed."

CHAP. XII.

THE STORY OF IMLAC CONTINUED.

"I AM not yet willing, ſaid the prince, to ſuppoſe that happineſs is ſo parſimoniouſly diſtributed to mortals; nor can believe but that, if I had the choice of life, I ſhould be able to fill every day with pleaſure. I would injure no man, and ſhould provoke no reſentment: I would relieve every diſtreſs, and ſhould enjoy the benedictions of gratitude. I would chuſe my friends among the wiſe, and my wife among the virtuous; and therefore ſhould be in no danger from treachery or unkindneſs. My children ſhould, by my care, be learned

learned and pious, and would repay to my age what their childhood had received. What would dare to moleſt him who might call on every ſide to thouſands enriched by his bounty, or aſſiſted by his power? And why ſhould not life glide quietly away in the ſoft reciprocation of protection and reverence? All this may be done without the help of European refinements, which appear by their effects to be rather ſpecious than uſeful. Let us leave them, and purſue our journey."

"From Paleſtine, ſaid Imlac, I paſſed through many regions of Aſia; in the more civilized kingdoms as a trader, and among the barbarians of the mountains as a pilgrim. At laſt I began to long for my native country, that I might repoſe after my travels and fatigues, in the places where I had ſpent my earlieſt years, and gladden my old companions with the recital of my adventures. Often did I figure to myſelf thoſe with whom I had ſported away the gay hours of dawning life, ſitting round me in its evening, wondering at my tales, and liſtening to my counſels.

"When this thought had taken poſſeſſion of my mind, I conſidered every moment as waſted which did not bring me nearer to Abiſſinia. I haſtened into Egypt, and notwithſtanding my impatience, was detained ten months in the contemplation of its ancient magnificence, and in enquiries after the remains of its ancient learning. I found in Cairo a mixture of all nations; ſome brought thither by the love of knowledge, ſome by the hope of gain, and many by the deſire of living after their own manner without obſervation, and of lying hid in the ob-

ſcurity of multitudes: for in a city, populous as Cairo, it is poſſible to obtain at the ſame time the gratifications of ſociety, and the ſecrecy of ſolitude.

" From Cairo I travelled to Suez, and embarked on the Red Sea, paſſing along the coaſt till I arrived at the port from which I had departed twenty years before. Here I joined myſelf to a caravan, and re-entered my native country.

" I now expected the careſſes of my kinſmen, and the congratulations of my friends, and was not without hope that my father, whatever value he had ſet upon riches, would own with gladneſs and pride a ſon who was able to add to the felicity and honour of the nation. But I was ſoon convinced that my thoughts were vain. My father had been dead fourteen years, having divided his wealth among my brothers, who were removed to ſome other provinces. Of my companions the greater part was in the grave, of the reſt, ſome could with difficulty remember me, and ſome conſidered me as one corrupted by foreign manners.

" A man uſed to viciſſitudes is not eaſily dejected. I forgot, after a time, my diſappointment, and endeavoured to recommend myſelf to the nobles of the kingdom; they admitted me to their tables, heard my ſtory, and diſmiſſed me. I opened a ſchool, and was prohibited to teach. I then reſolved to ſit down in the quiet of domeſtick life, and addreſſed a lady that was fond of my converſation, but rejected my ſuit, becauſe my father was a merchant.

" Wearied at laſt with ſolicitation and repulſes, I reſolved to hide myſelf for ever from the world, and depend no longer on the opinion or caprice of others.

others. I waited for the time when the gate of the *happy valley* ſhould open, that I might bid farewell to hope and fear: the day came; my performance was diſtinguiſhed with favour, and I reſigned myſelf with joy to perpetual confinement."

"Haſt thou here found happineſs at laſt? ſaid Raſſelas. Tell me without reſerve; art thou content with thy condition? or, doſt thou wiſh to be again wandering and enquiring? All the inhabitants of this valley celebrate their lot, and at the annual viſit of the emperour, invite others to partake of their felicity."

"Great prince, ſaid Imlac, I ſhall ſpeak the truth; I know not one of all your attendants who does not lament the hour when he entered this retreat. I am leſs unhappy than the reſt, becauſe I have a mind replete with images, which I can vary and combine at pleaſure. I can amuſe my ſolitude by the renovation of the knowledge which begins to fade from my memory, and by recollection of the accidents of my paſt life. Yet all this ends in the ſorrowful conſideration, that my acquirements are now uſeleſs, and that none of my pleaſures can be again enjoyed. The reſt, whoſe minds have no impreſſion but of the preſent moment, are either corroded by malignant paſſions, or ſit ſtupid in the gloom of perpetual vacancy."

"What paſſions can infeſt thoſe, ſaid the prince, who have no rivals? We are in a place where impotence precludes malice, and where all envy is repreſſed by community of enjoyments."

"There may be community, ſaid Imlac, of material poſſeſſions, but there can never be com-

munity of love or of eſteem. It muſt happen that one will pleaſe more than another; he that knows himſelf deſpiſed will always be envious; and ſtill more envious and malevolent, if he is condemned to live in the preſence of thoſe who deſpiſe him. The invitations, by which they allure others to a ſtate which they feel to be wretched, proceed from the natural malignity of hopeleſs miſery. They are weary of themſelves, and of each other, and expect to find relief in new companions. They envy the liberty which their folly has forfeited, and would gladly ſee all mankind impriſoned like themſelves.

"From this crime, however, I am wholly free. No man can ſay that he is wretched by my perſuaſion. I look with pity on the crowds who are annually ſoliciting admiſſion to captivity, and wiſh that it were lawful for me to warn them of their danger."

"My dear Imlac, ſaid the prince, I will open to thee my whole heart. I have long meditated an eſcape from the happy valley. I have examined the mountains on every ſide, but find myſelf inſuperably barred: teach me the way to break my priſon; thou ſhalt be the companion of my flight, the guide of my rambles, the partner of my fortune, and my ſole director in the *choice of life*."

"Sir, anſwered the poet, your eſcape will be difficult, and, perhaps, you may ſoon repent your curioſity. The world, which you figure to yourſelf ſmooth and quiet as the lake in the valley, you will find a ſea foaming with tempeſts, and boiling with whirlpools: you will be ſometimes overwhelmed by the waves of violence, and ſometimes daſhed againſt

againſt the rocks of treachery. Amidſt wrongs and frauds, competitions and anxieties, you will wiſh a thouſand times for theſe ſeats of quiet, and willingly quit hope to be free from fear."

"Do not ſeek to deter me from my purpoſe, ſaid the prince: I am impatient to ſee what thou haſt ſeen; and, ſince thou art thyſelf weary of the valley, it is evident, that thy former ſtate was better than this. Whatever be the conſequence of my experiment, I am reſolved to judge with mine own eyes of the various conditions of men, and then to make deliberately my *choice of life*."

"I am afraid, ſaid Imlac, you are hindered by ſtronger reſtraints than my perſuaſions; yet, if your determination is fixed, I do not counſel you to deſpair. Few things are impoſſible to diligence and ſkill."

CHAP. XIII.

RASSELAS DISCOVERS THE MEANS OF ESCAPE.

THE prince now diſmiſſed his favourite to reſt, but the narrative of wonders and novelties filled his mind with perturbation. He revolved all that he had heard, and prepared innumerable queſtions for the morning.

Much of his uneaſineſs was now removed. He had a friend to whom he could impart his thoughts, and whoſe experience could aſſiſt him in his deſigns. His heart was no longer condemned to ſwell with ſilent vexation. He thought that even the *happy valley* might be endured with ſuch a companion,

panion, and that if they could range the world together, he ſhould have nothing further to deſire.

In a few days the water was diſcharged, and the ground dried. The prince and Imlac then walked out together to converſe without the notice of the reſt. The prince, whoſe thoughts were always on the wing, as he paſſed by the gate, ſaid, with a countenance of ſorrow, "Why art thou ſo ſtrong, and why is man ſo weak?"

"Man is not weak, anſwered his companion; knowledge is more than equivalent to force. The maſter of mechanicks laughs at ſtrength. I can burſt the gate, but cannot do it ſecretly. Some other expedient muſt be tried."

As they were walking on the ſide of the mountain, they obſerved that the conies, which the rain had driven from their burrows, had taken ſhelter among the buſhes, and formed holes behind them, tending upwards in an oblique line. "It has been the opinion of antiquity, ſaid Imlac, that human reaſon borrowed many arts from the inſtinct of animals; let us, therefore, not think ourſelves degraded by learning from the coney. We may eſcape by piercing the mountain in the ſame direction. We will begin where the ſummit hangs over the middle part, and labour upward till we ſhall iſſue up beyond the prominence."

T eyes of the prince, when he heard this oſal, ſparkled with joy. The execution was , and t ſucceſs certain.

ſt. They haſtened early in the to chuſe a place proper for their mine. with great fatigue among crags and

and brambles, and returned without having diſcovered any part that favoured their deſign. The ſecond and the third day were ſpent in the ſame manner and with the ſame fruſtration. But, on the fourth, they found a ſmall cavern, concealed by a thicket, where they reſolved to make their experiment.

Imlac procured inſtruments proper to hew ſtone and remove earth, and they fell to their work on the next day with more eagerneſs than vigour. They were preſently exhauſted by their efforts, and ſat down to pant upon the graſs. The prince, for a moment, appeared to be diſcouraged. "Sir, ſaid his companion, practice will enable us to continue our labour for a longer time; mark, however, how far we have advanced, and you will find that our toil will ſome time have an end. Great works are performed, not by ſtrength, but perſeverance: yonder palace was raiſed by ſingle ſtones, yet you ſee its height and ſpaciouſneſs. He that ſhall walk with vigour three hours a day, will paſs in ſeven years a ſpace equal to the circumference of the globe."

They returned to their work day after day, and, in a ſhort time, found a fiſſure in the rock, which enabled them to paſs far with very little obſtruction. This Raſſelas conſidered as a good omen. "Do not diſturb your mind, ſaid Imlac, with other hopes or fears than reaſon may ſuggeſt: if you are pleaſed with prognoſticks of good, you will be terrified likewiſe with tokens of evil, and your whole life will be a prey to ſuperſtition. Whatever facilitates our work is more than an omen, it is a cauſe of ſucceſs. This is one of thoſe pleaſing ſurpriſes which often happen

happen to active reſolution. Many things difficult to deſign prove eaſy to performance."

CHAP. XIV.

RASSELAS AND IMLAC RECEIVE AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

THEY had now wrought their way to the middle, and ſolaced their toil with the approach of liberty, when the prince, coming down to refreſh himſelf with air, found his ſiſter Nekayah ſtanding before the mouth of the cavity. He ſtarted and ſtood confuſed, afraid to tell his deſign, and yet hopeleſs to conceal it. A few moments determined him to repoſe on her fidelity, and ſecure her ſecrecy by a declaration without reſerve.

"Do not imagine, ſaid the princeſs, that I came hither as a ſpy: I had long obſerved from my window, that you and Imlac directed your walk every day towards the ſame point, but I did not ſuppoſe you had any better reaſon for the preference than a cooler ſhade, or more fragrant bank; nor followed you with any other deſign than to partake of your converſation. Since then not ſuſpicion but fondneſs has detected you, let me not loſe the advantage of my diſcovery. I am equally weary of confinement with yourſelf, and not leſs deſirous of knowing what is done or ſuffered in the world. Permit me to fly with you from this taſteleſs tranquillity, which will yet grow more loathſome when you have left me. You may deny me to accompany you, but cannot hinder me from following."

The prince, who loved Nekayah above his other ſiſters, had no inclination to refuſe her requeſt, and grieved

followed only by a ſingle favourite, who did not know whither ſhe was going.

They clambered through the cavity, and began to go down on the other ſide. The princeſs and her maid turned their eyes towards every part, and, ſeeing nothing to bound their proſpect, conſidered themſelves as in danger of being loſt in a dreary vacuity. They ſtopped and trembled. "I am almoſt afraid, ſaid the princeſs, to begin a journey of which I cannot perceive an end, and to venture into this immenſe plain, where I may be approached on every ſide by men whom I never ſaw." The prince felt nearly the ſame emotions, though he thought it more manly to conceal them.

Imlac ſmiled at their terrours, and encouraged them to proceed; but the princeſs continued irreſolute till ſhe had been imperceptibly drawn forward too far to return.

In the morning they found ſome ſhepherds in the field, who ſet milk and fruits before them. The princeſs wondered that ſhe did not ſee a palace ready for her reception, and a table ſpread with delicacies; but, being faint and hungry, ſhe drank the milk and eat the fruits, and thought them of a higher flavour than the products of the valley.

They travelled forward by eaſy journies, being all unaccuſtomed to toil or difficulty, and knowing, that though they might be miſſed, they could not be purſued. In a few days they came into a more populous region, where Imlac was diverted with the admiration which his companions expreſſed at the diverſity of manners, ſtations, and employments.

Their

Their dreſs was ſuch as might not bring upon them the ſuſpicion of having any thing to conceal, yet the prince, wherever he came, expected to be obeyed, and the princeſs was frighted, becauſe thoſe that came into her preſence did not proſtrate themſelves before her. Imlac was forced to obſerve them with great vigilance, leſt they ſhould betray their rank by their unuſual behaviour, and detained them ſeveral weeks in the firſt village, to accuſtom them to the ſight of common mortals.

By degrees the royal wanderers were taught to underſtand that they had for a time laid aſide their dignity, and were to expect only ſuch regard as liberality and courteſy could procure. And Imlac, having, by many admonitions, prepared them to endure the tumults of a port, and the ruggedneſs of the commercial race, brought them down to the ſea-coaſt.

The prince and his ſiſter, to whom every thing was new, were gratified equally at all places, and therefore remained for ſome months at the port without any inclination to paſs further. Imlac was content with their ſtay, becauſe he did not think it ſafe to expoſe them, unpractiſed in the world, to the hazards of a foreign country.

At laſt he began to fear leſt they ſhould be diſcovered, and propoſed to fix a day for their departure. They had no pretenſions to judge for themſelves, and referred the whole ſcheme to his direction. He therefore took paſſage in a ſhip to Suez; and, when the time came, with great difficulty prevailed on the princeſs to enter the veſſel. They had a quick and proſperous voyage, and from Suez travelled by land to Cairo.

CHAP. XVI.

THEY ENTER CAIRO, AND FIND EVERY MAN HAPPY.

AS they approached the city, which filled the ſtrangers with aſtoniſhment, "This, ſaid Imlac to the prince, is the place where travellers and merchants aſſemble from all the corners of the earth. You will here find men of every character, and every occupation. Commerce is here honourable: I will act as a merchant, and you ſhall live as ſtrangers, who have no other end of travel than curioſity; it will ſoon be obſerved that we are rich; our reputation will procure us acceſs to all whom we ſhall deſire to know; you will ſee all the conditions of humanity, and enable yourſelf at leiſure to make your *choice of life*.

They now entered the town, ſtunned by the noiſe, and offended by the crowds. Inſtruction had not yet ſo prevailed over habit, but that they wondered to ſee themſelves paſs undiſtinguiſhed along the ſtreet, and met by the loweſt of the people without reverence or notice. The princeſs could not at firſt bear the thought of being levelled with the vulgar, and, for ſome days, continued in her chamber, where ſhe was ſerved by her favourite Pekuah as in the palace of the valley.

Imlac, who underſtood traffick, ſold part of the jewels the next day, and hired a houſe, which he adorned with ſuch magnificence, that he was immediately conſidered as a merchant of great wealth. His politeneſs attracted many acquaintance, and his generoſity made him courted by many dependants.

His

His table was crowded by men of every nation, who all admired his knowledge, and ſolicited his favour. His companions, not being able to mix in the converſation, could make no diſcovery of their ignorance or ſurpriſe, and were gradually initiated in the world as they gained knowledge of the language.

The prince had, by frequent lectures, been taught the uſe and nature of money; but the ladies could not, for a long time, comprehend what the merchants did with ſmall pieces of gold and ſilver, or why things of ſo little uſe ſhould be received as equivalent to the neceſſaries of life.

They ſtudied the language two years, while Imlac was preparing to ſet before them the various ranks and conditions of mankind. He grew acquainted with all who had any thing uncommon in their fortune or conduct. He frequented the voluptuous and the frugal, the idle and the buſy, the merchants and the men of learning.

The prince being now able to converſe with fluency, and having learned the caution neceſſary to be obſerved in his intercourſe with ſtrangers, began to accompany Imlac to places of reſort, and to enter into all aſſemblies, that he might make his *choice of life.*

For ſome time he thought choice needleſs, becauſe all appeared to him equally happy. Wherever he went he met gaiety and kindneſs, and heard the ſong of joy or the laugh of careleſſneſs. He began to believe that the world overflowed with univerſal plenty, and that nothing was withheld either from want or merit; that every hand ſhowered liberality,

and every heart melted with benevolence; "and who then, ſays he, will be ſuffered to be wretched?"

Imlac permitted the pleaſing deluſion, and was unwilling to cruſh the hope of inexperience, till one day, having ſat a while ſilent, "I know not, ſaid the prince, what can be the reaſon that I am more unhappy than any of our friends. I ſee them perpetually and unalterably cheerful, but feel my own mind reſtleſs and uneaſy. I am unſatisfied with thoſe pleaſures which I ſeem moſt to court, I live in the crowds of jollity, not ſo much to enjoy company as to ſhun myſelf, and am only loud and merry to conceal my ſadneſs."

"Every man, ſaid Imlac, may, by examining his own mind, gueſs what paſſes in the minds of others: when you feel that your own gaiety is counterfeit, it may juſtly lead you to ſuſpect that of your companions not to be ſincere. Envy is commonly reciprocal. We are long before we are convinced that happineſs is never to be found, and each believes it poſſeſſed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himſelf. In the aſſembly, where you paſſed the laſt night, there appeared ſuch ſprightlineſs of air, and volatility of fancy, as might have ſuited beings of an higher order, formed to inhabit ſerener regions, inacceſſible to care or ſorrow: yet, believe me, prince, there was not one who did not dread the moment when ſolitude ſhould deliver him to the tyranny of reflection."

"This, ſaid the prince, may be true of others, ſince it is true of me; yet, whatever be the general infelicity of man, one condition is more happy than another,

her, and wiſdom ſurely directs us to take the evil in the *choice of life.*"

The cauſes of good and evil, anſwered Imlac, ſo various and uncertain, ſo often entangled each other, ſo diverſified by various relations, ſo much ſubject to accidents which cannot be ſeen, that he who would fix his condition upon nteſtible reaſons of preference, muſt live and enquiring and deliberating."

But ſurely, ſaid Raſſelas, the wiſe men, to whom ſten with reverence and wonder, choſe that mode ſe for themſelves which they thought moſt likely ake them happy."

Very few, ſaid the poet, live by choice. Every is placed in his preſent condition by cauſes h acted without his foreſight, and with which id not always willingly co-operate; and there- you will rarely meet one who does not think lot of his neighbour better than his own."

I am pleaſed to think, ſaid the prince, that birth has given me at leaſt one advantage over rs, by enabling me to determine for myſelf. I here the world before me; I will review it at re: ſurely happineſs is ſomewhere to be found."

CHAP. XVII.

THE PRINCE ASSOCIATES WITH YOUNG MEN OF SPIRIT AND GAIETY.

SSELAS roſe next day, and reſolved to begin his experiments upon life. "Youth, cried is the time of gladneſs: I will join myſelf to young men, whoſe only buſineſs is to gratify

their deſires, and whoſe time is all ſpent in a ſucceſſion of enjoyments."

To ſuch ſocieties he was readily admitted, but a few days brought him back weary and diſguſted. Their mirth was without images their laughter without motive; their pleaſures were groſs and ſenſual, in which the mind had no part; their conduct was at once wild and mean; they laughed at order and at law, but the frown of power dejected, and the eye of wiſdom abaſhed them.

The prince ſoon concluded, that he ſhould never be happy in a courſe of life of which he was aſhamed. He thought it unſuitable to a reaſonable being to act without a plan, and to be ſad or cheerful only by chance. "Happineſs, ſaid he, muſt be ſomething ſolid and permanent, without fear and without uncertainty."

But his young companions had gained ſo much of his regard by their frankneſs and courteſy, that he could not leave them without warning and remonſtrance. "My friends, ſaid he, I have ſeriouſly conſidered our manners and our proſpects, and find that we have miſtaken our own intereſt. The firſt years of man muſt make proviſion for the laſt. He that never thinks never can be wiſe. Perpetual levity muſt end in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the ſpirits for an hour, will make life ſhort or miſerable. Let us conſider that y th is of no long duration, and that in maturer , when the enchantments of fancy ſhall ceaſe, id phantoms of delight dance no more about us, ſhall have no comforts but the eſteem of wiſe , and the means of doing good. Let us, therefore,

herefore, ſtop, while to ſtop is in our power: let us ive as men who are ſome time to grow old, and o whom it will be the moſt dreadful of all evils ot to count their paſt years by follies, and to be eminded of their former luxuriance of health only y the maladies which riot has produced."

They ſtared a while in ſilence one upon another, nd at laſt drove him away by a general chorus of ontinued laughter.

The conſciouſneſs that his ſentiments were juſt, and his intentions kind, was ſcarcely ſufficient to ſupport him againſt the horror of deriſion. But he recovered his tranquillity, and perſued his ſearch.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE PRINCE FINDS A WISE AND HAPPY MAN.

AS he was one day walking in the ſtreet, he ſaw a ſpacious building which all were, by the open doors, invited to enter: he followed the ſtream of people, and found it a hall or ſchool of declamation, in which profeſſors read lectures to their auditory. He fixed his eye upon a ſage raiſed above the reſt, who diſcourſed with great energy on the government of the paſſions. His look was venerable, his action graceful, his pronunciation clear, and his diction elegant. He ſhewed, with great ſtrength of ſentiment, and variety of illuſtration, that human nature is degraded and debaſed, when the lower faculties predominate over the higher; that when fancy, the parent of paſſion, uſurps the dominion of the mind, nothing enſues

purſe of gold into his hand, which he received with a mixture of joy and wonder.

"I have found, ſaid the prince, at his return to Imlac, a man who can teach all that is neceſſary to be known, who, from the unſhaken throne of rational fortitude, looks down on the ſcenes of life changing beneath him. He ſpeaks, and attention watches his lips. He reaſons, and conviction cloſes his periods. This man ſhall be my future guide: I will learn his doctrines, and imitate his life."

"Be not too haſty, ſaid Imlac, to truſt, or to admire, the teachers of morality: they diſcourſe like angels, but they live like men."

Raſſelas, who could not conceive how any man could reaſon ſo forcibly without feeling the cogency of his own arguments, paid his viſit in a few days, and was denied admiſſion. He had now learned the power of money, and made his way by a piece of gold to the inner apartment, where he found the philoſopher in a room half darkened, with his eyes miſty, and his face pale. "Sir, ſaid he, you are come at a time when all human friendſhip is uſeleſs; what I ſuffer cannot be remedied, what I have loſt cannot be ſupplied. My daughter, my only daughter, from whoſe tenderneſs I expected all the comforts of my age, died laſt night of a fever. My views, my purpoſes, my hopes are at an end: I am now a lonely being diſunited from ſociety."

Sir, ſaid the prince, mortality is an event by which a wiſe man can never be ſurpriſed: we know that death is always near, and it ſhould therefore always be expected." "Young man, anſwered

the philoſopher, you ſpeak like one that has never felt the pangs of ſeparation." "Have you then forgot the precepts, ſaid Raſſelas, which you ſo powerfully enforced? Has wiſdom no ſtrength to arm the heart againſt calamity? Conſider, that external things are naturally variable, but truth and reaſon are always the ſame." "What comfort, ſaid the mourner, can truth and reaſon afford me? of what effect are they now, but to tell me, that my daughter will not be reſtored?"

The prince, whoſe humanity would not ſuffer him to inſult miſery with reproof, went away convinced of the emptineſs of rhetorical ſound, and the inefficacy of poliſhed periods and ſtudied ſentences.

CHAP. XIX.

A GLIMPSE OF PASTORAL LIFE.

HE was ſtill eager upon the ſame enquiry; and having heard of a hermit, that lived near the loweſt cataract of the Nile, and filled the whole country with the fame of his ſanctity, reſolved to viſit his retreat, and enquire whether that felicity, which publick life could not afford, was to be found in ſolitude; and whether a man, whoſe age and virtue made him venerable, could teach any peculiar art of ſhunning evils, or enduring them?

Imlac and the princeſs agreed to accompany him, and, after the neceſſary preparations, they began their journey. Their way lay through the fields, where ſhepherds tended their flocks, and the lambs were playing upon the paſture. "This, ſaid the poet, is the life which has been often celebrated for its

s innocence and quiet; let us paſs the heat of the ay among the ſhepherds tents, and know whether ll our ſearches are not to terminate in paſtoral mplicity."

The propoſal pleaſed them, and they induced the ıepherds, by ſmall preſents and familiar queſtions, › tell their opinion of their own ſtate: they were › rude and ignorant, ſo little able to compare the ood with the evil of the occupation, and ſo inıſtinct in their narratives and deſcriptions, that very ittle could be learned from them. But it was evident hat their hearts were cankered with diſcontent; that hey conſidered themſelves as condemned to labour or the luxury of the rich, and looked up with ſtupid nalevolence toward thoſe that were placed above hem.

The princeſs pronounced with vehemence, that he would never ſuffer theſe envious ſavages to be ıer companions, and that ſhe ſhould not ſoon be leſirous of ſeeing any more ſpecimens of ruſtick ıappineſs; but could not believe that all the acounts of primeval pleaſures were fabulous, and was yet in doubt, whether life had any thing that could be juſtly preferred to the placid gratifications of fields and woods. She hoped that the time would come, when, with a few virtuous and elegant companions, ſhe ſhould gather flowers planted by her own hand, fondle the lambs of her own ewe, and liſten, without care, among brooks and breezes, to one of her maidens reading in the ſhade.

CHAP. XX.

THE DANGER OF PROSPERITY.

ON the next day they continued their journey, till the heat compelled them to look round for ſhelter. At a ſmall diſtance they ſaw a thick wood, which they no ſooner entered than they perceived that they were approaching the habitations of men. The ſhrubs were diligently cut away to open walks where the ſhades were darkeſt; the boughs of oppoſite trees were artificially interwoven; ſeats of flowery turf were raiſed in vacant ſpaces, and a rivulet, that wantoned along the ſide of a winding path, had its banks ſometimes opened into ſmall baſons, and its ſtream ſometimes obſtructed by little mounds of ſtone heaped together to increaſe its murmurs.

They paſſed ſlowly through the wood, delighted with ſuch unexpected accommodations, and entertained each other with conjecturing what, or who, he could be, that, in thoſe rude and unfrequented regions, had leiſure and art for ſuch harmleſs luxury.

As they advanced they heard the ſound of muſick, and ſaw youths and virgins dancing in the grove; and, going ſtill further, beheld a ſtately palace built upon a hill ſurrounded with woods. The laws of eaſtern hoſpitality allowed them to enter, and the maſter welcomed them like a man liberal and wealthy.

He was ſkilful enough in appearances ſoon to diſcern that they were no common gueſts, and ſpread his

his table with magnificence. The eloquence of Imlac caught his attention, and the lofty courteſy of the princeſs excited his reſpect. When they offered to depart he entreated their ſtay, and was the next day ſtill more unwilling to diſmiſs them than before. They were eaſily perſuaded to ſtop, and civility grew up in time to freedom and confidence.

The prince now ſaw all the domeſticks cheerful, and all the face of nature ſmiling round the place, and could not forbear to hope that he ſhould find here what he was ſeeking; but when he was congratulating the maſter upon his poſſeſſions, he anſwered with a ſigh, "My condition has indeed the appearance of happineſs, but appearances are deluſive. My proſperity puts my life in danger; the Baſſa of Egypt is my enemy, incenſed only by my wealth and popularity. I have been hitherto protected againſt him by the princes of the country; but, as the favour of the great is uncertain, I know not how ſoon my defenders may be perſuaded to ſhare the plunder with the Baſſa. I have ſent my treaſures into a diſtant country, and, upon the firſt alarm, am prepared to follow them. Then will my enemies riot in my manſion, and enjoy the gardens which I have planted."

They all joined in lamenting his danger, and deprecating his exile: and the princeſs was ſo much diſturbed with the tumult of grief and indignation, that ſhe retired to her apartment. They continued with their kind inviter a few days longer, and then went forward to find the hermit.

CHAP. XXI.

THE HAPPINESS OF SOLITUDE. THE HERMIT'S HISTORY.

THEY came on the third day, by the direction of the peaſants, to the hermit's cell: it was a cavern in the ſide of a mountain, over-ſhadowed with palm-trees; at ſuch a diſtance from the cataract, that nothing more was heard than a gentle uniform murmur, ſuch as compoſed the mind to penſive meditation, eſpecially when it was aſſiſted by the wind whiſtling among the branches. The firſt rude eſſay of nature had been ſo much improved by human labour, that the cave contained ſeveral apartments appropriated to different uſes, and often afforded lodging to travellers, whom darkneſs or tempeſts happened to overtake.

The hermit ſat on a bench at the door, to enjoy the coolneſs of the evening. On one ſide lay a book with pens and papers, on the other mechanical inſtruments of various kinds. As they approached him unregarded, the princeſs obſerved that he had not the countenance of a man that had found, or could teach the way to happineſs.

They ſaluted him with great reſpect, which he repaid like a man not unaccuſtomed to the forms of courts. "My children, ſaid he, if you have loſt your way, you ſhall be willingly ſupplied with ſuch conveniencies for the night as this cavern will afford. I have all that nature requires, and you will not expect delicacies in a hermit's cell."

They

They thanked him, and, entering, were pleaſed with the neatneſs and regularity of the place. The hermit ſet fleſh and wine before them, though he fed only upon fruits and water. His diſcourſe was cheerful without levity, and pious without enthuſiaſm. He ſoon gained the eſteem of his gueſts, and the princeſs repented of her haſty cenſure.

At laſt Imlac began thus: "I do not now wonder that your reputation is ſo far extended; we have heard at Cairo of your wiſdom, and came hither to implore your direction for this young man and maiden in the *choice of life*."

"To him that lives well, anſwered the hermit, every form of life is good; nor can I give any other rule for choice, than to remove from all apparent evil."

"He will remove moſt certainly from evil, ſaid the prince, who ſhall devote himſelf to that ſolitude which you have recommended by your example."

"I have indeed lived fifteen years in ſolitude, ſaid the hermit, but have no deſire that my example ſhould gain any imitators. In my youth I profeſſed arms, and was raiſed by degrees to the higheſt military rank. I have traverſed wide countries at the head of my troops, and ſeen many battles and ſieges. At laſt, being diſguſted by the preferments of a younger officer, and feeling that my vigour was beginning to decay, I reſolved to cloſe my life in peace, having found the world full of ſnares, diſcord, and miſery. I had once eſcaped from the purſuit of the enemy by the ſhelter of this cavern, and therefore choſe it for my final reſidence. I employed

ployed artificers to form it into chambers, and ſtored it with all that I was likely to want.

"For ſome time after my retreat, I rejoiced like a tempeſt-beaten ſailor at his entrance into the harbour, being delighted with the ſudden change of the noiſe and hurry of war to ſtillneſs and repoſe. When the pleaſure of novelty went away, I employed my hours in examining the plants which grow in the valley, and the minerals which I collected from the rocks. But that enquiry is now grown taſteleſs and irkſome. I have been for ſome time unſettled and diſtracted: my mind is diſturbed with a thouſand perplexities of doubt, and vanities of imagination, which hourly prevail upon me, becauſe I have no opportunities of relaxation or diverſion. I am ſometimes aſhamed to think that I could not ſecure myſelf from vice, but by retiring from the exerciſe of virtue, and begin to ſuſpect that I was rather impelled by reſentment, than led by devotion, into ſolitude. My fancy riots in ſcenes of folly, and I lament that I have loſt ſo much, and have gained ſo little. In ſolitude, if I eſcape the example of bad men, I want likewiſe the counſel and converſation of the good. I have been long comparing the evils with the advantages of ſociety, and reſolve to return into the world to-morrow. The life of a ſolitary man will be certainly miſerable, but not certainly devout."

They heard his reſolution with ſurpriſe, but after a ſhort pauſe, offered to conduct him to Cairo. He dug up a conſiderable treaſure which he had hid among the rocks, and accompanied them to the city, on which, as he approached it, he gazed with rapture.

CHAP. XXII.

THE HAPPINESS OF A LIFE LED ACCORDING TO NATURE.

RASSELAS went often to an aſſembly of learned men, who met at ſtated times to unbend their minds, and compare their opinions. Their manners were ſomewhat coarſe, but their converſation was inſtructive, and their diſputations acute, though ſometimes too violent, and often continued till neither controvertiſt remembered upon what queſtion they began. Some faults were almoſt general among them: every one was deſirous to dictate to the reſt, and every one was pleaſed to hear the genius or knowledge of another depreciated.

In this aſſembly Raſſelas was relating his interview with the hermit, and the wonder with which he heard him cenſure a courſe of life which he had ſo deliberately choſen, and ſo laudably followed. The ſentiments of the hearers were various. Some were of opinion, that the folly of his choice had been juſtly puniſhed by condemnation to perpetual perſeverance. One of the youngeſt among them, with great vehemence, pronounced him an hypocrite. Some talked of the right of ſociety to the labour of individuals, and conſidered retirement as a deſertion of duty. Others readily allowed, that there was a time when the claims of the publick were ſatisfied, and when a man might properly ſequeſter himſelf, to review his life, and purify his heart.

One, who appeared more affected with the narrative than the reſt, thought it likely, that the hermit

CHAP. XXIII.

THE PRINCE AND HIS SISTER DIVIDE BETWEEN THEM THE WORK OF OBSERVATION.

RASSELAS returned home full of reflections, doubtful how to direct his future steps. Of the way to happineſs he found the learned and ſimple equally ignorant; but, as he was yet young, he flattered himſelf that he had time remaining for more experiments, and further enquiries. He communicated to Imlac his obſervations and his doubts, but was anſwered by him with new doubts, and remarks that gave him no comfort. He therefore diſcourſed more frequently and freely with his ſiſter, who had yet the ſame hope with himſelf, and always aſſiſted him to give ſome reaſon why, though he had been hitherto fruſtrated, he might ſucceed at laſt.

"We have hitherto, ſaid ſhe, known but little of the world: we have never yet been either great or mean. In our own country, though we had royalty, we had no power, and in this we have not yet ſeen the private receſſes of domeſtick peace. Imlac favours not our ſearch, leſt we ſhould in time find him miſtaken. We will divide the taſk between us: you ſhall try what is to be found in the ſplendour of courts, and I will range the ſhades of humbler life. Perhaps command and authority may be the ſupreme bleſſings, as they afford moſt opportunities of doing good: or, perhaps, what this world can give may be found in the modeſt habitations of middle fortune; too low for great deſigns, and too high for penury and diſtreſs."

CHAP. XXIV.

THE PRINCE EXAMINES THE HAPPINESS OF HIGH STATIONS.

IMLAC applauded the deſign, and appeared next day with a ſplendid retinue at the court the Baſſa. He was ſoon diſtinguiſhed for his agnificence, and admitted, as a prince whoſe curiſity had brought him from diſtant countries, to intimacy with the great officers, and frequent nverſation with the Baſſa himſelf.

He was at firſt inclined to believe, that the man uſt be pleaſed with his own condition, whom all proached with reverence, and heard with obeiſance, and who had the power to extend his edicts a whole kingdom. "There can be no pleaſe, ſaid he, equal to that of feeling at once the r of thouſands all made happy by wiſe adminiſtration. Yet, ſince, by the law of ſubordination, s ſublime delight can be in one nation but the lot one, it is ſurely reaſonable to think, that there ſome ſatisfaction more popular and acceſſible, and at millions can hardly be ſubjected to the will of ingle man, only to fill his particular breaſt with ommunicable content."

Theſe thoughts were often in his mind, and he ind no ſolution of the difficulty. But as preſents d civilities gained him more familiarity, he found at almoſt every man who ſtood high in employnt hated all the reſt, and was hated by them, and t their lives were a continual ſucceſſion of plots l detections, ſtratagems and eſcapes, faction and

treachery. Many of thoſe who ſurrounded the Baſſa, were ſent only to watch and report his conduct; every tongue was muttering cenſure, and every eye was ſearching for a fault.

At laſt the letters of revocation arrived, the Baſſa was carried in chains to Conſtantinople, and his name was mentioned no more.

"What are we now to think of the prerogatives of power, ſaid Raſſelas to his ſiſter; is it without any efficacy to good? or, is the ſubordinate degree only dangerous, and the ſupreme ſafe and glorious? Is the Sultan the only happy man in his dominions? or, is the Sultan himſelf ſubject to the torments of ſuſpicion, and the dread of enemies?"

In a ſhort time the ſecond Baſſa was depoſed. The Sultan, that had advanced him, was murdered by the Janiſaries, and his ſucceſſor had other views and different favourites.

CHAP. XXV.

THE PRINCESS PERSUES HER ENQUIRY WITH MORE DILIGENCE THAN SUCCESS.

THE princeſs, in the mean time, inſinuated herſelf into many families; for there are few doors, through which liberality, joined with good humour, cannot find its way. The daughters of many houſes were airy and cheerful, but Nekayah had been too long accuſtomed to the converſation of Imlac and her brother to be much pleaſed with childiſh levity and prattle which had no meaning. She found their thoughts narrow, their wiſhes low, and their merriment often artificial. Their pleaſures, poor as

they were, could not be preſerved pure, but were embittered by petty competitions and worthleſs emulation. They were always jealous of the beauty of each other; of a quality to which ſolicitude can add nothing, and from which detraction can take nothing away. Many were in love with triflers like themſelves, and many fancied that they were in love when in truth they were only idle. Their affection was fixed on ſenſe or virtue, and therefore ſeldom ended but in vexation. Their grief, however, like their joy, was tranſient; every thing floated in their mind unconnected with the paſt or future, ſo that one deſire eaſily gave way to another, as a ſecond ſtone caſt into the water effaces and confounds the circles of the firſt.

With theſe girls ſhe played as with inoffenſive animals, and found them proud of her countenance, and weary of her company.

But her purpoſe was to examine more deeply, and her affability eaſily perſuaded the hearts that were ſwelling with ſorrow to diſcharge their ſecrets in her ear: and thoſe whom hope flattered, or proſperity delighted, often courted her to partake their pleaſures.

The princeſs and her brother commonly met in the evening in a private ſummer-houſe on the bank of the Nile, and related to each other the occurrences of the day. As they were ſitting together, the princeſs caſt her eyes upon the river that flowed before her. "Anſwer, ſaid ſhe, great father of waters, thou that rolleſt thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocations of the daughter of thy native king. Tell me if thou watereſt, through all

thy courſe, a ſingle habitation from which thou doſt not hear the murmurs of complaint?"

"You are then, ſaid Raſſelas, not more ſucceſsful in private houſes than I have been in courts." "I have, ſince the laſt partition of our provinces, ſaid the princeſs, enabled myſelf to enter familiarly into many families, where there was the faireſt ſhew of proſperity and peace, and know not one houſe that is not haunted by ſome fury that deſtroys their quiet.

"I did not ſeek eaſe among the poor, becauſe I concluded that there it could not be found. But I ſaw many poor, whom I had ſuppoſed to live in affluence. Poverty has, in large cities, very different appearances: it is often concealed in ſplendour, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the reſt: they ſupport themſelves by temporary expedients, and every day is loſt in contriving for the morrow.

"This, however, was an evil, which, though frequent, I ſaw with leſs pain, becauſe I could relieve it. Yet ſome have refuſed my bounties; more offended with my quickneſs to detect their wants, than pleaſed with my readineſs to ſuccour them: and others, whoſe exigencies compelled them to admit my kindneſs, have never been able to forgive their benefactreſs. Many, however, have been ſincerely grateful, without the oſtentation of gratitude, or the hope of other favours."

CHAP. XXVI.

THE PRINCESS CONTINUES HER REMARKS UPON PRIVATE LIFE.

NEKAYAH perceiving her brother's attention fixed, proceeded in her narrative.

"In families, where there is or is not poverty, there is commonly diſcord: if a kingdom be, as Imlac tells us, a great family, a family likewiſe is a little kingdom, torn with factions, and expoſed to revolutions. An unpractiſed obſerver expects the love of parents and children to be conſtant and equal; but this kindneſs ſeldom continues beyond the years of infancy: in a ſhort time the children become rivals to their parents. Benefits are allayed by reproaches, and gratitude debaſed by envy.

"Parents and children ſeldom act in concert: each child endeavours to appropriate the eſteem or fondneſs of the parents, and the parents, with yet leſs temptation, betray each other to their children; thus ſome place their confidence in the father, and ſome in the mother, and by degrees, the houſe is filled with artifices and feuds.

"The opinions of children and parents, of the young and the old, are naturally oppoſite, by the contrary effects of hope and deſpondence, of expectation and experience, without crime or folly on either ſide. The colours of life in youth and age appear different, as the face of nature in ſpring and winter. And how can children credit the aſſertions of parents, which their own eyes ſhow them to be falſe?

"Few parents act in ſuch a manner as much to enforce their maxims by the credit of their lives. The old man truſts wholly to ſlow contrivance and gradual progreſſion: the youth expects to force his way by genius, vigour, and precipitance. The old man pays regard to riches, and the youth reverences virtue. The old man deifies prudence: the youth commits himſelf to magnanimity and chance. The young man, who intends no ill, believes that none is intended, and therefore acts with openneſs and candour: but his father, having ſuffered the injuries of fraud, is impelled to ſuſpect, and too often allured to practiſe it. Age looks with anger on the temerity of youth, and youth with contempt on the ſcrupuloſity of age. Thus parents and children, for the greateſt part, live on to love leſs and leſs: and, if thoſe whom nature has thus cloſely united are the torments of each other, where ſhall we look for tenderneſs and conſolation?"

"Surely, ſaid the prince, you muſt have been unfortunate in your choice of acquaintance: I am unwilling to believe, that the moſt tender of all relations is thus impeded in its effects by natural neceſſity."

"Domeſtick diſcord, anſwered ſhe, is not inevitably and fatally neceſſary; but yet it is not eaſily avoided. We ſeldom ſee that a whole family is virtuous: the good and evil cannot well agree; and the evil can yet leſs agree with one another: even the virtuous fall ſometimes to variance, when their virtues are of different kinds, and tending to extremes. In general, thoſe parents have moſt reverence

verence who moſt deſerve it: for he that lives well cannot be deſpiſed.

"Many other evils infeſt private life. Some are the ſlaves of ſervants whom they have truſted with their affairs. Some are kept in continual anxiety to the caprice of rich relations, whom they cannot pleaſe, and dare not offend. Some huſbands are imperious, and ſome wives perverſe: and, as it is always more eaſy to do evil than good, though the wiſdom or virtue of one can very rarely make many happy, the folly or vice of one may often make many miſerable."

"If ſuch be the general effect of marriage, ſaid the prince, I ſhall, for the future, think it dangerous to connect my intereſt with that of another, leſt I ſhould be unhappy by my partner's fault."

"I have met, ſaid the princeſs, with many who live ſingle for that reaſon; but I never found that their prudence ought to raiſe envy. They dream away their time without friendſhip, without fondneſs, and are driven to rid themſelves of the day, for which they have no uſe, by childiſh amuſements, or vicious delights. They act as beings under the conſtant ſenſe of ſome known inferiority, that fills their minds with rancour, and their tongues with cenſure. They are peeviſh at home, and malevolent abroad; and, as the outlaws of human nature, make it their buſineſs and their pleaſure to diſturb that ſociety which debars them from its privileges. To live without feeling or exciting ſympathy, to be fortunate without adding to the felicity of others, or afflicted without taſting the balm of pity, is a ſtate more gloomy than ſoli-

tude: it is not retreat, but excluſion from mankind. Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleaſures."

"What then is to be done? ſaid Raſſelas; the more we enquire, the leſs we can reſolve. Surely he is moſt likely to pleaſe himſelf that has no other inclination to regard."

CHAP. XXVII.

DISQUISITION UPON GREATNESS.

THE converſation had a ſhort pauſe. The prince, having conſidered his ſiſter's obſervations, told her, that ſhe had ſurveyed life with prejudice, and ſuppoſed miſery where ſhe did not find it. "Your narrative, ſays he, throws yet a darker gloom upon the proſpects of futurity: the predictions of Imlac were but faint ſketches of the evils painted by Nekayah. I have been lately convinced that quiet is not the daughter of grandeur, or of power: that her preſence is not to be bought by wealth, nor enforced by conqueſt. It is evident, that as any man acts in a wider compaſs, he muſt be more expoſed to oppoſition from enmity or miſcarriage from chance; whoever has many to pleaſe or to govern, muſt uſe the miniſtry of many agents, ſome of whom will be wicked, and ſome ignorant; by ſome he will be miſled, and by others betrayed. If he gratifies one he will offend another: thoſe that are not favoured will think themſelves injured; and, ſince favours can be conferred but upon few, the greater number will be always diſcontented."

"The diſcontent, ſaid the princeſs, which is hus unreaſonable, I hope that I ſhall always have pirit to deſpiſe, and you, power to repreſs."

"Diſcontent, anſwered Raſſelas, will not always e without reaſon under the moſt juſt and vigilant dminiſtration of publick affairs. None, however ttentive, can always diſcover that merit which inligence or faction may happen to obſcure; and one, however powerful, can always reward it. Yet, he that ſees inferiour deſert advanced above im, will naturally impute that preference to pariality or caprice; and, indeed, it can ſcarcely be oped that any man, however magnanimous by nature, or exalted by condition, will be able to erſiſt for ever in the fixed and inexorable juſtice f diſtribution: he will ſometimes indulge his own ffections, and ſometimes thoſe of his favourites; he will permit ſome to pleaſe him who can never ſerve im; he will diſcover in thoſe whom he loves, qualities which in reality they do not poſſeſs; and to hoſe, from whom he receives pleaſure, he will in his turn endeavour to give it. Thus will recommendations ſometimes prevail which were purchaſed by money, or by the more deſtructive bribery of flattery and ſervility.

"He that has much to do will do ſomething wrong, and of that wrong muſt ſuffer the conſequences; and, if it were poſſible that he ſhould always act rightly, yet when ſuch numbers are to judge of his conduct, the bad will cenſure and obſtruct him by malevolence, and the good ſometimes by miſtake.

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"The higheſt ſtations cannot therefore hope to be the abodes of happineſs, which I would willingly believe to have fled from thrones and palaces to ſeats of humble privacy and placid obſcurity. For what can hinder the ſatisfaction, or intercept the expectations, of him whoſe abilities are adequate to his employments, who ſees with his own eyes the whole circuit of his influence, who chooſes by his own knowledge all whom he truſts, and whom none are tempted to deceive by hope or fear? Surely he has nothing to do but to love and to be loved, to be virtuous and to be happy."

"Whether perfect happineſs would be procured by perfect goodneſs, ſaid Nekayah, this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding. But this, at leaſt, may be maintained, that we do not always find viſible happineſs in proportion to viſible virtue. All natural, and almoſt all political evils, are incident alike to the bad and good: they are confounded in the miſery of a famine, and not much diſtinguiſhed in the fury of a faction; they ſink together in a tempeſt, and are driven together from their country by invaders. All that virtue can afford is quietneſs of conſcience, a ſteady proſpect of a happier ſtate; this may enable us to endure calamity with patience; but remember that patience muſt ſuppoſe pain."

CHAP. XXVIII.

RASSELAS AND NEKAYAH CONTINUE THEIR CONVERSATION.

"DEAR princeſs, ſaid Raſſelas, you fall into the common errours of exaggeratory declamation, by producing, in a familiar diſquiſition, examples of national calamities, and ſcenes of extenſive miſery, which are found in books rather than in the world, and which, as they are horrid, are ordained to be rare. Let us not imagine evils which we do not feel, nor injure life by miſrepreſentations. I cannot bear that querulous eloquence which threatens every city with a ſiege like that of Jeruſalem, that makes famine attend on every flight of locuſts, and ſuſpends peſtilence on the wing of every blaſt that iſſues from the ſouth.

"On neceſſary and inevitable evils, which overwhelm kingdoms at once, all diſputation is vain: when they happen they muſt be endured. But it is evident, that theſe burſts of univerſal diſtreſs are more dreaded than felt; thouſands and ten thouſands flouriſh in youth, and wither in age, without the knowledge of any other than domeſtick evils, and ſhare the ſame pleaſures and vexations, whether their kings are mild or cruel, whether the armies of their country perſue their enemies, or retreat before them. While courts are diſturbed with inteſtine competitions, and ambaſſadors are negociating in foreign countries, the ſmith ſtill plies his anvil, and the huſbandman drives his plow forward; the neceſſaries of life are required and obtained;

tained; and the ſucceſſive buſineſs of the ſeaſons continues to make its wonted revolutions.

"Let us ceaſe to conſider what, perhaps, may never happen, and what, when it ſhall happen, will laugh at human ſpeculation. We will not endeavour to modify the motions of the elements, or to fix the deſtiny of kingdoms. It is our buſineſs to conſider what beings like us may perform; each labouring for his own happineſs, by promoting within his circle, however narrow, the happineſs of others.

"Marriage is evidently the dictate of nature; men and women are made to be companions of each other, and therefore I cannot be perſuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happineſs."

"I know not, ſaid the princeſs, whether marriage be more than one of the innumerable modes of human miſery. When I ſee and reckon the various forms of connubial infelicity, the unexpected cauſes of laſting diſcord, the diverſities of temper, the oppoſitions of opinion, the rude colliſions of contrary deſire where both are urged by violent impulſes, the obſtinate conteſts of diſagreeable virtues, where both are ſupported by conſciouſneſs of good intention, I am ſometimes diſpoſed to think with the ſeverer caſuiſts of moſt nations, that marriage is rather permitted than approved, and that none, but by the inſtigation of a paſſion too much indulged, entangle themſelves with indiſſoluble compacts."

"You ſeem to forget, replied Raſſelas, that you have, even now, repreſented celibacy as leſs happy than marriage. Both conditions may be bad, but they cannot both be worſt. Thus it happens when

wrong

wrong opinions are entertained, that they mutually deſtroy each other, and leave the mind open to truth."

"I did not expect, anſwered the princeſs, to hear that imputed to falſehood which is the conſequence only of frailty. To the mind, as to the eye, it is difficult to compare with exactneſs objects vaſt in their extent, and various in their parts. Where we ſee or conceive the whole at once, we readily note the diſcriminations, and decide the preference: but of two ſyſtems, of which neither can be ſurveyed by any human being in its full compaſs of magnitude and multiplicity of complication, where is the wonder, that judging of the whole by parts, I am alternately affected by one and the other as either preſſes on my memory or fancy? We differ from ourſelves juſt as we differ from each other, when we ſee only part of the queſtion, as in the multifarious relations of politicks and morality; but when we perceive the whole at once, as in numerical computations, all agree in one judgment, and none ever varies his opinion."

"Let us not add, ſaid the prince, to the other evils of life, the bitterneſs of controverſy, nor endeavour to vie with each other in ſubtilties of argument. We are employed in a ſearch, of which both are equally to enjoy the ſucceſs, or ſuffer by the miſcarriage. It is therefore fit that we aſſiſt each other. You ſurely conclude too haſtily from the infelicity of marriage againſt its inſtitution: will not the miſery of life prove equally that life cannot be the gift of heaven? The world muſt be peopled by marriage, or peopled without it."

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"How the world is to be peopled, returned Nekayah, is not my care, and needs not be yours. I ſee no danger that the preſent generation ſhould omit to leave ſucceſſors behind them: we are not now inquiring for the world, but for ourſelves."

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE DEBATE OF MARRIAGE CONTINUED.

"THE good of the whole, ſays Raſſelas, is the ſame with the good of all its parts. If marriage be beſt for mankind, it muſt be evidently beſt for individuals, or a permanent and neceſſary duty muſt be the cauſe of evil, and ſome muſt be inevitably ſacrificed to the convenience of others. In the eſtimate which you have made of the two ſtates, it appears that the incommodities of a ſingle life are, in a great meaſure, neceſſary and certain, but hoſe of the conjugal ſtate accidental and avoidable.

"I cannot forbear to flatter myſelf, that prudence and benevolence will make marriage happy. The general folly of mankind is the cauſe of general complaint. What can be expected but diſappointment and repentance from a choice made in the immaturity of youth, in the ardour of deſire, without judgment, without foreſight, without inquiry after conformity of opinions, ſimilarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or purity of ſentiment?

"Such is the common proceſs of marriage. A youth or maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home, and dream of one another. Having

Having little to divert attention, or diverſify thought, they find themſelves uneaſy when they are apart, and therefore conclude that they ſhall be happy together. They marry, and diſcover what nothing but voluntary blindneſs before had concealed; they wear out life in altercations, and charge nature with cruelty.

"From thoſe early marriages proceeds likewiſe the rivalry of parents and children: the ſon is eager to enjoy the world before the father is willing to forſake it, and there is hardly room at once for two generations. The daughter begins to bloom before the mother can be content to fade, and neither can forbear to wiſh for the abſence of the other.

"Surely all theſe evils may be avoided by that deliberation and delay which prudence preſcribes to irrevocable choice. In the variety and jollity of youthful pleaſures life may be well enough ſupported without the help of a partner. Longer time will increaſe experience, and wider views will allow better opportunities of inquiry and ſelection: one advantage, at leaſt, will be certain; the parents will be viſibly older than their children."

"What reaſon cannot collect, ſaid Nekayah, and what experiment has not yet taught, can be known only from the report of others. I have been told that late marriages are not eminently happy. This is a queſtion too important to be neglected, and I have often propoſed it to thoſe, whoſe accuracy of remark, and comprehenſiveneſs of knowledge, made their ſuffrages worthy of regard. They have generally determined, that it is dangerous for a man and woman to ſuſpend their fate upon each

other, at a time when opinions are fixed, and habits are eſtabliſhed; when friendſhips have been contracted on both ſides, when life has been planned into method, and the mind has long enjoyed the contemplation of its own proſpects.

"It is ſcarcely poſſible that two travelling through the world under the conduct of chance, ſhould have been both directed to the ſame path, and it will not often happen that either will quit the track which cuſtom has made pleaſing. When the deſultory levity of youth has ſettled into regularity, it is ſoon ſucceeded by pride aſhamed to yield, or obſtinacy delighting to contend. And even though mutual eſteem produces mutual deſire to pleaſe, time itſelf, as it modifies unchangeably the external mien, determines likewiſe the direction of the paſſions, and gives an inflexible rigidity to the manners. Long cuſtoms are not eaſily broken: he that attempts to change the courſe of his own life, very often labours in vain; and how ſhall we do that for others, which we are ſeldom able to do for ourſelves?

"But ſurely, interpoſed the prince, you ſuppoſe the chief motive of choice forgotten or neglected. Whenever I ſhall ſeek a wife, it ſhall be my firſt queſtion, whether ſhe be willing to be led by reaſon?"

"Thus it is, ſaid Nekayah, that philoſophers are deceived. There are a thouſand familiar diſputes which reaſon never can decide; queſtions that elude inveſtigation, and make logick ridiculous; caſes where ſomething muſt be done, and where little can be ſaid. Conſider the ſtate of mankind, and inquire how few can be ſuppoſed to act upon any occaſions,

ıſions, whether ſmall or great, with all the rea-
of action preſent to their minds. Wretched
ld be the pair above all names of wretched-
, who ſhould be doomed to adjuſt by reaſon, every
ning, all the minute detail of a domeſtick day.

Thoſe who marry at an advanced age, will
ıably eſcape the encroachments of their children;
in diminution of this advantage, they will be
y to leave them, ignorant and helpleſs, to a
dian's mercy: or, if that ſhould not happen,
muſt at leaſt go out of the world before they
hoſe whom they love beſt either wiſe or great.

From their children, if they have leſs to fear,
have leſs alſo to hope, and they loſe, without
valent, the joys of early love, and the conve-
ce of uniting with manners pliant, and minds
ptible of new impreſſions, which might wear
r their diſſimilitudes by long cohabitation, as
bodies, by continual attrition, conform their
ces to each other.

I believe it will be found that thoſe who marry
are beſt pleaſed with their children, and thoſe
marry early with their partners."

The union of theſe two affections, ſaid Raſſelas,
d produce all that could be wiſhed. Perhaps
: is a time when marriage might unite them,
ıe neither too early for the father, nor too late
he huſband."

Every hour, anſwered the princeſs, confirms my
ıdice in favour of the poſition ſo often uttered
ıe mouth of Imlac, 'That nature ſets her gifts
ıe right hand and on the left.' Thoſe conditions,
h flatter hope and attract deſire, are ſo conſti-

"The preſent ſtate of things is the conſequence of the former, and it is natural to inquire what were the ſources of the good that we enjoy, or the evil that we ſuffer. If we act only for ourſelves, to neglect the ſtudy of hiſtory is not prudent: if we are intruſted with the care of others, it is not juſt. Ignorance, when it is voluntary, is criminal; and he may properly be charged with evil who refuſed to learn how he might prevent it.

"There is no part of hiſtory ſo generally uſeful as that which relates the progreſs of the human mind, the gradual improvement of reaſon, the ſucceſſive advances of ſcience, the viciſſitudes of learning and ignorance which are the light and darkneſs of thinking beings, the extinction and reſuſcitation of arts, and the revolutions of the intellectual world. If accounts of battles and invaſions are peculiarly the buſineſs of princes, the uſeful or elegant arts are not to be neglected; thoſe who have kingdoms to govern, have underſtandings to cultivate.

"Example is always more efficacious than precept. A ſoldier is formed in war, and a painter muſt copy pictures. In this, contemplative life has the advantage: great actions are ſeldom ſeen, but the labours of art are always at hand for thoſe who deſire to know what art has been able to perform.

"When the eye or the imagination is ſtruck with any uncommon work, the next tranſition of an active mind is to the means by which it was performed. Here begins the true uſe of ſuch contemplation; we enlarge our comprehenſion by new ideas, and perhaps recover ſome art loſt to mankind, or learn what is leſs perfectly known in our

own

own country. At leaſt we compare our own with former times, and either rejoice at our improvements, or, what is the firſt motion towards good, diſcover our defects."

"I am willing, ſaid the prince, to ſee all that can deſerve my ſearch." "And I, ſaid the princeſs, ſhall rejoice to learn ſomething of the manners of antiquity."

"The moſt pompous monument of Egyptian greatneſs, and one of the moſt bulky works of manual induſtry, ſaid Imlac, are the Pyramids; fabricks raiſed before the time of hiſtory, and of which the earlieſt narratives afford us only uncertain traditions. Of theſe the greateſt is ſtill ſtanding very little injured by time."

"Let us viſit them to-morrow, ſaid Nekayah. I have often heard of the Pyramids, and ſhall not reſt, till I have ſeen them within and without with my own eyes."

CHAP. XXX.

THEY VISIT THE PYRAMIDS.

THE reſolution being thus taken, they ſet out the next day. They laid tents upon their camels, being reſolved to ſtay among the Pyramids till their curioſity was fully ſatisfied. They travelled gently, turned aſide to every thing remarkable, ſtopped from time to time and converſed with the inhabitants, and obſerved the various appearances of towns ruined and inhabited, of wild and cultivated nature.

When they came to the great pyramid, they were aſtoniſhed at the extent of the baſe, and the height of the top. Imlac explained to them the principles upon which the pyramidal form was choſen for a fabrick intended to co-extend its duration with that of the world: he ſhewed that its gradual diminution gave it ſuch ſtability, as defeated all the common attacks of the elements, and could ſcarcely be overthrown by earthquakes themſelves, the leaſt reſiſtible of natural violence. A concuſſion that ſhould ſhatter the pyramid would threaten the diſſolution of the continent.

They meaſured all its dimenſions, and pitched their tents at its foot. Next day they prepared to enter its interior apartments, and having hired the common guides climbed up to the firſt paſſage, when the favourite of the princeſs, looking into the cavity, ſtepped back and trembled. "Pekuah, ſaid the princeſs, of what art thou afraid?" "Of the narrow entrance, anſwered the lady, and of the dreadful gloom. I dare not enter a place which muſt ſurely be inhabited by unquiet ſouls. The original poſſeſſors of theſe dreadful vaults will ſtart up before us, and perhaps ſhut us in for ever." She ſpoke, and threw her arms round the neck of her miſtreſs.

"If all your fear be of apparitions, ſaid the prince, I will promiſe you ſafety: there is no danger from the dead; he that is once buried will be ſeen no more."

"That the dead are ſeen no more, ſaid Imlac, I will not undertake to maintain, againſt the concurrent and unvaried teſtimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among

among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffuſed, could become univerſal only by its truth: thoſe, that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by ſingle cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and ſome who deny it with their tongues confeſs it by their fears.

"Yet I do not mean to add new terrours to thoſe which have already ſeized upon Pekuah. There can be no reaſon why ſpectres ſhould haunt the pyramid more than other places, or why they ſhould have power or will to hurt innocence and purity. Our entrance is no violation of their privileges; we can take nothing from them, how then can we offend them?"

"My dear Pekuah, ſaid the princeſs, I will always go before you, and Imlac ſhall follow you. Remember that you are the companion of the princeſs of Abiſſinia."

"If the princeſs is pleaſed that her ſervant ſhould die, returned the lady, let her command ſome death leſs dreadful than encloſure in this horrid cavern. You know I dare not diſobey you: I muſt go if you command me; but, if I once enter, I never ſhall come back."

The princeſs ſaw that her fear was too ſtrong for expoſtulation or reproof, and embracing her, told her that ſhe ſhould ſtay in the tent till their return. Pekuah was yet not ſatisfied, but entreated the princeſs not to perſue ſo dreadful a purpoſe as that

that of entering the receſſes of the pyramid. "Though I cannot teach courage, ſaid Nekayah, I muſt not learn cowardice; nor leave at laſt undone what I came hither only to do."

CHAP. XXXI.

THEY ENTER THE PYRAMID.

PEKUAH deſcended to the tents, and the reſt entered the pyramid: they paſſed through the galleries, ſurveyed the vaults of marble, and examined the cheſt in which the body of the founder is ſuppoſed to have been repoſited. They then ſat down in one of the moſt ſpacious chambers to reſt a while before they attempted to return.

"We have now, ſaid Imlac, gratified our minds with an exact view of the greateſt work of man, except the wall of China.

"Of the wall it is very eaſy to aſſign the motive. It ſecured a wealthy and timorous nation from the incurſions of Barbarians, whoſe unſkilfulneſs in arts made it eaſier for them to ſupply their wants by rapine than by induſtry, and who from time to time poured in upon the habitations of peaceful commerce, as vultures deſcend upon domeſtick fowl. Their celerity and fierceneſs made the wall neceſſary, and their ignorance made it efficacious.

"But for the pyramids no reaſon has ever been
v adequate to the coſt and labour of the work.
T narrc ſs of the chambers proves that it
c i l retreat from enemies, and treaſures
\ repoſited at far leſs expence with
equal

qual ſecurity. It ſeems to have been erected only n compliance with that hunger of imagination which reys inceſſantly upon life, and muſt be always apeaſed by ſome employment. Thoſe who have aleady all that they can enjoy, muſt enlarge their lefires. He that has built for uſe, till uſe is ſupplied, muſt begin to build for vanity, and extend is plan to the utmoſt power of human performance, hat he may not be ſoon reduced to form another viſh.

"I conſider this mighty ſtructure as a monument f the inſufficiency of human enjoyments. A king, whoſe power is unlimited, and whoſe treaſures ſurmount all real and imaginary wants, is compelled to olace, by the erection of a pyramid, the ſatiety of lominion and taſteleſſneſs of pleaſures, and to amuſe he tediouſneſs of declining life, by ſeeing thouſands abouring without end, and one ſtone, for no purpoſe, laid upon another. Whoever thou art, that, ot content with a moderate condition, imagineſt appineſs in royal magnificence, and dreameſt that ommand or riches can feed the appetite of novelty ith perpetual gratifications, ſurvey the pyramids, nd confeſs thy folly!"

CHAP. XXXII.

THE PRINCESS MEETS WITH AN UNEXPECTED MISFORTUNE.

THEY roſe up, and returned through the cavity at which they had entered, and the princeſs prepared for her favourite a long narrative of dark labyrinths, and coſtly rooms, and of the different impreſſions

impreſſions which the varieties of the way had made upon her. But when they came to their train, they found every one ſilent and dejected: the men diſcovered ſhame and fear in their countenances, and the women were weeping in the tents.

What had happened they did not try to conjecture, but immediately inquired. "You had ſcarcely entered into the pyramid, ſaid one of the attendants, when a troop of Arabs ruſhed upon us: we were too few to reſiſt them, and too ſlow to eſcape. They were about to ſearch the tents, ſet us on our camels, and drive us along before them, when the approach of ſome Turkiſh horſemen put them to flight; but they ſeized the lady Pekuah with her two maids, and carried them away: the Turks are now perſuing them by our inſtigation, but I fear they will not be able to overtake them."

The princeſs was overpowered with ſurpriſe and grief. Raſſelas, in the firſt heat of his reſentment, ordered his ſervants to follow him, and prepared to perſue the robbers with his ſabre in his hand. "Sir, ſaid Imlac, what can you hope from violence or valour? the Arabs are mounted on horſes trained to battle and retreat; we have only beaſts of burden. By leaving our preſent ſtation we may loſe the princeſs, but cannot hope to regain Pekuah."

In a ſhort time the Turks returned, having not been able to reach the enemy. The princeſs burſt out into new lamentations, and Raſſelas could ſcarcely forbear to reproach them with cowardice; but Imlac was of opinion, that the eſcape of the Arabs was no addition to their misfortune, for perhaps they would have killed their captives rather *than have* reſigned them.

CHAP. XXXIII.

THEY RETURN TO CAIRO WITHOUT PEKUAH.

THERE was nothing to be hoped from longer ſtay. They returned to Cairo repenting of heir curioſity, cenſuring the negligence of the go-ernment, lamenting their own raſhneſs which had neglected to procure a guard, imagining many expe-lients by which the loſs of Pekuah might have been prevented, and reſolving to do ſomething for her recovery, though none could find any thing proper to be done.

Nekayah retired to her chamber, where her wo-men attempted to comfort her, by telling her that all had their troubles, and that lady Pekuah had en-joyed much happineſs in the world for a long time, and might reaſonably expect a change of fortune. They hoped that ſome good would befall her where-ſoever ſhe was, and that their miſtreſs would find another friend who might ſupply her place.

The princeſs made them no anſwer, and they con-tinued the form of condolence, not much grieved in their hearts that the favourite was loſt.

Next day the prince preſented to the Baſſa a me-morial of the wrong which he had ſuffered, and a petition for redreſs. The Baſſa threatened to puniſh the robbers, but did not attempt to catch them, nor indeed, could any account or deſcription be given by which he might direct the perſuit.

It ſoon appeared that nothing would be done by authority. Governors, being accuſtomed to hear of

more crimes than they can puniſh, and more wrongs than they can redreſs, ſet themſelves at eaſe by indiſcriminate negligence, and preſently forget the requeſt when they loſe ſight of the petitioner.

Imlac then endeavoured to gain ſome intelligence by private agents. He found many who pretended to an exact knowledge of all the haunts of the Arabs, and to regular correſpondence with their chiefs, and who readily undertook the recovery of Pekuah. Of theſe, ſome were furniſhed with money for their journey, and came back no more; ſome were liberally paid for accounts which a few days diſcovered to be falſe. But the princeſs would not ſuffer any means, however improbable, to be left untried. While ſhe was doing ſomething ſhe kept her hope alive. As one expedient failed, another was ſuggeſted; when one meſſenger returned unſucceſsful, another was diſpatched to a different quarter.

Two months had now paſſed, and of Pekuah nothing had been heard; the hopes which they had endeavoured to raiſe in each other grew more languid, and the princeſs, when ſhe ſaw nothing more to be tried, ſunk down inconſolable in hopeleſs dejection. A thouſand times ſhe reproached herſelf with the eaſy compliance by which ſhe permitted her favourite to ſtay behind her. "Had not my fondneſs, ſaid ſhe, leſſened my authority, Pekuah had not dared to talk of her terrours. She ought have feared me more than ſpectres. A ſevere ld have overpowered her; a peremptory c and ild have compelled obedience. Why f iſh i ulgence prevail upon me? Why did I ſ a refuſe to hear?"

"Great princeſs, ſaid Imlac, do not reproach yourſelf for your virtue, or conſider that as blameable by which evil has accidentally been cauſed. Your tenderneſs for the timidity of Pekuah was generous and kind. When we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him by whoſe laws our actions are governed, and who will ſuffer none to be finally puniſhed for obedience. When, in proſpect of ſome good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules preſcribed us, we withdraw from the direction of ſuperior wiſdom, and take all conſequences upon ourſelves. Man cannot ſo far know the connexion of cauſes and events, as that he may venture to do wrong in order to do right. When we perſue our end by lawful means, we may always conſole our miſcarriage by the hope of future recompence. When we conſult only our own policy, and attempt to find a nearer way to good, by overleaping the ſettled boundaries of right and wrong, we cannot be happy even by ſucceſs, becauſe we cannot eſcape the conſciouſneſs of our fault: but, if we miſcarry, the diſappointment is irremediably embittered. How comfortleſs is the ſorrow of him who feels at once the pangs of guilt, and the vexation of calamity which guilt has brought upon him?

"Conſider, princeſs, what would have been your condition, if the lady Pekuah had entreated to accompany you, and being compelled to ſtay in the tents, had been carried away; or how would you have borne the thought, if you had forced her into the pyramid, and ſhe had died before you in agonies of terrour?"

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"Had either happened, ſaid Nekayah, I could not have endured life till now: I ſhould have been tortured to madneſs by the remembrance of ſuch cruelty, or muſt have pined away in abhorrence of myſelf."

"This at leaſt, ſaid Imlac, is the preſent reward of virtuous conduct, that no unlucky conſequence can oblige us to repent it."

CHAP. XXXIV.

THE PRINCESS LANGUISHES FOR WANT OF PEKUAH.

NEKAYAH being thus reconciled to herſelf, found that no evil is inſupportable but that which is accompanied with conſciouſneſs of wrong. She was, from that time, delivered from the violence of tempeſtuous ſorrow, and ſunk into ſilent penſiveneſs and gloomy tranquillity. She ſat from morning to evening recollecting all that had been done or ſaid by her Pekuah, treaſured up with care every trifle on which Pekuah had ſet an accidental value, and which might recal to mind any little incident or careleſs converſation. The ſentiments of her, whom ſhe now expected to ſee no more, were treaſured in her memory as rules of life, and ſhe deliberated to no other end than to conjecture on any occaſion what would have been the opinion and counſel of Pekuah.

The women, by whom ſhe was attended, knew nothing of her real condition, and therefore ſhe could not talk to them but with caution and reſerve. She began to remit her curioſity, having no great care

to

to collect notions which ſhe had no convenience of uttering. Raſſelas endeavoured firſt to comfort, and afterwards to divert her; he hired muſicians, to whom ſhe ſeemed to liſten, but did not hear them, and procured maſters to inſtruct her in various arts, whoſe lectures, when they viſited her again, were again to be repeated. She had loſt her taſte of pleaſure, and her ambition of excellence. And her mind, though forced into ſhort excurſions, always recurred to the image of her friend.

Imlac was every morning earneſtly enjoined to renew his inquiries, and was aſked every night whether he had yet heard of Pekuah, till not being able to return the princeſs the anſwer that ſhe deſired, he was leſs and leſs willing to come into her preſence. She obſerved his backwardneſs, and commanded him to attend her. "You are not, ſaid ſhe, to confound impatience with reſentment, or to ſuppoſe that I charge you with negligence, becauſe I repine at your unſucceſsfulneſs. I do not much wonder at your abſence; I know that the unhappy are never pleaſing, and that all naturally avoid the contagion of miſery. To hear complaints is weariſome alike to the wretched and the happy; for who would cloud, by adventitious grief, the ſhort gleams of gaiety which life allows us? or who, that is ſtruggling under his own evils, will add to them the miſeries of another?

"The time is at hand, when none ſhall be diſturbed any longer by the ſighs of Nekayah: my ſearch after happineſs is now at an end. I am reſolved to retire from the world with all its flatteries and deceits, and will hide myſelf in ſolitude without

any other care than to compoſe my thoughts, and regulate my hours by a conſtant ſucceſſion of innocent occupations, till, with a mind purified from all earthly deſires, I ſhall enter into that ſtate, to which all are haſtening, and in which I hope again to enjoy the friendſhip of Pekuah."

"Do not entangle your mind, ſaid Imlac, by irrevocable determinations, nor increaſe the burthen of life by a voluntary accumulation of miſery: the wearineſs of retirement will continue or increaſe when the loſs of Pekuah is forgotten. That you have been deprived of one pleaſure, is no very good reaſon for rejection of the reſt."

"Since Pekuah was taken from me, ſaid the princeſs, I have no pleaſure to reject or to retain. She that has no one to love or truſt has little to hope. She wants the radical principle of happineſs. We may, perhaps, allow that what ſatisfaction this world can afford, muſt ariſe from the conjunction of wealth, knowledge, and goodneſs: wealth is nothing but as it is beſtowed, and knowledge nothing but as it is communicated: they muſt therefore be imparted to others, and to whom could I now delight to impart them? Goodneſs affords the only comfort which can be enjoyed without a partner, and goodneſs may be practiſed in retirement."

"How far ſolitude may admit goodneſs, or advance it, I ſhall not, replied Imlac, diſpute at preſent. Remember the confeſſion of the pious hermit. You will wiſh to return into the world, when the image of your companion has left your thoughts." "That time, ſaid Nekayah, will never come. The generous frankneſs, the modeſt obſequiouſneſs, and the

the faithful ſecrecy of my dear Pekuah, will always be more miſſed, as I ſhall live longer to ſee vice and folly."

"The ſtate of a mind oppreſſed with a ſudden calamity, ſaid Imlac, is like that of the fabulous inhabitants of the new created earth, who, when the firſt night came upon them, ſuppoſed that day would never return. When the clouds of ſorrow gather over us, we ſee nothing beyond them, nor can imagine how they will be diſpelled: yet a new day ſucceeded to the night, and ſorrow is never long without a dawn of eaſe. But they who reſtrain themſelves from receiving comfort, do as the ſavages would have done, had they put out their eyes when it was dark. Our minds, like our bodies, are in continual flux; ſomething is hourly loſt, and ſomething acquired. To loſe much at once is inconvenient to either, but while the vital powers remain uninjured, nature will find the means of reparation. Diſtance has the ſame effect on the mind as on the eye, and while we glide along the ſtream of time, whatever we leave behind us is always leſſening, and that which we approach increaſing in magnitude. Do not ſuffer life to ſtagnate; it will grow muddy for want of motion: commit yourſelf again to the current of the world; Pekuah will vaniſh by degrees; you will meet in your way ſome other favourite, or learn to diffuſe yourſelf in general converſation."

"At leaſt, ſaid the prince, do not deſpair before all remedies have been tried: the enquiry after the unfortunate lady is ſtill continued, and ſhall be carried on with yet greater diligence, on condition

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that you will promiſe to wait a year for the event, without any unalterable reſolution."

Nekayah thought this a reaſonable demand, and made the promiſe to her brother, who had been adviſed by Imlac to require it. Imlac had, indeed, no great hope of regaining Pekuah, but he ſuppoſed, that if he could ſecure the interval of a year, the princeſs would be then in no danger of a cloiſter.

CHAP. XXXV.

PEKUAH IS STILL REMEMBERED. THE PROGRESS OF SORROW.

NEKAYAH, ſeeing that nothing was omitted for the recovery of her favourite, and having, by her promiſe, ſet her intention of retirement at a diſtance, began imperceptibly to return to common cares and common pleaſures. She rejoiced without her own conſent at the ſuſpenſion of her ſorrows, and ſometimes caught herſelf with indignation in the act of turning away her mind from the remembrance of her, whom yet ſhe reſolved never to forget.

She then appointed a certain hour of the day for meditation on the merits and fondneſs of Pekuah, and for ſome weeks retired conſtantly at the time fixed, and returned with her eyes ſwollen and her countenance clouded. By degrees ſhe grew leſs ſcrupulous, and ſuffered any important and preſſing avocation to delay the tribute of daily tears. She then yielded to leſs occaſions; ſometimes forgot what ſhe was indeed afraid to remember, and, at

laſt, wholly releaſed herſelf from the duty of periodical affliction.

Her real love of Pekuah was yet not diminiſhed. A thouſand occurrences brought her back to memory, and a thouſand wants, which nothing but the confidence of friendſhip can ſupply, made her frequently regretted. She, therefore, ſolicited Imlac never to deſiſt from enquiry, and to leave no art of intelligence untried, that, at leaſt, ſhe might have the comfort of knowing that ſhe did not ſuffer by negligence or ſluggiſhneſs. "Yet what, ſaid ſhe, is to be expected from our perſuit of happineſs, when we find the ſtate of life to be ſuch, that happineſs itſelf is the cauſe of miſery? Why ſhould we endeavour to attain that, of which the poſſeſſion cannot be ſecured? I ſhall henceforward fear to yield my heart to excellence, however bright, or to fondneſs, however tender, leſt I ſhould loſe again what I have loſt in Pekuah."

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE PRINCESS HEARS NEWS OF PEKUAH.

IN ſeven months, one of the meſſengers, who had been ſent away upon the day when the promiſe was drawn from the princeſs, returned, after many unſucceſsful rambles, from the borders of Nubia, with an account that Pekuah was in the hands of an Arab chief, who poſſeſſed a caſtle or fortreſs on the extremity of Egypt. The Arab, whoſe revenue was plunder, was willing to reſtore her, with her two attendants, for two hundred ounces of gold.

The price was no ſubject of debate. The princeſs was in extaſies when ſhe heard that her favourite was alive, and might ſo cheaply be ranſomed. She could not think of delaying for a moment Pekuah's happineſs or her own, but entreated her brother to ſend back the meſſenger with the ſum required. Imlac being conſulted, was not very confident of the veracity of the relator, and was ſtill more doubtful of the Arab's faith, who might, if he were too liberally truſted, detain at once the money and the captives. He thought it dangerous to put themſelves in the power of the Arab, by going into his diſtrict, and could not expect that the Rover would ſo much expoſe himſelf as to come into the lower country, where he might be ſeized by the forces of the Baſſa.

It is difficult to negociate where neither will truſt. But Imlac, after ſome deliberation, directed the meſſenger to propoſe that Pekuah ſhould be conducted by ten horſemen to the monaſtery of St. Antony, which is ſituated in the deſerts of Upper-Egypt, where ſhe ſhould be met by the ſame number, and her ranſom ſhould be paid.

That no time might be loſt, as they expected that the propoſal would not be refuſed, they immediately began their journey to the monaſtery; and, when they arrived, Imlac went forward with the former meſſenger to the Arab's fortreſs. Raſſelas was deſirous to go with them; but neither his ſiſter nor Imlac would conſent. The Arab, according to the cuſtom of his nation, obſerved the laws of hoſpitality with great exactneſs to thoſe who put themſelves into his power, and, in a few days, brought

brought Pekuah with her maids, by eaſy journies, to the place appointed, where receiving the ſtipulated price, he reſtored her with great reſpect to liberty and her friends, and undertook to conduct them back towards Cairo beyond all danger of robbery or violence.

The princeſs and her favourite embraced each other with tranſport too violent to be expreſſed, and went out together to pour the tears of tenderneſs in ſecret, and exchange profeſſions of kindneſs and gratitude. After a few hours they returned into the refectory of the convent, where, in the preſence of the prior and his brethren, the prince required of Pekuah the hiſtory of her adventures.

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE LADY PEKUAH.

"AT what time, and in what manner, I was forced away, ſaid Pekuah, your ſervants have told you. The ſuddenneſs of the event ſtruck me with ſurpriſe, and I was at firſt rather ſtupified than agitated with any paſſion of either fear or ſorrow. My confuſion was increaſed by the ſpeed and tumult of our flight, while we were followed by the Turks, who, as it ſeemed, ſoon deſpaired to overtake us, or were afraid of thoſe whom they made a ſhew of menacing.

"When the Arabs ſaw themſelves out of danger they ſlackened their courſe, and as I was leſs haraſſed by external violence, I began to feel more uneaſineſs in my mind. After ſome time we ſtopped

near a ſpring ſhaded with trees in a pleaſant meadow, where we were ſet upon the ground, and offered ſuch refreſhments as our maſters were partaking. I was ſuffered to ſit with my maids apart from the reſt, and none attempted to comfort or inſult us. Here I firſt began to feel the full weight of my miſery. The girls ſat weeping in ſilence, and from time to time looked on me for ſuccour. I knew not to what condition we were doomed, nor could conjecture where would be the place of our captivity, or whence to draw any hope of deliverance. I was in the hands of robbers and ſavages, and had no reaſon to ſuppoſe that their pity was more than their juſtice, or that they would forbear the gratification of any ardour of deſire, or caprice of cruelty. I, however, kiſſed my maids, and endeavoured to pacify them by remarking, that we were yet treated with decency, and that, ſince we were now carried beyond perſuit, there was no danger of violence to our lives.

" When we were to be ſet again on horſeback, my maids clung round me, and refuſed to be parted, but I commanded them not to irritate thoſe who had us in their power. We travelled the remaining part of the day through an unfrequented and pathleſs country, and came by moon-light to the ſide of a hill, where the reſt of the troop was ſtationed. Their tents were pitched, and their fires kindled, and our chief was welcomed as a man much beloved by his dependants.

" We were received into a large tent, where we found women who had attended their huſbands in the expedition. They ſet before us the ſupper which

which they had provided, and I eat it rather to encourage my maids, than to comply with any appetite of my own. When the meat was taken away, they ſpread the carpets for repoſe. I was weary, and hoped to find in ſleep that remiſſion of diſtreſs which nature ſeldom denies. Ordering myſelf therefore to be undreſt, I obſerved that the women looked very earneſtly upon me, not expecting, I ſuppoſe, to ſee me ſo ſubmiſſively attended. When my upper veſt was taken off, they were apparently ſtruck with the ſplendour of my clothes, and one of them timorouſly laid her hand upon the embroidery. She then went out, and, in a ſhort time, came back with another woman, who ſeemed to be of higher rank, and greater authority. She did, at her entrance, the uſual act of reverence, and taking me by the hand, placed me in a ſmaller tent, ſpread with finer carpets, where I ſpent the night quietly with my maids.

"In the morning, as I was ſitting on the graſs, the chief of the troop came towards me. I roſe up to receive him, and he bowed with great reſpect. "Illuſtrious lady, ſaid he, my fortune is better than I had preſumed to hope; I am told by my women, that I have a princeſs in my camp." Sir, anſwered I, your women have deceived themſelves and you; I am not a princeſs, but an unhappy ſtranger who intended ſoon to have left this country, in which I am now to be impriſoned for ever. "Whoever, or whenceſoever, you are, returned the Arab, your dreſs, and that of your ſervants, ſhew your rank to be high, and your wealth to be great. Why ſhould you, who can ſo eaſily procure your ranſom,

ranſom, think yourſelf in danger of perpetual captivity? The purpoſe of my incurſions is to increaſe my riches, or, more properly, to gather tribute. The ſons of Iſhmael are the natural and hereditary lords of this part of the continent, which is uſurped by late invaders, and low-born tyrants, from whom we are compelled to take by the ſword what is denied to juſtice. The violence of war admits no diſtinction; the lance, that is liſted at guilt and power, will ſometimes fall on innocence and gentleneſs."

"How little, ſaid I, did I expect that yeſterday it ſhould have fallen upon me!"

"Misfortunes, anſwered the Arab, ſhould always be expected. If the eye of hoſtility could learn reverence or pity, excellence like yours had been exempt from injury. But the angels of affliction ſpread their toils alike for the virtuous and the wicked, for the mighty and the mean. Do not be diſconſolate: I am not one of the lawleſs and cruel rovers of the deſert; I know the rules of civil life: I will fix your ranſom, give a paſſport to your meſſenger, and perform my ſtipulation with nice punctuality."

"You will eaſily believe that I was pleaſed with his courteſy: and finding that his predominant paſſion was deſire of money, I began now to think my danger leſs, for I knew that no ſum would be thought too great for the releaſe of Pekuah. I told him, that he ſhould have no reaſon to charge me with ingratitude, if I was uſed with kindneſs, and that any ranſom which could be expected for maid of common rank, would be paid; but that he

ıe muſt not perſiſt to rate me as a princeſs. He aid, he would conſider what he ſhould demand, ınd then ſmiling, bowed and retired.

" Soon after the women came about me, each :ontending to be more officious than the other, and ny maids themſelves were ſerved with reverence. We travelled onward by ſhort journeys. On the ourth day the chief told me, that my ranſom muſt be two hundred ounces of gold; which I not only promiſed him, but told him, that I would add fifty more, if I and my maids were honourably treated.

" I never knew the power of gold before. From that time I was the leader of the troop. The march of every day was longer or ſhorter as I commanded, and the tents were pitched where I choſe to reſt. We now had camels and other conveniences for travel, my own women were always at my ſide, and I amuſed myſelf with obſerving the manners of the vagrant nations, and with viewing remains of ancient edifices, with which theſe deſerted countries appear to have been, in ſome diſtant age, laviſhly embelliſhed.

" The chief of the band was a man far from illiterate: he was able to travel by the ſtars or the compaſs, and had marked, in his erratick expeditions, ſuch places as are moſt worthy the notice of a paſſenger. He obſerved to me, that buildings are always beſt preſerved in places little frequented, and difficult of acceſs: for, when once a country declines from its primitive ſplendour, the more inhabitants are left, the quicker ruin will be made. Walls ſupply ſtones more eaſily than quarries, and palaces and temples will be demoliſhed, to make ſtables of granate, and cottages of porphyry.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE ADVENTURES OF PEKUAH CONTINUED.

"WE wandered about in this manner for ſome weeks, whether, as our chief pretended, for my gratification, or as I rather ſuſpected, for ſome convenience of his own. I endeavoured to appear contented where ſullenneſs and reſentment would have been of no uſe, and that endeavour conduced much to the calmneſs of my mind; but my heart was always with Nekayah, and the troubles of the night much overbalanced the amuſements of the day. My women, who threw all their cares upon their miſtreſs, ſet their minds at eaſe from the time when they ſaw me treated with reſpect, and gave themſelves up to the incidental alleviations of our fatigue without ſolicitude or ſorrow. I was pleaſed with their pleaſure, and animated with their confidence. My condition had loſt much of its terrour, ſince I found that the Arab ranged the country merely to get riches. Avarice is an uniform and tractable vice: other intellectual diſtempers are different in different conſtitutions of mind; that which ſooths the pride of one will offend the pride of another; but to the favour of the covetous there is a ready way; bring money and nothing is denied.

"At laſt we came to the dwelling of our chief, a ſtrong and ſpacious houſe built with ſtone in an iſland of the Nile, which lies, as I was told, under the tropick. "Lady, ſaid the Arab, you ſhall reſt after your journey a few weeks in this place, where you are to conſider yourſelf as ſovereign. My occupation

pation is war: I have therefore choſen this obſcure reſidence, from which I can iſſue unexpected, and to which I can retire unperſued. You may now repoſe in ſecurity: here are few pleaſures, but here is no danger." He then led me into the inner apartments, and ſeating me on the richeſt couch, bowed to the ground. His women, who conſidered me as a rival, looked on me with malignity; but being ſoon informed that I was a great lady detained only for my ranſom, they began to vie with each other in obſequiouſneſs and reverence.

"Being again comforted with new aſſurances of ſpeedy liberty, I was for ſome days diverted from impatience by the novelty of the place. The turrets overlooked the country to a great diſtance, and afforded a view of many windings of the ſtream. In the day I wandered from one place to another, as the courſe of the ſun varied the ſplendour of the proſpect, and ſaw many things which I had never ſeen before. The crocodiles and river-horſes are common in this unpeopled region, and I often looked upon them with terrour, though I knew that they could not hurt me. For ſome time I expected to ſee mermaids and tritons, which, as Imlac has told me, the European travellers have ſtationed in the Nile, but no ſuch beings ever appeared, and the Arab, when I enquired after them, laughed at my credulity.

"At night the Arab always attended me to a tower ſet apart for celeſtial obſervations, where he endeavoured to teach me the names and courſes of the ſtars. I had no great inclination to this ſtudy, but an appearance of attention was neceſſary to pleaſe

pleaſe my inſtructor, who valued himſelf for his ſkill; and, in a little while, I found ſome employment requiſite to beguile the tedioufneſs of time, which was to be paſſed always amidſt the ſame objects. I was weary of looking in the morning on things from which I had turned away weary in the evening: I therefore was at laſt willing to obſerve the ſtars rather than do nothing, but could not always compoſe my thoughts, and was very often thinking on Nekayah, when others imagined me contemplating the ſky. Soon after the Arab went upon another expedition, and then my only pleaſure was to talk with my maids about the accident by which we were carried away, and the happineſs that we ſhould all enjoy at the end of our captivity."

"There were women in your Arab's fortreſs, ſaid the princeſs, why did you not make them your companions, enjoy their converſation, and partake their diverſions? In a place where they found buſineſs or amuſement, why ſhould you alone ſit corroded with idle melancholy? or why could not you bear, for a few months, that condition to which they were condemned for life?"

"The diverſions of the women, anſwered Pekuah, were only childiſh play, by which the mind, accuſtomed to ſtronger operations, could not be kept buſy. I could do all which they delighted in doing by powers merely ſenſitive, while my intellectual faculties were flown to Cairo. They ran from room to room as a bird hops from wire to wire in his cage. They danced for the ſake of motion, as lambs friſk in a meadow. One ſometimes pretended to be hurt, that the reſt might be alarmed;

ed; or hid herſelf, that another might ſeek her. Part of their time paſſed in watching the progreſs of light bodies that floated on the river, and part in marking the various forms into which clouds broke in the ſky.

"Their buſineſs was only needle-work, in which I and my maids ſometimes helped them; but you know that the mind will eaſily ſtraggle from the fingers, nor will you ſuſpect that captivity and abſence from Nekayah could receive ſolace from ſilken flowers.

"Nor was much ſatisfaction to be hoped from their converſation: for of what could they be expected to talk? They had ſeen nothing; for they had lived from early youth in that narrow ſpot: of what they had not ſeen they could have no knowledge, for they could not read. They had no ideas but of the few things that were within their view, and had hardly names for any thing but their clothes and their food. As I bore a ſuperiour character, I was often called to terminate their quarrels, which I decided as equitably as I could. If it could have amuſed me to hear the complaints of each againſt the reſt, I might have been often detained by long ſtories; but the motives of their animoſity were ſo ſmall that I could not liſten without intercepting the tale."

"How, ſaid Raſſelas, can the Arab, whom you repreſented as a man of more than common accompliſhments, take any pleaſure in his ſeraglio when it is filled only with women like theſe? Are they exquiſitely beautiful?"

"They

"They do not, ſaid Pekuah, want that unaffecting and ignoble beauty which may ſubſiſt without ſpritelineſs or ſublimity, without energy of thought or dignity of virtue. But to a man like the Arab ſuch beauty was only a flower caſually plucked and careleſsly thrown away. Whatever pleaſures he might find among them, they were not thoſe of friendſhip or ſociety. When they were playing about him he looked on them with inattentive ſuperiority: when they vied for his regard, he ſometimes turned away diſguſted. As they had no knowledge, their talk could take nothing from the tediouſneſs of life: as they had no choice, their fondneſs, or appearance of fondneſs, excited in him neither pride nor gratitude; he was not exalted in his own eſteem by the ſmiles of a woman who ſaw no other man, nor was much obliged by that regard, of which he could never know the ſincerity, and which he might often perceive to be exerted, not ſo much to delight him as to pain a rival. That which he gave, and they received, as love, was only a careleſs diſtribution of ſuperfluous time, ſuch love as man can beſtow upon that which he deſpiſes, ſuch as has neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor ſorrow."

"You have reaſon, lady, to think yourſelf happy, ſaid Imlac, that you have been thus eaſily diſmiſſed. How could a mind, hungry for knowledge, be willing, in an intellectual famine, to loſe ſuch a banquet as Pekuah's converſation?"

"I am inclined to believe, anſwered Pekuah, that he was for ſome time in ſuſpenſe; for, notwithſtanding

ſtanding his promiſe, whenever I propoſed to diſpatch a meſſenger to Cairo, he found ſome excuſe for delay. While I was detained in his houſe he made many incurſions into the neighbouring countries, and, perhaps, he would have refuſed to diſcharge me, had his plunder been equal to his wiſhes. He returned always courteous, related his adventures, delighted to hear my obſervations, and endeavoured to advance my acquaintance with the ſtars. When I importuned him to ſend away my letters, he ſoothed me with profeſſions of honour and ſincerity; and, when I could be no longer decently denied, put his troop again in motion, and left me to govern in his abſence. I was much afflicted by this ſtudied procraſtination, and was ſometimes afraid that I ſhould be forgotten; that you would leave Cairo, and I muſt end my days in an iſland of the Nile.

"I grew at laſt hopeleſs and dejected, and cared ſo little to entertain him, that he for a while more frequently talked with my maids. That he ſhould fall in love with them, or with me, might have been equally fatal, and I was not much pleaſed with the growing friendſhip. My anxiety was not long; for, as I recovered ſome degree of cheerfulneſs, he returned to me, and I could not forbear to deſpiſe my former uneaſineſs.

"He ſtill delayed to ſend for my ranſom, and would, perhaps, never have determined, had not your agent found his way to him. The gold, which he would not fetch, he could not reject when it was offered. He haſtened to prepare for our journey hither, like a man delivered from the pain of

an inteſtine conflict. I took leave ... my companions in the houſe, who diſmiſſed me with cold indifference."

Nekayah having heard her favourite's relation, roſe and embraced her, and Raſſelas gave her an hundred ounces of gold, which ſhe preſented to the Arab for the fifty that were promiſed.

CHAP. XXXIX.

THE HISTORY OF A MAN OF LEARNING.

THEY returned to Cairo, and were ſo well pleaſed at finding themſelves together, that none of them went much abroad. The prince began to love learning, and one day declared to Imlac, that he intended to devote himſelf to ſcience, and paſs the reſt of his days in literary ſolitude.

"Before you make your final choice, anſwered Imlac, you ought to examine its hazards, and converſe with ſome of thoſe who are grown old in the company of themſelves. I have juſt left the obſervatory of one of the moſt learned aſtronomers in the world, who has ſpent forty years in unwearied attention to the motions and appearances of the celeſtial bodies, and has drawn out his ſoul in endleſs calculations. He admits a few friends once a month to hear his deductions and enjoy his diſcoveries. I was introduced as a man of knowledge worthy of his notice. Men of various ideas, and fluent converſation, are commonly welcome to thoſe whoſe thoughts have been long fixed upon a ſingle point, and who find the images of other things ſtealing away. I delighted him with my remarks; he

ſmiled at the narrative of my travels, and was glad to forget the conſtellations, and deſcend for a moment into the lower world.

"On the next day of vacation I renewed my viſit, and was ſo fortunate as to pleaſe him again. He relaxed from that time the ſeverity of his rule, and permitted me to enter at my own choice. I found him always buſy, and always glad to be relieved. As each knew much which the other was deſirous of learning, we exchanged our notions with great delight. I perceived that I had every day more of his confidence, and always found new cauſe of admiration in the profundity of his mind. His comprehenſion is vaſt, his memory capacious and retentive, his diſcourſe is methodical, and his expreſſion clear.

"His integrity and benevolence are equal to his learning. His deepeſt reſearches and moſt favourite ſtudies are willingly interrupted for any opportunity of doing good by his counſel or his riches. To his cloſeſt retreat, at his moſt buſy moments, all are admitted that want his aſſiſtance: "For though I exclude idleneſs and pleaſure, I will never, ſays he, bar my doors againſt charity. To man is permitted the contemplation of the ſkies, but the practice of virtue is commanded."

"Surely, ſaid the princeſs, this man is happy."

"I viſited him, ſaid Imlac, with more and more frequency, and was every time more enamoured of his converſation: he was ſublime without haughtineſs, courteous without formality, and communicative without oſtentation. I was at firſt, great princeſs, of your opinion, thought him the happieſt

of mankind, and often congratulated him on the bleſſing that he enjoyed. He ſeemed to hear nothing with indifference but the praiſes of his condition, to which he always returned a general anſwer, and diverted the converſation to ſome other topick.

"Amidſt this willingneſs to be pleaſed, and labour to pleaſe, I had quickly reaſon to imagine that ſome painful ſentiment preſſed upon his mind. He often looked up earneſtly towards the ſun, and let his voice fall in the midſt of his diſcourſe. He would ſometimes when we were alone, gaze upon me in ſilence with the air of a man who longed to ſpeak what he was yet reſolved to ſuppreſs. He would often ſend for me with vehement injunctions of haſte, though, when I came to him, he had nothing extraordinary to ſay. And ſometimes, when I was leaving him, would call me back, pauſe a few moments, and then diſmiſs me.

CHAP. XL.

THE ASTRONOMER DISCOVERS THE CAUSE OF HIS UNEASINESS.

"AT laſt the time came when the ſecret burſt his reſerve. We were ſitting together laſt night in the turret of his houſe, watching the emerſion of a ſatellite of Jupiter. A ſudden tempeſt clouded the ſky, and diſappointed our obſervation. We ſat a while ſilent in the dark, and then he addreſſed himſelf to me in theſe words: "Imlac, I have long conſidered thy friendſhip as the greateſt bleſſing of my life. Integrity without knowledge is weak and uſeleſs,

uſeleſs, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful. I have found in thee all the qualities requiſite for truſt, benevolence, experience, and fortitude. I have long diſcharged an office which I muſt ſoon quit at the call of nature, and ſhall rejoice in the hour of imbecility and pain to devolve it upon thee."

"I thought myſelf honoured by this teſtimony, and proteſted, that whatever could conduce to his happineſs would add likewiſe to mine."

"Hear Imlac, what thou wilt not without difficulty credit. I have poſſeſſed for five years the regulation of weather, and the diſtribution of the ſeaſons: the ſun has liſtened to my dictates, and paſſed from tropick to tropick by my direction; the clouds, at my call, have poured their waters, and the Nile has overflowed at my command; I have reſtrained the rage of the dog-ſtar, and mitigated the fervours of the crab. The winds alone, of all the elemental powers, have hitherto refuſed my authority, and multitudes have periſhed by equinoctial tempeſts, which I found myſelf unable to prohibit or reſtrain. I have adminiſtered this great office with exact juſtice, and made to the different nations of the earth an impartial dividend of rain and ſunſhine. What muſt have been the miſery of half the globe, if I had limited the clouds to particular regions, or confined the ſun to either ſide of the equator?"

CHAP. XLI.

THE OPINION OF THE ASTRONOMER IS EXPLAINED AND JUSTIFIED.

"I SUPPOSE he diſcovered in me, through the obſcurity of the room, ſome tokens of amazement and doubt, for, after a ſhort pauſe, he proceeded thus:"

"Not to be eaſily credited will neither ſurpriſe nor offend me; for I am, probably, the firſt of human beings to whom this truſt has been imparted. Nor do I know whether to deem this diſtinction a reward or puniſhment; ſince I have poſſeſſed it I have been far leſs happy than before, and nothing but the conſciouſneſs of good intention could have enabled me to ſupport the wearineſs of unremitted vigilance."

"How long, Sir, ſaid I, has this great office been in your hands?"

"About ten years ago, ſaid he, my daily obſervations of the changes of the ſky led me to conſider, whether, if I had the power of the ſeaſons, I could confer greater plenty upon the inhabitants of the earth. This contemplation faſtened on my mind, and I ſat days and nights in imaginary dominion, pouring upon this country and that the ſhowers of fertility, and ſeconding every fall of rain with a due proportion of ſunſhine. I had yet only the will to do good, and did not imagine that I ſhould ever have the power.

"One day, as I was looking on the fields withering with heat, I felt in my mind a ſudden wiſh that I could

I could ſend rain on the ſouthern mountains, and raiſe the Nile to an inundation. In the hurry of my imagination I commanded rain to fall, and by comparing the time of my command with that of the inundation, I found that the clouds had liſtened to my lips."

"Might not ſome other cauſe, ſaid I, produce this concurrence? the Nile does not always riſe on the ſame day."

"Do not believe, ſaid he with impatience, that ſuch objections could eſcape me: I reaſoned long againſt my own conviction, and laboured againſt truth with the utmoſt obſtinacy. I ſometimes ſuſpected myſelf of madneſs, and ſhould not have dared to impart this ſecret but to a man like you, capable of diſtinguiſhing the wonderful from the impoſſible, and the incredible from the falſe."

"Why, Sir, ſaid I, do you call that incredible, which you know, or think you know, to be true?"

"Becauſe, ſaid he, I cannot prove it by any external evidence; and I know too well the laws of demonſtration to think that my conviction ought to influence another, who cannot, like me, be conſcious of its force. I, therefore, ſhall not attempt to gain credit by diſputation. It is ſufficient that I feel this power, that I have long poſſeſſed, and every day exerted it. But the life of man is ſhort, the infirmities of age increaſe upon me, and the time will ſoon come, when the regulator of the year muſt mingle with the duſt. The care of appointing a ſucceſſor has long diſturbed me; the night and the day have been ſpent in compariſons of all the characters which have come to my knowledge, and I have yet found none ſo worthy as thyſelf.

CHAP. XLII.

THE ASTRONOMER LEAVES IMLAC HIS DIRECTIONS.

"HEAR, therefore, what I ſhall impart with attention, ſuch as the welfare of a world requires. If the taſk of a king be conſidered as difficult, who has the care only of a few millions, to whom he cannot do much good or harm, what muſt be the anxiety of him, on whom depends the action of the elements, and the great gifts of light and heat!—Hear me therefore with attention.

"I have diligently conſidered the poſition of the earth and ſun, and formed innumerable ſchemes in which I changed their ſituation. I have ſometimes turned aſide the axis of the earth, and ſometimes varied the ecliptick of the ſun: but I have found it impoſſible to make a diſpoſition by which the world may be advantaged; what one region gains, another loſes by an imaginable alteration, even without conſidering the diſtant parts of the ſolar ſyſtem with which we are unacquainted. Do not therefore, in thy adminiſtration of the year, indulge thy pride by innovation; do not pleaſe thyſelf with thinking that thou canſt make thyſelf renowned to all future ages, by diſordering the ſeaſons. The memory of miſchief is no deſirable fame. Much leſs will it become thee to let kindneſs or intereſt prevail. Never rob other countries of rain to pour it on thine own. For us the Nile is ſufficient."

"I promiſed, that when I poſſeſſed the power, I would uſe it with inflexible integrity; and he diſmiſſed

miſſed me, preſſing my hand." "My heart, ſaid he, will be now at reſt, and my benevolence will no more deſtroy my quiet; I have found a man of wiſdom and virtue, to whom I can cheerfully bequeath the inheritance of the ſun."

The prince heard this narration with very ſerious regard; but the princeſs ſmiled, and Pekuah convulſed herſelf with laughter. "Ladies, ſaid Imlac, to mock the heavieſt of human afflictions is neither charitable nor wiſe. Few can attain this man's knowledge, and few practiſe his virtues; but all may ſuffer his calamity. Of the uncertainties of our preſent ſtate, the moſt dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reaſon."

The princeſs was recollected, and the favourite was abaſhed. Raſſelas, more deeply affected, inquired of Imlac, whether he thought ſuch maladies of the mind frequent, and how they were contracted?

CHAP. XLIII.

THE DANGEROUS PREVALENCE OF IMAGINATION.

"DISORDERS of intellect, anſwered Imlac, happen much more often than ſuperficial obſervers will eaſily believe. Perhaps, if we ſpeak with rigorous exactneſs, no human mind is in its right ſtate. There is no man whoſe imagination does not ſometimes predominate over his reaſon, who can regulate his attention wholly by his will, and whoſe ideas will come and go at his command. No man will be found in whoſe mind airy notions do not ſometimes tyrannize, and force him to hope or

fear

fear beyond the limits of ſober probability. All power of fancy over reaſon is a degree of inſanity; but while this power is ſuch as we can control and repreſs, it is not viſible to others, nor conſidered as any depravation of the mental faculties: it is not pronounced madneſs but when it becomes ungovernable, and apparently influences ſpeech or action.

"To indulge the power of fiction, and ſend imagination out upon the wing, is often the ſport of thoſe who delight too much in ſilent ſpeculation. When we are alone we are not always buſy; the labour of excogitation is too violent to laſt long; the ardour of inquiry will ſometimes give way to idleneſs or ſatiety. He who has nothing external that can divert him, muſt find pleaſure in his own thoughts, and muſt conceive himſelf what he is not; for who is pleaſed with what he is? He then expatiates in boundleſs futurity, and culls from all imaginable conditions that which for the preſent moment he ſhould moſt deſire, amuſes his deſires with impoſſible enjoyments, and confers upon his pride unattainable dominion. The mind dances from ſcene to ſcene, unites all pleaſures in all combinations, and riots in delights, which nature and fortune, with all their bounty, cannot beſtow.

"In time, ſome particular train of ideas fixes the attention, all other intellectual gratifications are rejected, the mind, in wearineſs or leiſure, recurs conſtantly to the favourite conception, and feaſts on the luſcious falſehood, whenever ſhe is offended with the bitterneſs of truth. By degrees the reign of fancy is confirmed; ſhe grows firſt imperious, and

and in time deſpotick. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, falſe opinions faſten upon the mind, and life paſſes in dreams of rapture or of anguiſh.

"This, Sir, is one of the dangers of ſolitude, which the hermit has confeſſed not always to promote goodneſs, and the aſtronomer's miſery has proved to be not always propitious to wiſdom."

"I will no more, ſaid the favourite, imagine myſelf the queen of Abiſſinia. I have often ſpent the hours, which the princeſs gave to my own diſpoſal, in adjuſting ceremonies and regulating the court; I have repreſſed the pride of the powerful, and granted the petitions of the poor; I have built new palaces in more happy ſituations, planted groves upon the tops of mountains, and have exulted in the beneficence of royalty, till, when the princeſs entered, I had almoſt forgotten to bow down before her."

"And I, ſaid the princeſs, will not allow myſelf any more to play the ſhepherdeſs in my waking dreams. I have often ſoothed my thoughts with the quiet and innocence of paſtoral employments, till I have in my chamber heard the winds whiſtle, and the ſheep bleat: ſometimes freed the lamb entangled in the thicket, and ſometimes with my crook encountered the wolf. I have a dreſs like that of the village maids, which I put on to help my imagination, and a pipe on which I play ſoftly, and ſuppoſe myſelf followed by my flocks."

"I will confeſs, ſaid the prince, an indulgence of fantaſtick delight more dangerous than yours. I have frequently endeavoured to image the poſ-

ſibility

ſibility of a perfect government, by which all wrong ſhould be reſtrained, all vice reformed, and all the ſubjects preſerved in tranquillity and innocence. This thought produced innumerable ſchemes of reformation, and dictated many uſeful regulations and ſalutary edicts. This has been the ſport, and ſometimes the labour, of my ſolitude; and I ſtart, when I think with how little anguiſh I once ſuppoſed the death of my father and my brothers."

"Such, ſays Imlac, are the effects of viſionary ſchemes: when we firſt form them we know them to be abſurd, but familiarize them by degrees, and in time loſe ſight of their folly."

CHAP. XLIV.

THEY DISCOURSE WITH AN OLD MAN.

THE evening was now far paſt, and they roſe to return home. As they walked along the bank of the Nile, delighted with the beams of the moon quivering on the water, they ſaw at a ſmall diſtance an old man, whom the prince had often heard in the aſſembly of the ſages. "Yonder, ſaid he, is one whoſe years have calmed his paſſions, but not clouded his reaſon: let us cloſe the diſquiſitions of the night, by inquiring what are his ſentiments of his own ſtate, that we may know whether youth alone is to ſtruggle with vexation, and whether any better hope remains for the latter part of life."

Here the ſage approached and ſaluted them. They invited him to join their walk, and prattled a while, as acquaintance that had unexpectedly met

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one another. The old man was cheerful and talkative, and the way ſeemed ſhort in his company. He was pleaſed to find himſelf not diſregarded, accompanied them to their houſe, and, at the prince's requeſt, entered with them. They placed him in the ſeat of honour, and ſet wine and conſerves before him.

"Sir, ſaid the princeſs, an evening walk muſt give to a man of learning, like you, pleaſures which ignorance and youth can hardly conceive. You know the qualities and the cauſes of all that you behold, the laws by which the river flows, the periods in which the planets perform their revolutions. Every thing muſt ſupply you with contemplation, and renew the conſciouſneſs of your own dignity."

"Lady, anſwered he, let the gay and the vigorous expect pleaſure in their excurſions; it is enough that age can obtain eaſe. To me the world has loſt its novelty: I look round, and ſee what I remember to have ſeen in happier days. I reſt againſt a tree, and conſider, that in the ſame ſhade I once diſputed upon the annual overflow of the Nile with a friend who is now ſilent in the grave. I caſt my eyes upwards, fix them on the changing moon, and think with pain on the viciſſitudes of life. I have ceaſed to take much delight in phyſical truth; for what have I to do with thoſe things which I am ſoon to leave?"

"You may at leaſt recreate yourſelf, ſaid Imlac, with the recollection of an honourable and uſeful life, and enjoy the praiſe which all agree to give you."

"Praiſe,

CHAP. XLV.

THE PRINCESS AND PEKUAH VISIT THE ASTRONOMER.

THE princeſs and Pekuah having talked in private of Imlac's aſtronomer, thought his character at once ſo amiable and ſo ſtrange, that they could not be ſatisfied without a nearer knowledge; and Imlac was requeſted to find the means of bringing them together.

This was ſomewhat difficult; the philoſopher had never received any viſits from women, though he lived in a city that had in it many Europeans who followed the manners of their own countries, and many from other parts of the world, that lived there with European liberty. The ladies would not be refuſed, and ſeveral ſchemes were propoſed for the accompliſhment of their deſign. It was propoſed to introduce them as ſtrangers in diſtreſs, to whom the ſage was always acceſſible; but, after ſome deliberation, it appeared, that by this artifice, no acquaintance could be formed, for their converſation would be ſhort, and they could not decently importune him often. "This, ſaid Raſſelas, is true; but I have yet a ſtronger objection againſt the miſrepreſentation of your ſtate. I have always conſidered it as treaſon againſt the great republick of human nature, to make any man's virtues the means of deceiving him whether on great or little occaſions. All impoſture weakens confidence, and chills benevolence. When the ſage finds that you are not what you ſeemed, he will feel the reſentment natural

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to a man who, conſcious of great abilities, diſcovers that he has been tricked by underſtandings meaner than his own, and, perhaps, the diſtruſt, which he can never afterwards wholly lay aſide, may ſtop the voice of counſel, and cloſe the hand of charity; and where will you find the power of reſtoring his benefactions to mankind, or his peace to himſelf?"

To this no reply was attempted, and Imlac began to hope that their curioſity would ſubſide; but, next day, Pekuah told him, ſhe had now found an honeſt pretence for a viſit to the aſtronomer, for ſhe would ſolicit permiſſion to continue under him the ſtudies in which ſhe had been initiated by the Arab, and the princeſs might go with her either as a fellow-ſtudent, or becauſe a woman could not decently come alone. "I am afraid, ſaid Imlac, that he will be ſoon weary of your company: men advanced as in knowledge do not love to repeat the elements of their art, and I am not certain that even of the elements, as he will deliver them connected with inferences, and mingled with reflections, you are a very capable auditreſs." "That, ſaid Pekuah, muſt be my care: I aſk of you only to take me thither. My knowledge is, perhaps, more than you imagine it, and, by concurring always with his opinions, I ſhall make him think it greater than it is."

The aſtronomer, in purſuance of this reſolution, was told, that a foreign lady, travelling in ſearch of knowledge, had heard of his reputation, and was deſirous to become his ſcholar. The uncommonneſs of the propoſal raiſed at once his ſurpriſe and curioſity, and when, after a ſhort deliberation, he con-

ſented to admit her; he could not ſtay without impatience till the next day.

The ladies dreſſed themſelves magnificently, and were attended by Imlac to the aſtronomer, who was pleaſed to ſee himſelf approached with reſpect by perſons of ſo ſplendid an appearance. In the exchange of the firſt civilities he was timorous and baſhful; but when the talk became regular, he recollected his powers, and juſtified the character which Imlac had given. Inquiring of Pekuah, what could have turned her inclination towards aſtronomy? he received from her a hiſtory of her adventure at the pyramid, and of the time paſſed in the Arab's iſland. She told her tale with eaſe and elegance, and her converſation took poſſeſſion of his heart. The diſcourſe was then turned to aſtronomy: Pekuah diſplayed what ſhe knew: he looked upon her as a prodigy of genius, and entreated her not to deſiſt from a ſtudy which ſhe had ſo happily begun.

They came again and again, and were every time more welcome than before. The ſage endeavoured to amuſe them, that they might prolong their viſits, for he found his thoughts grow brighter in their company; the clouds of ſolicitude vaniſhed by degrees, as he forced himſelf to entertain them, and he grieved when he was left at their departure to his old employment of regulating the ſeaſons.

The princeſs and her favourite had now watched his lips for ſeveral months, and could not catch a ſingle word from which they could judge whether he continued, or not, in the opinion of his preternatural commiſſion. They often contrived to bring

to an open declaration; but he eaſily eluded all attacks, and on which ſide ſoever they preſſed , eſcaped from them to ſome other topick.

s their familiarity increaſed, they invited him ı to the houſe of Imlac, where they diſtinguiſhed by extraordinary reſpect. He began gradually elight in ſublunary pleaſures. He came early, departed late; laboured to recommend himſelf ſſiduity and compliance; excited their curioſity new arts, that they might ſtill want his aſſiſt- ; and when they made any excurſion of pleaſure ıquiry, entreated to attend them.

y long experience of his integrity and wiſdom, prince and his ſiſter were convinced that he ıt be truſted without danger; and leſt he ſhould any falſe hopes from the civilities which he ved, diſcovered to him their condition, with motives of their journey; and required his ion on the choice of life.

Of the various conditions which the world ıds before you, which you ſhall prefer, ſaid age, I am not able to inſtruct you. I can only that I have choſen wrong. I have paſſed my in ſtudy without experience; in the attainment iences which can, for the moſt part, be but re- ly uſeful to mankind. I have purchaſed know- e at the expence of all the common comforts of I have miſſed the endearing elegance of female dſhip, and the happy commerce of domeſtick rneſs. If I have obtained any prerogatives e other ſtudents, they have been accompanied fear, diſquiet, and ſcrupuloſity; but even of

their prerogatives, whatever they were, I have, ſince my thoughts have been diverſified by more intercourſe with the world, begun to queſtion the reality. When I have been for a few days loſt in pleaſing diſſipation, I am always tempted to think that my inquiries have ended in errour, and that I have ſuffered much, and ſuffered it in vain."

Imlac was delighted to find that the ſage's underſtanding was breaking through its miſts, and reſolved to detain him from the planets till he ſhould forget his taſk of ruling them, and reaſon ſhould recover its original influence.

From this time the aſtronomer was received into familiar friendſhip, and partook of all their projects and pleaſures: his reſpect kept him attentive, and the activity of Raſſelas did not leave much time unengaged. Something was always to be done; the day was ſpent in making obſervations which furniſhed talk for the evening, and the evening was cloſed with a ſcheme for the morrow.

The ſage confeſſed to Imlac, that ſince he had mingled in the gay tumults of life, and divided his hours by a ſucceſſion of amuſements, he found the conviction of his authority over the ſkies fade gradually from his mind, and began to truſt leſs to an opinion which he never could prove to others, and which he now found ſubject to variation, from cauſes in which reaſon had no part. "If I am accidentally left alone for a few hours, ſaid he, my inveterate perſuaſion ruſhes upon my ſoul, and my thoughts are chained down by ſome irreſiſtible violence; but they are ſoon diſentangled by the prince's converſation,

converſation, and inſtantaneouſly releaſed at the entrance of Pekuah. I am like a man habitually afraid of ſpectres, who is ſet at eaſe by a lamp, and wonders at the dread which haraſſed him in the dark; yet, if his lamp be extinguiſhed, feels again the terrours which he knows that when it is light he ſhall feel no more. But I am ſometimes afraid leſt I indulge my quiet by criminal negligence, and voluntarily forget the great charge with which I am intruſted. If I favour myſelf in a known errour, or am determined by my own eaſe in a doubtful queſtion of this importance, how dreadful is my crime!"

"No diſeaſe of the imagination, anſwered Imlac, is ſo difficult of cure, as that which is complicated with the dread of guilt: fancy and conſcience then act interchangeably upon us, and ſo often ſhift their places, that the illuſions of one are not diſtinguiſhed from the dictates of the other. If fancy preſents images not moral or religious, the mind drives them away when they give it pain, but when melancholick notions take the form of duty, they lay hold on the faculties without oppoſition, becauſe we are afraid to exclude or baniſh them. For this reaſon the ſuperſtitious are often melancholy, and the melancholy almoſt always ſuperſtitious.

"But do not let the ſuggeſtions of timidity overpower your better reaſon: the danger of neglect can be but as the probability of the obligation, which when you conſider it with freedom, you find very little, and that little growing every day leſs. Open your heart to the influence of the

light, which, from time to time, breaks in upon you: when ſcruples importune you, which you in your lucid moments know to be vain, do not ſtand to parley, but fly to buſineſs or to Pekuah, and keep this thought always prevalent, that you are only one atom of the maſs of humanity, and have neither ſuch virtue nor vice, as that you ſhould be ſingled out for ſupernatural favours or afflictions."

CHAP. XLVI.

THE PRINCE ENTERS, AND BRINGS A NEW TOPICK.

"ALL this, ſaid the aſtronomer, I have often thought, but my reaſon has been ſo long ſubjugated by an uncontrolable and overwhelming idea, that it durſt not confide in its own deciſions. I now ſee how fatally I betrayed my quiet, by ſuffering chimeras to prey upon me in ſecret; but melancholy ſhrinks from communication, and I never found a man before, to whom I could impart my troubles, though I had been certain of relief. I rejoice to find my own ſentiments confirmed by yours, who are not eaſily deceived, and can have no motive or purpoſe to deceive. I hope that time and variety will diſſipate the gloom that has ſo long ſurrounded me, and the latter part of my days will be ſpent in peace."

"Your learning and virtue, ſaid Imlac, may juſtly give you hopes."

Raſſelas then entered with the princeſs and Pekuah, and inquired, whether they had contrived any new diverſion for the next day? "Such, ſaid Nekayah,

kayah, is the ſtate of life, that none are happy but by the anticipation of change: the change itſelf is nothing; when we have made it, the next wiſh is to change again. The world is not yet exhauſted; let me ſee ſomething to-morrow which I never ſaw before."

"Variety, ſaid Raſſelas, is ſo neceſſary to content, that even the happy valley diſguſted me by the recurrence of its luxuries; yet I could not forbear to reproach myſelf with impatience, when I ſaw the monks of St. Anthony ſupport, without complaint, a life, not of uniform delight, but uniform hardſhip."

"Thoſe men, anſwered Imlac, are leſs wretched in their ſilent convent than the Abiſſinian princes in their priſon of pleaſure. Whatever is done by the monks is incited by an adequate and reaſonable motive. Their labour ſupplies them with neceſſaries; it therefore cannot be omitted, and is certainly rewarded. Their devotion prepares them for another ſtate, and reminds them of its approach, while it fits them for it. Their time is regularly diſtributed; one duty ſucceeds another, ſo that they are not left open to the diſtraction of unguided choice, nor loſt in the ſhades of liſtleſs inactivity. There is a certain taſk to be performed at an appropriated hour; and their toils are cheerful, becauſe they conſider them as acts of piety, by which they are always advancing towards endleſs felicity."

"Do you think, ſaid Nekayah, that the monaſtick rule is a more holy and leſs imperfect ſtate than any other? May not he equally hope for future happineſs who converſes openly with mankind, who

ſuccours the diſtreſſed by his charity, inſtructs the ignorant by his learning, and contributes by his induſtry to the general ſyſtem of life; even though he ſhould omit ſome of the mortifications which are practiſed in the cloiſter, and allow himſelf ſuch harmleſs delights as his condition may place within his reach?"

"This, ſaid Imlac, is a queſtion which has long divided the wiſe, and perplexed the good. I am afraid to decide on either part. He that lives well in the world is better than he that lives well in a monaſtery. But, perhaps, every one is not able to ſtem the temptations of publick life; and if he cannot conquer, he may properly retreat. Some have little power to do good, and have likewiſe little ſtrength to reſiſt evil. Many are weary of their conflicts with adverſity, and are willing to eject thoſe paſſions which have long buſied them in vain. And many are diſmiſſed by age and diſeaſes from the more laborious duties of ſociety. In monaſteries the weak and timorous may be happily ſheltered, the weary may repoſe, and the penitent may meditate. Thoſe retreats of prayer and contemplation have ſomething ſo congenial to the mind of man, that, perhaps, there is ſcarcely one that does not purpoſe to cloſe his life in pious abſtraction with a few aſſociates ſerious as himſelf."

"Such, ſaid Pekuah, has often been my wiſh, and I have heard the princeſs declare, that ſhe ſhould not willingly die in a crowd."

"The liberty of uſing harmleſs pleaſures, proceeded Imlac, will not be diſputed; but it is ſtill to

be

be examined what pleaſures are harmleſs. The evil of any pleaſure that Nekayah can image is not in the act itſelf, but in its conſequences. Pleaſure, in itſelf harmleſs, may become miſchievous, by endearing to us a ſtate which we know to be tranſient and probatory, and withdrawing our thoughts from that, of which every hour brings us nearer to the beginning, and of which no length of time will bring us to the end. Mortification is not virtuous in itſelf, nor has any other uſe, but that it diſengages us from the allurements of ſenſe. In the ſtate of future perfection, to which we all aſpire, there will be pleaſure without danger, and ſecurity without reſtraint."

The princeſs was ſilent, and Raſſelas, turning to the aſtronomer, aſked him, whether he could not delay her retreat, by ſhewing her ſomething which ſhe had not ſeen before?

"Your curioſity, ſaid the ſage, has been ſo general, and your purſuit of knowledge ſo vigorous, that novelties are not now very eaſily to be found: but what you can no longer procure from the living may be given by the dead. Among the wonders of this country are the catacombs, or the ancient repoſitories, in which the bodies of the earlieſt generations were lodged, and where, by the virtue of the gums which embalmed them, they yet remain without corruption."

"I know not, ſaid Raſſelas, what pleaſure the ſight of the catacombs can afford; but, ſince nothing elſe offered, I am reſolved to view them, and ſhall place this with many other things which I have done, becauſe I would do ſomething."

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They hired a guard of horſemen, and the next day viſited the catacombs. When they were about to deſcend into the ſepulchral caves, "Pekuah, ſaid the princeſs, we are now again invading the habitations of the dead; I know that you will ſtay behind; let me find you ſafe when I return." "No, I will not be left, anſwered Pekuah; I will go down between you and the prince."

They then all deſcended, and roved with wonder through the labyrinth of ſubterraneous paſſages, where the bodies were laid in rows on either ſide.

CHAP. XLVII.

IMLAC DISCOURSES ON THE NATURE OF THE SOUL.

"WHAT reaſon, ſaid the prince, can be given, why the Egyptians ſhould thus expenſively preſerve thoſe carcaſes which ſome nations conſume with fire, others lay to mingle with the earth, and all agree to remove from their ſight, as ſoon as decent rites can be performed?"

"The original of ancient cuſtoms, ſaid Imlac, is commonly unknown; for the practice often continues when the cauſe has ceaſed; and concerning ſuperſtitious ceremonies it is vain to conjecture; for what reaſon did not dictate, reaſon cannot explain. I have long believed that the practice of embalming aroſe only from tenderneſs to the remains of relations or friends, and to this opinion I am more inclined, becauſe it ſeems impoſſible that this care ſhould have been general: had all the dead been

mbalmed, their repoſitories muſt in time have been nore ſpacious than the dwellings of the living. I uppoſe only the rich or honourable were ſecured rom corruption, and the reſt left to the courſe of ature.

" But it is commonly ſuppoſed that the Egyptians elieved the ſoul to live as long as the body continued undiſſolved, and therefore tried this method f eluding death."

" Could the wiſe Egyptians, ſaid Nekayah, hink ſo groſsly of the ſoul? If the ſoul could once ſurvive its ſeparation, what could it afterwards receive or ſuffer from the body?"

" The Egyptians would doubtleſs think erroneouſly, ſaid the aſtronomer, in the darkneſs of heatheniſm, and the firſt dawn of philoſophy. The nature of the ſoul is ſtill diſputed amidſt all our opportunities of clearer knowledge: ſome yet ſay, that it may be material, who, nevertheleſs, believe it to be immortal."

" Some, anſwered Imlac, have indeed ſaid that the ſoul is material, but I can ſcarcely believe that any man has thought it, who knew how to think; for all the concluſions of reaſon enforce the immateriality of mind, and all the notices of ſenſe and inveſtigations of ſcience concur to prove the unconſciouſneſs of matter.

" It was never ſuppoſed that cogitation is inherent in matter, or that every particle is a thinking being. Yet, if any part of matter be devoid of thought, what part can we ſuppoſe to think? Matter can differ from matter only in form, denſity, bulk, motion,

and

and direction of motion: to which of theſe, however varied or combined, can conſciouſneſs be annexed? To be round or ſquare, to be ſolid or fluid, to be great or little, to be moved ſlowly or ſwiftly one way or another, are modes of material exiſtence, all equally alien from the nature of cogitation. If matter be once without thought, it can only be made to think by ſome new modification, but all the modifications which it can admit are equally unconnected with cogitative powers."

"But the materialiſts, ſaid the aſtronomer, urge that matter may have qualities with which we are unacquainted."

"He who will determine, returned Imlac, againſt that which he knows, becauſe there may be ſomething which he knows not; he that can ſet hypothetical poſſibility againſt acknowledged certainty, is not to be admitted among reaſonable beings. All that we know of matter is, that matter is inert, ſenſeleſs, and lifeleſs; and if this conviction cannot be oppoſed but by referring us to ſomething that we know not, we have all the evidence that human intellect can admit. If that which is known may be over-ruled by that which is unknown, no being, not omniſcient, can arrive at certainty."

"Yet let us not, ſaid the aſtronomer, too arrogantly limit the Creator's power."

"It is no limitation of omnipotence, replied the poet, to ſuppoſe that one thing is not conſiſtent with another, that the ſame propoſition cannot be at once true and falſe, that the ſame number cannot be even and odd, that cogitation cannot be conferred on that which is created incapable of cogitation."

"I know

"I know not, ſaid Nekayah, any great uſe of his queſtion. Does that immateriality, which, in my opinion, you have ſufficiently proved, neceſſarily include eternal duration?"

"Of immateriality, ſaid Imlac, our ideas are negative, and therefore obſcure. Immateriality ſeems to imply a natural power of perpetual duration as a conſequence of exemption from all cauſes of decay: whatever periſhes is deſtroyed by the ſolution of its contexture, and ſeparation of its parts; nor can we conceive how that which has no parts, and therefore admits no ſolution, can be naturally corrupted or impaired."

"I know not, ſaid Raſſelas, how to conceive any thing without extenſion; what is extended muſt have parts, and you allow, that whatever has parts may be deſtroyed."

"Conſider your own conceptions, replied Imlac, and the difficulty will be leſs. You will find ſubſtance without extenſion. An ideal form is no leſs real than material bulk: yet an ideal form has no extenſion. It is no leſs certain, when you think on a pyramid, that your mind poſſeſſes the idea of a pyramid, than that the pyramid itſelf is ſtanding. What ſpace does the idea of a pyramid occupy more than the idea of a grain of corn? or how can either idea ſuffer laceration? As is the effect, ſuch is the cauſe: as thought, ſuch is the power that thinks; a power impaſſive and indiſcerptible."

"But the Being, ſaid Nekayah, whom I fear to name, the Being which made the ſoul, can deſtroy it."

"He,

"He, ſurely, can deſtroy it, anſwered Imlac, ſince, however unperiſhable, it receives from a ſuperiour nature its power of duration. That it will not periſh by any inherent cauſe of decay, or principle of corruption, may be ſhewn by philoſophy; but philoſophy can tell no more. That it will not be annihilated by him that made it, we muſt humbly learn from higher authority."

The whole aſſembly ſtood awhile ſilent and collected. "Let us return, ſaid Raſſelas, from this ſcene of mortality. How gloomy would be theſe manſions of the dead to him who did not know that he ſhould never die; that what now acts ſhall continue its agency, and what now thinks ſhall think on for ever. Thoſe that lie here ſtretched before us, the wiſe and the powerful of ancient times, warn us to remember the ſhortneſs of our preſent ſtate: they were, perhaps, ſnatched away while they were buſy like us in the choice of life."

"To me, ſaid the princeſs, the choice of life is become leſs important; I hope hereafter to think only on the choice of eternity."

They then haſtened out of the caverns, and, under the protection of their guard, returned to Cairo.

CHAP. XLVIII.

THE CONCLUSION, IN WHICH NOTHING IS CONCLUDED.

IT was now the time of the inundation of the Nile: a few days after their viſit to the catacombs, the river began to riſe.

They were confined to their houſe. The whole region being under water gave them no invitation to any excurſions, and, being well ſupplied with materials for talk, they diverted themſelves with compariſons of the different forms of life which they had obſerved, and with various ſchemes of happineſs, which each of them had formed.

Pekuah was never ſo much charmed with any place as the convent of St. Anthony, where the Arab reſtored her to the princeſs, and wiſhed only to fill it with pious maidens, and to be made prioreſs of the order: ſhe was weary of expectation and diſguſt, and would gladly be fixed in ſome unvariable ſtate.

The princeſs thought, that of all ſublunary things, knowledge was the beſt: ſhe deſired firſt to learn all ſciences, and then purpoſed to found a college of learned women, in which ſhe would preſide, that, by converſing with the old, and educating the young, ſhe might divide her time between the acquiſition and communication of wiſdom, and raiſe up for the next age models of prudence, and patterns of piety.

The prince deſired a little kingdom, in which he might adminiſter juſtice in his own perſon, and ſee

all

all the parts of government with his ..... eyes; but he could never fix the limits of his dominion, and was always adding to the number of his ſubjects.

Imlac and the aſtronomer were contented to be driven along the ſtream of life, without directing their courſe to any particular port.

Of theſe wiſhes that they had formed they well knew that none could be obtained. They deliberated awhile what was to be done, and reſolved, when the inundation ſhould ceaſe, to return to Abiſſinia.

THE VISION OF THEODORE,

The HERMIT of TENERIFFE,

FOUND IN HIS CELL.

SON of Perſeverance, whoever thou art, whoſe curioſity has led thee hither, read and be wiſe. He that now calls upon thee is Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe, who in the fifty-ſeventh year of his retreat left this inſtruction to mankind, leſt his ſolitary hours ſhould be ſpent in vain.

I was once what thou art now, a groveller on the earth, and a gazer at the ſky; I trafficked and heaped wealth together, I loved and was favoured, I wore the robe of honour and heard the muſick of adulation; I was ambitious, and roſe to greatneſs; I was unhappy, and retired. I ſought for ſome time what I at length found here, a place where all natural wants might be eaſily ſupplied, and where I might not be under the neceſſity of purchaſing the aſſiſtance of men by the toleration of their follies. Here I ſaw fruits and herbs and water, and here determined to wait the hand of death, which I hope, when at laſt it comes, will fall lightly upon me.

Forty-eight years had I now paſſed in forgetfulneſs of all mortal cares, and without any inclination

above were tracks inſcrutable, and below was total vacuity. But my protector, with a voice of admonition, cried out, Theodore, be not affrighted, but raiſe thy eyes again; the Mountain of Exiſtence is before thee, ſurvey it and be wiſe.

I then looked with more deliberate attention, and obſerved the bottom of the mountain to be a gentle riſe, and overſpread with flowers; the middle to be more ſteep, embarraſſed with crags, and interrupted by precipices, over which hung branches loaded with fruits, and among which were ſcattered palaces and bowers. The tracts which my eye could reach neareſt the top were generally barren; but there were among the clefts of the rocks a few hardy evergreens, which, though they did not give much pleaſure to the ſight or ſmell, yet ſeemed to cheer the labour and facilitate the ſteps of thoſe who were clambering among them.

Then, beginning to examine more minutely the different parts, I obſerved at a great diſtance a multitude of both ſexes iſſuing into view from the bottom of the mountain. Their firſt actions I could not accurately diſcern; but, as they every moment approached nearer, I found that they amuſed themſelves with gathering flowers under the ſuperintendence of a modeſt virgin in a white robe, who ſeemed not over-ſolicitous to confine them to any ſettled pace or certain track; for ſhe knew that the whole ground was ſmooth and ſolid, and that they could not eaſily be hurt or bewildered. When, as it often happened, they plucked a thiſtle for a flower, Innocence, ſo was ſhe called, would ſmile at the miſtake. Happy, ſaid I, are they who are under ſo

gentle

gentle a government, and yet are ſafe. But I had no opportunity to dwell long on the conſideration of their felicity; for I found that Innocence continued her attendance but a little way, and ſeemed to conſider only the flowery bottom of the mountain as her proper province. Thoſe whom ſhe abandoned ſcarcely knew that they were left, before they perceived themſelves in the hands of Education, a nymph more ſevere in her aſpect and imperious in her commands, who confined them to certain paths, in their opinion too narrow and too rough. Theſe they were continually ſolicited to leave, by Appetite, whom Education could never fright away, though ſhe ſometimes awed her to ſuch timidity, that the effects of her preſence were ſcarcely perceptible. Some went back to the firſt part of the mountain, and ſeemed deſirous of continuing buſied in plucking flowers, but were no longer guarded by Innocence; and ſuch as Education could not force back, proceeded up the mountain by ſome miry road, in which they were ſeldom ſeen, and ſcarcely ever regarded.

As Education led her troop up the mountain, nothing was more obſervable than that ſhe was frequently giving them cautions to beware of Habits; and was calling out to one or another at every ſtep, that a Habit was enſnaring them; that they would be under the dominion of Habit before they perceived their danger: and that thoſe whom Habit ſhould once ſubdue, had little hope of regaining their liberty.

Of this caution, ſo frequently repeated, I was very ſolicitous to know the reaſon, when my pro-

tector directed my regard to a troop of pygmies, which appeared to walk ſilently before thoſe that were climbing the mountain, and each to ſmooth the way before her follower. I found that I had miſſed the notice of them before, both becauſe they were ſo minute as not eaſily to be diſcerned, and becauſe they grew every moment nearer in their colour to the objects with which they were ſurrounded. As the followers of Education did not appear to be ſenſible of the preſence of theſe dangerous aſſociates, or, ridiculing their diminutive ſize, did not think it poſſible that human beings ſhould ever be brought into ſubjection by ſuch feeble enemies, they generally heard her precepts of vigilance with wonder: and, when they thought her eye withdrawn, treated them with contempt. Nor could I myſelf think her cautions ſo neceſſary as her frequent inculcations ſeemed to ſuppoſe, till I obſerved that each of theſe petty beings held ſecretly a chain in her hand, with which ſhe prepared to bind thoſe whom ſhe found within her power. Yet theſe Habits under the eye of Education went quietly forward, and ſeemed very little to increaſe in bulk or ſtrength; for though they were always willing to join with Appetite, yet when Education kept them apart from her, they would very punctually obey command, and make the narrow roads in which they were confined eaſier and ſmoother.

It was obſervable, that their ſtature was never at a ſtand, but continually growing or decreaſing, yet not always in the ſame proportions: nor could I forbear to expreſs my admiration, when I ſaw in how much

much leſs time they generally gained than loſt bulk. Though they grew ſlowly in the road of Education, it might however be perceived that they grew; but if they once deviated at the call of Appetite, their ſtature ſoon became gigantick; and their ſtrength was ſuch, that Education pointed out to her tribe many that were led in chains by them, whom ſhe could never more reſcue from their ſlavery. She pointed them out, but with little effect; for all her pupils appeared confident of their own ſuperiority to the ſtrongeſt Habit, and ſome ſeemed in ſecret to regret that they were hindered from following the triumph of Appetite.

It was the peculiar artifice of Habit not to ſuffer her power to be felt at firſt. Thoſe whom ſhe led, ſhe had the addreſs of appearing only to attend, but was continually doubling her chains upon her companions; which were ſo ſlender in themſelves, and ſo ſilently faſtened, that while the attention was engaged by other objects, they were not eaſily perceived. Each link grew tighter as it had been longer worn; and when by continual additions they became ſo heavy as to be felt, they were very frequently too ſtrong to be broken.

When Education had proceeded in this manner to the part of the mountain where the declivity began to grow craggy, ſhe reſigned her charge to two powers of ſuperior aſpect. The meaner of them appeared capable of preſiding in ſenates, or governing nations, and yet watched the ſteps of the other with the moſt anxious attention, and was viſibly confounded and perplexed if ever ſhe ſuffered her regard to be drawn away. The other ſeemed to

approve her ſubmiſſion as pleaſing, but with ſuch a condeſcenſion as plainly ſhewed that ſhe claimed it as due; and indeed ſo great was her dignity and ſweetneſs, that he who would not reverence, muſt not behold her.

" Theodore, ſaid my protector, be fearleſs, and " be wiſe; approach theſe powers, whoſe dominion " extends to all the remaining part of the Moun- " tain of Exiſtence." I trembled, and ventured to addreſs the inferior nymph, whoſe eyes, though piercing and awful, I was not able to ſuſtain. " Bright Power, ſaid I, by whatever name it is " lawful to addreſs thee, tell me, thou who pre- " ſideſt here, on what condition thy protection will " be granted?" " It will be granted, ſaid ſhe, " only to obedience. I am Reaſon, of all ſub- " ordinate beings the nobleſt and the greateſt; who, " if thou wilt receive my laws, will reward thee " like the reſt of my votaries, by conducting thee " to Religion." Charmed by her voice and aſpect, I profeſſed my readineſs to follow her. She then preſented me to her miſtreſs, who looked upon me with tenderneſs. I bowed before her, and ſhe ſmiled.

When Education delivered up thoſe for whoſe happineſs ſhe had been ſo long ſolicitous, ſhe ſeemed to expect that they ſhould expreſs ſome gratitude for her care, or ſome regret at the loſs of that protection which ſhe had hitherto afforded them. But it was eaſy to diſcover, by the alacrity which broke out at her departure, that her preſence had been long diſpleaſing, and that ſhe had been teaching thoſe who felt in themſelves no want of inſtruction.

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They all agreed in rejoicing that they ſhould no onger be ſubject to her caprices, or diſturbed by ier documents, but ſhould be now under the direction only of Reaſon, to whom they made no loubt of being able to recommend themſelves by a teady adherence to all her precepts. Reaſon counſelled them, at their firſt entrance upon her province, to inliſt themſelves among the votaries of Religion; and informed them, that if they truſted o her alone, they would find the ſame fate with her other admirers, whom ſhe had not been able to ſecure againſt Appetites and Paſſions, and who, having been ſeized by Habits in the regions of Deſire, had been dragged away to the caverns of Deſpair. Her admonition was vain, the greater number declared againſt any other direction, and doubted not but by her ſuperintendency they ſhould climb with ſafety up the Mountain of Exiſtence. "My power, "ſaid Reaſon, is to adviſe, not to compel; I have "already told you the danger of your choice. The "path ſeems now plain and even, but there are "aſperities and pitfalls, over which Religion only "can conduct you. Look upwards, and you per-"ceive a miſt before you ſettled upon the higheſt "viſible part of the mountain; a miſt by which "my proſpect is terminated, and which is pierced "only by the eyes of Religion. Beyond it are the "temples of Happineſs, in which thoſe who climb "the precipice by her direction, after the toil of "their pilgrimage, repoſe for ever. I know not "the way, and therefore can only conduct you to "a better guide. Pride has ſometimes reproached "me with the narrowneſs of my view, but, when

"ſhe

" ſhe endeavoured to extend it, could only ſhew
" me, below the miſt, the bowers of Content; even
" they vaniſhed as I fixed my eyes upon them; and
" thoſe whom ſhe perſuaded to travel towards them
" were inchained by Habits, and ingulfed by De-
" ſpair, a cruel tyrant, whoſe caverns are beyond
" the darkneſs on the right ſide and on the left,
" from whoſe priſons none can eſcape, and whom
" I cannot teach you to avoid."

Such was the declaration of Reaſon to thoſe who demanded her protection. Some that recollected the dictates of Education, finding them now ſeconded by another authority, ſubmitted with reluctance to the ſtrict decree, and engaged themſelves among the followers of Religion, who were diſtinguiſhed by the uniformity of their march, though many of them were women, and by their continual endeavours to move upwards, without appearing to regard the proſpects which at every ſtep courted their attention.

All thoſe who determined to follow either Reaſon or Religion, were continually importuned to forſake the road, ſometimes by Paſſions, and ſometimes by Appetites, of whom both had reaſon to boaſt the ſucceſs of their artifices; for ſo many were drawn into by-paths, that any way was more populous than the right. The attacks of the Appetites were more impetuous, thoſe of the Paſſions longer continued. The Appetites turned their followers directly from the true way, but the Paſſions marched at firſt in a path nearly in the ſame direction with that of Reaſon and Religion; but deviated by ſlow degrees, till at laſt they entirely changed their courſe

courſe. Appetite drew aſide the dull, and Paſſion the ſprightly. Of the Appetites, Luſt was the ſtrongeſt; and of the Paſſions, Vanity. The moſt powerful aſſault was to be feared, when a Paſſion and an Appetite joined their enticements; and the path of Reaſon was beſt followed, when a Paſſion called to one ſide, and an Appetite to the other.

Theſe ſeducers had the greateſt ſucceſs upon the followers of Reaſon, over whom they ſcarcely ever failed to prevail, except when they counteracted one another. They had not the ſame triumphs over the votaries of Religion; for though they were often led aſide for a time, Religion commonly recalled them by her emiſſary Conſcience, before Habit had time to enchain them. But they that profeſſed to obey Reaſon, if once they forſook her ſeldom returned; for ſhe had no meſſenger to ſummon them but Pride, who generally betrayed her confidence, and employed all her ſkill to ſupport Paſſion; and if ever ſhe did her duty, was found unable to prevail, if Habit had interpoſed.

I ſoon found that the great danger to the followers of Religion was only from Habit; every other power was eaſily reſiſted, nor did they find any difficulty when they inadvertently quitted her, to find her again by the direction of Conſcience, unleſs they had given time to Habit to draw her chain behind them, and bar up the way by which they had wandered. Of ſome of thoſe, the condition was juſtly to be pitied, who turned at every call of Conſcience, and tried, but without effect,

to burſt the chains of Habit: ſaw Religion walking forward at a diſtance, ſaw her with reverence, and longed to join her; but were, whenever they approached her, withheld by Habit, and languiſhed in ſordid bondage, which they could not eſcape, though they ſcorned and hated it.

It was evident that the Habits were ſo far from growing weaker by theſe repeated conteſts, that if they were not totally overcome, every ſtruggle enlarged their bulk and increaſed their ſtrength; and a Habit oppoſed and victorious was more than twice as ſtrong as before the conteſt. The manner in which thoſe who were weary of their tyranny endeavoured to eſcape from them, appeared by the event to be generally wrong; they tried to looſe their chains one by one, and to retreat by the ſame degrees as they advanced; but before the deliverance was completed, Habit always threw new chains upon her fugitive: nor did any eſcape her but thoſe who, by an effort ſudden and violent, burſt their ſhackles at once, and left her at a diſtance; and even of theſe, many, ruſhing too precipitately forward, and hindered by their terrors from ſtopping where they were ſafe, were fatigued with their own vehemence, and reſigned themſelves again to that power from whom an eſcape muſt be ſo dearly bought, and whoſe tyranny was little felt, except when it was reſiſted.

Some however there always were, who when they found Habit prevailing over them, called upon Reaſon or Religion for aſſiſtance; each of them willingly came to the ſuccour of her ſuppliant, but neither

neither with the ſame ſtrength, nor the ſame ſucceſs. Habit, inſolent with her power, would often preſume to parley with Reaſon, and offer to looſe ſome of her chains if the reſt might remain. To this Reaſon, who was never certain of victory, frequently conſented, but always found her conceſſion deſtructive, and ſaw the captive led away by Habit to his former ſlavery. Religion never ſubmitted to treaty, but held out her hand with certainty of conqueſt; and if the captive to whom ſhe gave it did not quit his hold, always led him away in triumph, and placed him in the direct path to the temple of Happineſs, where Reaſon never failed to congratulate his deliverance, and encourage his adherence to that power to whoſe timely ſuccour he was indebted for it.

When the traveller was again placed in the road of Happineſs, I ſaw Habit again gliding before him, but reduced to the ſtature of a dwarf, without ſtrength and without activity; but when the Paſſions or Appetites, which had before ſeduced him, made their approach, Habit would on a ſudden ſtart into ſize, and with unexpected violence puſh him towards them. The wretch, thus impelled on one ſide, and allured on the other, too frequently quitted the road of Happineſs, to which, after his ſecond deviation from it, he rarely returned: but, by a timely call upon Religion, the force of Habit was eluded, her attacks grew fainter, and at laſt her correſpondence with the enemy was intirely deſtroyed. She then began to employ thoſe reſtleſs faculties in compliance with the power which

ſhe

ſhe could not overcome; and as ſhe grew again in ſtature and in ſtrength, cleared away the aſperities of the road to Happineſs.

From this road I could not eaſily withdraw my attention, becauſe all who travelled it appeared cheerful and ſatisfied; and the farther they proceeded, the greater appeared their alacrity, and the ſtronger their conviction of the wiſdom of their guide. Some, who had never deviated but by ſhort excurſions, had Habit in the middle of their paſſage vigorouſly ſupporting them, and driving off their Appetites and Paſſions which attempted to interrupt their progreſs. Others, who had entered this road late, or had long forſaken it, were toiling on without her help at leaſt, and commonly againſt her endeavours. But I obſerved, when they approached to the barren top, that few were able to proceed without ſome ſupport from Habit; and that they, whoſe Habits were ſtrong, advanced towards the miſts with little emotion, and entered them at laſt with calmneſs and confidence; after which, they were ſeen only by the eye of Religion; and though Reaſon looked after them with the moſt earneſt curioſity, ſhe could only obtain a faint glimpſe, when her miſtreſs, to enlarge her proſpect, raiſed her from the ground. Reaſon, however, diſcerned that they were ſafe, but Religion ſaw that they were happy.

"Now, Theodore, ſaid my protector, withdraw "thy view from the regions of obſcurity, and ſee "the fate of thoſe who, when they were diſmiſſed "by Education, would admit no direction but "that

'that of Reaſon. Survey their wanderings, and be 'wiſe."

I looked then upon the road of Reaſon, which was indeed, ſo far as it reached, the ſame with that of Religion, nor had Reaſon diſcovered it but by her inſtruction. Yet when ſhe had once been taught it, ſhe clearly ſaw that it was right; and Pride had ſometimes incited her to declare that ſhe diſcovered it herſelf, and perſuaded her to offer herſelf as a guide to Religion; whom after many vain experiments ſhe found it her higheſt privilege to follow. Reaſon was however at laſt well inſtructed in part of the way, and appeared to teach it with ſome ſucceſs, when her precepts were not miſrepreſented by Paſſion, or her influence overborne by Appetite. But neither of theſe enemies was ſhe able to reſiſt. When Paſſion ſeized upon her votaries, ſhe ſeldom attempted oppoſition: ſhe ſeemed indeed to contend with more vigour againſt Appetite, but was generally overwearied in the conteſt; and if either of her opponents had confederated with Habit, her authority was wholly at an end. When Habit endeavoured to captivate the votaries of Religion, ſhe grew by ſlow degrees, and gave time to eſcape; but in ſeizing the unhappy followers of Reaſon, ſhe proceeded as one that had nothing to fear, and enlarged her ſize, and doubled her chains without intermiſſion, and without reſerve.

Of thoſe who forſook the directions of Reaſon, ſome were led aſide by the whiſpers of Ambition, who was perpetually pointing to ſtately palaces, ſituated

ſituated on eminences on either ſide, recounting the delights of affluence, and boaſting the ſecurity of power. They were eaſily perſuaded to follow her, and Habit quickly threw her chains upon them; they were ſoon convinced of the folly of their choice, but few of them attempted to return. Ambition led them forward from precipice to precipice, where many fell and were ſeen no more. Thoſe that eſcaped were, after a long ſeries of hazards, generally delivered over to Avarice, and enliſted by her in the ſervice of Tyranny, where they continued to heap up gold till their patrons or their heirs puſhed them headlong at laſt into the caverns of Deſpair.

Others were inticed by Intemperance to ramble in ſearch of thoſe fruits that hung over the rocks, and filled the air with their fragrance. I obſerved, that the Habits which hovered about theſe ſoon grew to an enormous ſize, nor were there any who leſs attempted to return to Reaſon, or ſooner ſunk into the gulphs that lay before them. When theſe firſt quitted the road, Reaſon looked after them with a frown of contempt, but had little expectations of being able to reclaim them; for the bowl of intoxication was of ſuch qualities as to make them loſe all regard but for the preſent moment; neither Hope nor Fear could enter their retreats; and Habit had ſo abſolute a power, that even Conſcience, if Religion had employed her in their favour, would not have been able to force an entrance.

There were others whoſe crime it was rather to neglect Reaſon than to diſobey her; and who retreated

reated from the heat and tumult of the way, not
o the bowers of Intemperance, but to the maze
f Indolence. They had this peculiarity in their
ondition, that they were always in ſight of the
ad of Reaſon, always wiſhing for her preſence,
nd always reſolving to return to-morrow. In
ieſe was moſt eminently conſpicuous the ſubtlety
f Habit, who hung imperceptible ſhackles upon
em, and was every moment leading them far-
er from the road, which they always imagined
at they had the power of reaching. They wan-
ered on from one double of the labyrinth to an-
ther with the chains of Habit hanging ſecretly
pon them, till, as they advanced, the flowers
rew paler, and the ſcents fainter; they proceeded
n their dreary march without pleaſure in their
rogreſs, yet without power to return; and had
his aggravation above all others, that they were
riminal but not delighted. The drunkard for a
ime laughed over his wine; the ambitious man
riumphed in the miſcarriage of his rival; but the
aptives of Indolence had neither ſuperiority nor
nerriment. Diſcontent lowered in their looks,
nd Sadneſs hovered round their ſhades; yet they
rawled on reluctant and gloomy, till they arrived
t the depth of the receſs, varied only with poppies
nd nightſhade, where the dominion of Indolence
erminates, and the hopeleſs wanderer is delivered
p to Melancholy: the chains of Habit are riveted
or ever; and Melancholy, having tortured her
riſoner for a time, conſigns him at laſt to the
ruelty of Deſpair.

While I was muſing on this miſerable ſcene, my protector called out to me, "Remember, Theo-"dore, and be wiſe, and let not Habit prevail "againſt thee." I ſtarted, and beheld myſelf ſurrounded by the rocks of Teneriffe; the birds of light were ſinging in the trees, and the glances of the morning darted upon me.

THE

APOTHEOSIS OF MILTON,

A VISION.

THOUGH no leſſons are more inſtructive than thoſe we learn from the view of the awful monuments erected to the memory of the great, the good, the wiſe, and the witty; yet the ſubject has been ſo much exhauſted, that an author who can find any thing to ſay on that head, muſt have an imagination more fertile than mine: for this reaſon I ſhall not entertain you with any of the reflections that occurred to my mind laſt week, when curioſity led me to ſee the monuments lately erected in Weſtminſter-abbey. I ſhall only acquaint you, that I was ſo deeply engaged in them, that night fell ere I was aware; and when I awaked from my reverie, I found the gate of the abbey ſhut. I own, Sir, that notwithſtanding the natural courage that I am maſter of, the ſolemn aſpect of the fabrick, together with the melancholy gloom that darted through the windows, and tinged the ſnowy marble with a death-like paleneſs, gave me ſome emotions, which, perhaps, it would appear weakneſs in me to confeſs. I however reſolved to paſs the night in the moſt proper manner both for expelling theſe diſmal ideas from my mind, and for preventing any injury to

my health from the inclemency of the ſeaſon: ſo I reſolved to walk about, and thereby to keep myſelf from being chilled, as I muſt have been, had I compoſed myſelf to ſleep. I ſhall not be poſitive if I kept up to this reſolution, or if a gentle ſlumber ſtole upon my ſenſes, as I ſat down to reſt myſelf, after the fatigue of walking about for three hours. However that was, towards the middle of the night I ſaw (or ſeemed to ſee) a light at the farther end of the abbey, which moved from one place to another, but I could not diſtinctly perceive by whom it was directed. At laſt it approached me, and I diſcerned that it proceeded from a taper which was carried by an old man, who had ſomething uncommon in his air and habit. He ſeemed to be in a green old age, his forehead was raiſed, his head bald, and his eyes ſunk, but full of a ſeverity tempered with ſweetneſs; an azure robe reached down to his feet, and he was girded with a white ſaſh. At laſt he came up to me, and with a ſtern air aſked, why I preſumed to intrude at ſo late an hour upon the ſanctuaries of the dead? I could eaſily perceive that his voice, which filled me with a religious horror, was not human: however, recovering myſelf as well as I could, I told him my misfortune in a few words. "Mortal, ſaid he, you "are ſafe. The reflections that occaſioned your "being here recommend you to ſuperior natures. I "am the genius of this place; and if you have "courage to ſupport the preſence of beings, once "clothed with humanity, but who now move in a "higher order, you may be favoured this night "with a ſight more auguſt than any mortal now "alive

" alive can boaſt to have ſeen." When he was ſilent I proſtrated myſelf at his feet, and with ſome difficulty, ſo much were my ſenſes overpowered, told him, that I entirely reſigned myſelf to his guidance. He then extended his arm over my head, and I could perceive his robe dilate, his ſize ſhoot up, and myſelf conveyed, by a ſweetly reſiſtleſs motion, not unlike what the poet deſcribes, when Venus carried off Aſcanius to the Idalian groves:

—— Placidam per membra quietem
Irrigat, & fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ lucos——

But I ſcarce had time for reflection, when I found myſelf in a ſpacious hall, wherein was a large table covered with a carpet, on which were wrought divers hieroglyphical figures, and round it were a great many ſeats, reſembling the tripods, as we have them deſcribed in the remains of antiquity. Towards the middle there were ſome ſeats of a different form from the others; and at the upper end one more elevated, but of the ſame figure with the tripods. My guide ſeeing me ſeized with admiration and dread, was ſo good as to relieve me by theſe words: " This room, ſaid he, is concealed " from every human eye; not even the moſt be- " loved of heaven have been indulged with ſeeing " it, or knowing the awful purpoſes of the aſſem- " blies that are from time to time held here: it is " ſacred to the ſpirits of the bards, whoſe remains " are buried, or whoſe monuments are erected with- " in this pile. To-night an aſſembly of the greateſt " importance is held upon the admiſſion of the

it not been for my companion, I ſhould never have known him to be Ben Jonſon. Upon perceiving his pockets ſtuffed with books, I aſked my conductor what the meaning of that was. "Theſe "books, anſwered he, are the works of Cicero, "Horace, and Salluſt; his genius being too me-"chanical to catch the fine ſentiments of theſe "authors, to render them natural to himſelf by a "long familiarity with them, he always carries "their works about him; and has the art, upon "every occaſion, to quote them ſo juſtly, and ſo "much *à propos*, that they receive new beauties "by his applications." I had almoſt loſt the obſervation of the next remarkable perſon, becauſe after Ben Jonſon a great crowd came in, who for the moſt part ſtood behind the ſeats; yet I could eaſily diſcern one, who was dreſſed with the greateſt propriety and elegance imaginable: but what moſt diſtinguiſhed him was, that as he went up to his ſeat Ben Jonſon roſe and gave him a moſt reſpectful bow, which he had not yet done to any of the company. "That perſon who now takes his ſeat, ſaid "my conductor, is Beaumont." Along with him ſeveral motley figures appeared, ſome in white ſattin doublets with ſlathed ſleeves, others in greaſy buff, and not a few in caſſocks and lawn ſleeves. Moſt of them attempted to take ſeats, but they were reprimanded by a ſevere look from the preſident: however, I could ſee Ben take ſome of them by the hand, and place them in ſeats; but he always had ſuch a look from the preſident, as ſhewed that he permitted them to enjoy that honour rather out of indulgence to his friend Ben, than from any

merit

ierit of the parties themſelves. I obſerved too, iat after they were ſeated, they were conſtantly nployed in ſtudying the motions of the muſcles of en's face, and by them they framed their own, ll they had caught all the ſourneſs and ruſticity of is air, without any of its ſincerity and frankneſs. 'he next object that preſented was the figure of a oodly man, in whoſe face was painted the greateſt ood-nature, modeſty, and openneſs: his garments ere of the richeſt ſtuff, and the moſt delicate texure, but flowed too looſe about his body; and it night have been eaſily diſcerned, by comparing ome places of them with others, that they were a ittle tarniſhed, and had loſt ſome of their original uſtre, by being too much expoſed. However, by he richneſs of the embroidery, the variety of its rnaments, and the graceful air of the perſon who vore it, he appeared the principal figure in the oom: he held a laurel-garland in his hand; and, ıfter he was ſeated, inſtead of placing it upon his ıoary locks, he put it upon the table. I was ſo charmed with his appearance, that I forgot to aſk ny kind guardian who he was; but he ſpared me he trouble: "That venerable perſonage, ſaid he, "who has juſt now taken his ſeat, is the immortal "Dryden: if you were near enough to view him "more narrowly, you might perceive in his eye a "noble indignation, mixed with a deep concern, "and on his brow a generous diſdain of an un- "grateful ———" Here my conductor was interrupted by an indignant murmur, which run through the whole company, who turned their eyes towards the door. Soon I perceived a bloated

figure

figure enter, who ſeemed rather to be fit for a midnight revel, than to be a member of that auguſt body. He uſed a thouſand ridiculous geſtures, ſometimes he affected a polite, eaſy air, ſometimes he appeared to aim at the French grimace; but all was forced, unnatural, and ungraceful; ſoon he relapſed into his Bacchanalian fits, and it appeared, that the nauſeous part coſt him nothing: he wore on his brow a branch of withered ivy, bound up in form of a garland, which ſeemed to be pulled down from the door of an alehouſe: when he came up to take his ſeat, all the aſſembly looked at him with a contemptuous eye, eſpecially when, with an air of triumph, he ſeated himſelf oppoſite to Dryden. "That perſon, ſo "unlike the other awful form, ſaid my guide, is "Shadwell; he has a ſeat here by the indulgence "of a taſteleſs court, who beſtowed on him the "laurel in prejudice of the great Dryden." I had ſcarce time to teſtify my ſurpriſe, when a young man of a divine aſpect appeared, and, to my great amazement, went up to Shadwell in a familiar manner. My amazement was changed to the utmoſt concern, when I ſaw him affect the ſame airs and motions with him: but there was a remarkable difference betwixt them, for that abandoned deportment ſeemed as unnatural in him, as the airs of wit and politeneſs appeared in the other. I obſerved the whole aſſembly behold this extraordinary young man with a paternal affection and pity. At laſt he ſeemed to recover himſelf, and turning towards the preſident, gave me an opportunity of taking a full view of his perſon and dreſs. His

upper

upper garment reſembled in its faſhion that of Shadwell; but as it was looſe, it diſcovered a veſt as fine as that which was wrought by Helen for her inglorious lover; and his ſword hung in a belt, which ſeemed to have the ſame virtue with the ceſtus aſcribed to the goddeſs of beauty. Upon his legs he wore buſkins, and this part of dreſs was peculiar to himſelf, and different from that of the reſt of the company. "That divine young man, ſaid my conductor, is the incomparable Otway; his genius entitled him to a place in the firſt rank of men, but the habits he contracted threw him into the loweſt." "Heavens, ſaid I to myſelf, that a man who could command the paſſions of others ſhould be ſo great a ſlave to his own!" "My ſon, ſaid the genius, who ſeemed to know my thoughts by intuition, the gifts of nature are beneficial or fatal to man according to the different purſuits of life into which he is led by education, cuſtom, or company; had theſe circumſtances been favourable to the unhappy Otway, his fine endowments muſt have taken another turn, and have rendered his perſon as much the object of the eſteem, love, and veneration of his cotemporaries, as his writings are the ſubject of the envy, delight, and admiration of poſterity. But unhappy mortals! the greater their dignity would be if they trod in the paths of virtue, the ſtronger is their propenſity to evil when they fall into the tracts of vice." My guardian had ſcarce finiſhed his moral reflections, when I perceived a perſonage about forty years of age, of a delicate complection and thoughtful aſpect, who took his ſeat near Spencer; his fine

hair, which waved in ringlets about his ſhoulders, his flowing robe and modeſt air, put me in mind of one of Plato's diſciples, as repreſented by the great Raphael in his ſchool of Athens: and what ſtill raiſed him in my idea, was, that the moſt diſtinguiſhed of the company regarded him with a mixture of indulgence and wonder. Only Ben, with an arch ſtolen look to the preſident, pointed at him, and then touched his own forehead, as if he had ſaid, The gentleman has it here. "The perſon you look "at, ſaid my aërial guide, is Abraham Cowley, of "a different caſt of genius from the character juſt "mentioned, and his reverſe in private life. In "his natural temper he was indolent and contem-"plative, but neither his eaſe nor his ſtudies hin-"dered him being uſeful both to his prince and his "friends, when they called for his ſervices. But "obſerve that lady dreſſed in the looſe robe de "chambre, with her neck and breaſts bare; how "much fire in her eye! what a paſſionate expreſſion "in her motions! and how much aſſurance in her "features! Obſerve what an indignant look ſhe "beſtows on the preſident, who is telling her, that "none of her ſex has any right to a ſeat there. How "ſhe throws her eyes about, to ſee if ſhe can find "out any one of the aſſembly who inclines to take "her part. No! not one ſtirs; they who are in-"clined in her favour are over-awed, and the reſt "ſhake their heads; and now ſhe flings out of the "aſſembly. That extraordinary woman is Afra "Behn; but her character does not deſerve ſo much "notice, as to divert you from remarking the mem-"ber who now walks up to his ſeat." When I turned

turned my eyes, I ſaw a genteel man advance, whoſe dreſs and air were rather more eaſy than elegant, and yet upon viewing him narrowly, I could obſerve nothing in the one that was ſlovenly, or in the other that was unbecoming: his robe was of a fine Engliſh cloth, raiſed with a French embroidery, and his manner ſpoke him to be as well acquainted with mankind, as he was with the muſes. "That "perſon, ſaid my director, is Matthew Prior; he "owed much to nature, but more to fortune: the "gifts of the former muſt have languiſhed, or at "beſt have qualified him for the favourite of ſome "aſſuming great man, had not fortune introduced "him to the company and acquaintance of thoſe "who were too good judges of mankind not to "know that a good poet muſt be a man of good "ſenſe; and that a man of good ſenſe, together "with a fine genius for the arts, muſt form a more "uſeful as well as ornamental member of ſociety, "than good ſenſe with little or no genius at all."

Here again proſtrating myſelf before my divine conductor, "Pardon, ſaid I, an erring mortal who "preſumes to differ from your ſentiments. I always "thought that where the mind was ſmit with the "charms of the muſe, ſhe rendered it languid to all "other purſuits." "My ſon, replied he, various "are the operations of nature, and the ſame genius "may exert itſelf in different ſhapes. The ſame art "by which a poet touches the paſſions, or mends "the morals of mankind, when applied to the com-"merce of life, gives him a winning turn in con-"verſation, and juſt diſcernment in buſineſs. But "all this time, I ſuppoſe, what is not unreaſonable,

"that

" that a poet has equal ap ...onefty with
" other men. The differ ce is, that in a learned
" eaſe the effuſions of the mind are more full and
" ſtrong, and in the buſt of life they are more
" diſſipated and languid; ut both are equally co-
" pious, and proceed from the ſame ſource. Ha!
" continued he, with a pleaſing kind of a ſurprize,
" I am glad of this: the perſon in that military
" habit, large boots, and long ſword, who is ſo
" familiar with Dryden, is one for whom I have a
" particular regard; his name is Sir William Da-
" venant; he has a right to a ſeat here, but upon
" ſome diſguſt at his not meeting with the reſpect he
" thinks he deſerves, has not appeared in the aſ-
" ſembly of a long time. I gueſs what brings him
" this night. You muſt know, that he was once
" diſcovered by Cromwell to be in a plot for re-
" ſtoring the king, but Milton obtained his pardon.
" Upon the Reſtoration, Sir William performed
" the ſame piece of ſervice to Milton. Thus far
" they were on a level; but it ſeems my friend is
" reſolved to conquer in gratitude. See with what
" earneſtneſs he ſolicits, becauſe he knows a ſtrong
" oppoſition will be made, by ſome, to Milton's
" admiſſion, on account of his principles. I am
" glad Sir William has not deceived me in the good
" opinion I always had of him." The next who took his ſeat was a jolly perſon, who at firſt ſight ſeemed to have a heavy look, but upon a nearer view, I obſerved a great deal of ſpirit in his eye, together with as much good nature as I think I have ever beheld. Several of his company were beginning to be merry upon his dreſs, which was comical enough;

enough; but he ſoon ſilenced them by being harder upon it than any of them. I turned to my guide, who I ſaw was ſtill employed in ſurveying Sir William, and aſked who the laſt member was. He anſwered that it was Samuel Butler; "happy, continued he, in his muſe, but ſtill happier in his "natural temper, which bore him up amidſt a va- "riety of diſappointments and preſſures. His con- "verſation with the other members of this aſſembly "has a good deal brightened up that fund of genius "he poſſeſſed when he was alive; but the facetious "humour which he diſplayed in writing, was ſo "much hid in his converſation, that king Charles, "who had a curioſity to ſee the author of Hudibras, "could never be brought to believe that he wrote "that incomparable poem. I have heard that one "of the greateſt wits that ever was in our neigh- "bouring kingdom, I mean the famous Corneille, "had the ſame misfortune of making but a poor "figure in converſation. But obſerve the gentle- "man in that gaudy ſlight French dreſs, how he is "tinſelled and powdered over, how he bows and "ſcrapes to every one of the members; how quaint "his compliments, and how finical his addreſs! "and yet the man is very well with moſt of the "members; but I own I cannot endure him. His "name is Monſ. St. Evremond." When I had ſignified that I had heard of him, I ſaw him walk up to a chair that was ſet apart for himſelf, where he could ſee and hear every thing that was done in the aſſembly; but I perceived he was no member himſelf. The next who came in was a young man of a very academical air, who ſeemed to be mighty good-

humoured,

humoured; he held an empty purſe in his hand, with which he appeared highly diverted; his waiſt-coat was of a garden ſtuff, and ſuited him extremely well, but his upper veſtment, which reſembled an officer's regimental coat, made a ridiculous enough appearance, and what added to it was, that he wore his ſword by his right ſide. I obſerved Prior come gently up and whiſper ſomewhat in his ear, which I ſuppoſe was to deſire him to rectify that ſoleciſm in dreſs. "That young man, ſaid my guide, is Mr. "John Philips, happy in his jocular vein, and in "his imitation of Milton's ſtile." The next who came up had a noble aſpect, and an elegant dreſs. When he paſſed up towards Ben, I obſerved that this laſt, putting on a ſerious air, roſe to him, and bowed reſpectfully. "That member, ſaid my con-"ductor, is Sheffield duke of Buckingham, who "thought that the poetick laurel graced the ducal "coronet. Though his high birth and great poſts "entitle him to no pre-eminence here, yet his me-"rits and accompliſhments give him a right to the "regard and eſteem of all the aſſembly." No member coming in for ſome minutes, I had leiſure to remark a very odd figure, who ſeemed to be ſomewhat betwixt a door-keeper and a beadle; his age was about ſixty, he was dreſt in a ſuit of Iriſh frize, laid over with tawdry French lace, which ſerved to heighten the hideouſneſs of his figure; his forehead was large and bald, his eyes ſunk, but full of malignant fire; his cheeks hollow, his noſe ſharp and turned up, and his chin prominent; he wore a large buſhy peruke, that ſeemed to be caſt off by ſome French player, and his temples were encircled

by

by a garland, which, upon examining, I found to be compoſed of nettles. "The figure you regard "ſo attentively, ſaid my guide, is John Dennis; "ſince he came into the world of ſpirits, he made "frequent applications to be admitted as one of "this ſociety. The members could not abſolutely "refuſe him, and yet they knew too much of the "man to admit him; ſo they fairly compromiſed "the matter with him, by making him their ſum-"moner, which gives him a right to be preſent in "the aſſembly, though not as a member, as a ſer-"vant. He is ſometimes employed as a beadle, "which gives him great pleaſure, and in that ca-"pacity is extremely ſerviceable, for no ſociety in "the world is more peſtered with interlopers and "vagrants than this is. He has an aſſiſtant, whom "you will ſee here in a little while, one Luke Mill-"burn, a very extraordinary fellow likewiſe. Each "of them has been frequently chaſtiſed by orders "of the aſſembly, for being rude to the members "at the door." Scarce had the genius finiſhed theſe words, when I beheld the gate by which the preſident entered, unfold, and through it I diſcovered a long range of magnificent apartments, nobly illuminated: upon this, my conductor told me that he muſt now leave me; that I ſhould ſoon ſee the reaſon, but he would return in an inſtant; that I might in the mean time be very eaſy, becauſe I was imperceptible to every eye. Having ſpoke thus, he vaniſhed, and I could perceive the preſident and all the other members turn their eyes with a reſpectful awe towards the illuminated apartments, through which I ſaw a venerable form advancing, attended

by my kind guardian; it was that of a man, who had reached his great climacterick; his air was noble and compoſed, yet there was a charming vivacity in his looks, and the majeſty of his appearance was tempered with an unexpreſſible benignity. He was dreſſed plain in a purple ſuit, and he took his ſeat in a chair of the ſame form with the preſident's, but removed from the table where the reſt ſat. He was ſcarcely ſeated when I found my conductor again by my ſide, who prevented my impatience to know who this extraordinary perſonage was, by ſaying. "That is Francis Atterbury, late biſhop of Ro-"cheſter. He appears here, continued he, in a "lay habit, and the particular honours that are paid "him both by the aſſembly and myſelf, are due "not only to his extraordinary parts, but to the "generous cares he beſtowed on embelliſhing this "fabrick. He has always declined to take his "ſeat at the table, becauſe he was no profeſſed "poet, but the little he has done that way, ſhews "how eaſily he might have ſhined in that province; "in this dome, where politicks and faction are "buried, he enjoys the eaſe he always deſired." No member for ſome time appearing, I had leiſure to obſerve that venerable perſon riſe and go to a table in a corner of the room where the company was aſſembled, on which lay two large folio volumes: theſe he turned over with great attention. And I aſked my kind conductor what theſe volumes might contain? "They contain, anſwered he, the "proſe works of Mr. Milton, which now appear in "a dreſs ſuitable to the character of that great man. "It is hard, continued he, to ſay whether he ſhines

'moſt as a poet, a politician, or a divine; or whe-
'ther mankind is moſt obliged to him for the in-
'ſtruction he has conveyed to the head, or the vir-
'tues he has inſtilled into the heart. One thing,
'however, muſt be acknowledged, that no book
'gives a man a clearer idea either of the civil or
'religious rights of mankind in general, or the
'conſtitution of England in particular, than Mr.
'Milton's proſe writings. When he errs, his errors
'are always occaſioned by his too great jealouſy of
'what may affect the liberties of mankind; but
'even then, the ſpirit he breathes is worthy the
'glorious patterns of antiquity, upon which he
'formed his political ſyſtem; and his faults would
'have been accounted virtues, and rendered his
'name venerable to his country, had he lived un-
'der a republick. But what enhances the value of
'his proſe writings, and muſt recommend them to
'every lover of liberty, is, that they have been one
'of the principal objects of religious zeal and bi-
'gotry, which defaced and mangled them ſo much,
'that hitherto the world could have no juſt idea of
'what, perhaps, forms the moſt valuable part of
'that excellent author's character and writings.
'They are brought here this night by ſome who
'will oppoſe his admiſſion." As he was going on,
I obſerved a vigorous young man ſtep up to take
his ſeat; he had a noble freedom in his look, his
dreſs reſembled that of the Romans, in the decay of
their virtue and liberty; and the ſtuff of which it
was compoſed was wrought in the moſt vivid co-
lours. Had he not taken his ſeat betwixt Otway and
Dryden, he might have made an appearance inferior

to none in the aſſembly, but when he was ſeated near theſe incomparable poets, his air ſeemed to have more of fierceneſs than of majeſty; and though his habit appeared better fitted to his ſhape than either of theirs, yet when compared with Otway's, it loſt much of the ſplendour that at firſt ſo much ſtruck the eye. "The perſon who now engages "your attention, ſays the genius, is Mr. Rowe; "who, though excelled in genius by a few, is "equalled in judgment by no dramatick author, "who has wrote for the Engliſh ſtage; at leaſt, in "tragedy. But death deprived him of the enco-"miums he ſo juſtly merited by his tranſlation of "the Pharſalia. His ſucceſs in that work was "owing to what alone can recommend every at-"tempt of that kind; I mean a ſympathy of genius, "and a ſimilarity of manners with thoſe which the "authors of the original enjoyed while alive." I here began to think that my conductor was growing a little too diſcurſive, and was ruminating on what might be the reaſon, when I ſaw John Dennis running up to the place where the member ſat, in a great fright: he was purſued by a figure dreſſed after a very extraordinary faſhion, not with regard to the form and materials of his habit, which were as proper and rich as what moſt of the company wore; but they were miſerably torn in many places, and ſeemed made for a man three times his ſize: his air appeared frantick, but at the ſame time he had an enthuſiaſm in his eye that ſtruck me rather with awe than with horror: he brandiſhed in his hand a whip, made in form of the ancient Flagella; with which he gave Mr. Dennis very ſevere diſci-

pline.

pline. In the mean time, I obſerved Mr. Dryden ariſe in ſome haſte, and ſtep up to this ſtranger, whoſe rage immediately ſubſided, and he went to his ſeat, without any oppoſition; though moſt of the members ſhewed a viſible uneaſineſs in their countenances. I had no need of an interpreter to let me know that this muſt be Nathaniel Lee, whoſe imagination got the ſuperiority of his reaſon ſo far as to deprive him of his ſenſes. The next member who advanced made a very different figure; the faſhion of his habit was entirely Engliſh, but he wore it in ſo graceful a manner, that it ſerved rather to ſhew the excellency of his ſhape, and the fine proportion of his limbs, than to conceal them. His air had in it a decent aſſurance, but without any thing aſſuming; and his looks diſcovered a ſurpriſing ſprightlineſs, but without the leaſt levity: the company ſeemed to ſhew him great regard, and appeared rather more ſatisfied with him than he with them: after he had taken his ſeat, I knew him to be Mr. Congreve. And my conductor took this opportunity of informing me, that "if we conſider "him as a dramatick writer, he had no equal in "his age. He ſaw, continued he, ſo thoroughly "into the receſſes of the ſoul, and could ſo eaſily "diſtinguiſh nature through all the diſguiſes ſhe "aſſumed, that his works contain the moſt import-"ant leſſons for the conduct of human life." Here I again begged pardon for interrupting my divine conductor; "I had always, ſaid I, a great opinion "of Mr. Congreve's wit, but his writings gave me "no advantageous idea of his morals." "My ſon, "anſwered he, from your wanting a juſt diſcern-

" ment of mankind, you accuſe Mr. Congreve of
" what he ſtands acquitted of by every man who knew
" him: he was too good a judge of nature not to be
" ſenſible, that to attempt to reform the heart before
" the head, is like healing the fleſh while the point
" of the weapon remains within the wound. He
" well knew, that the generality of men would ſoon
" hate their vices, if they could be brought to bluſh
" at their follies; and that a bad heart commonly
" proceeds from a wrong head: for this reaſon, his
" writings ſhew the ridiculouſneſs of folly, rather
" than the deformity of vice; and expoſe affecta-
" tion, rather than recommend virtue. He well
" knew, that the radical evil muſt be removed, be-
" fore the patient could be cured. But here comes
" one, to whoſe morals, I dare ſay, you will have
" no objection." Looking towards the door, I ſaw a middle-aged perſon approach, he had in his look all the ſerenity that attends a good conſcience; his deportment expreſſed him to be one who entirely underſtood the world, and by his dreſs he ſeemed to be upon an equal footing with the moſt conſpicuous in the aſſembly. It is true, that he did not poſſeſs all his accompliſhments in the ſame degree with every one of the other members, but then no one amongſt them ſeemed to unite ſo many good qualities as he did, in his own perſon: his character, therefore, had ſome reſemblance to that of Raphael, whom, though other painters excelled him in particular branches of his profeſſion, yet none ever equalled him in all; if he fell ſhort of one in ſweetneſs, he excelled him in ſtrength; and if he excelled in ſtrength, the defect was ſupplied by a maſterly

a maſterly correctneſs, and an uncommon beauty: if another's figures were more correct, his were more graceful; and if another could boaſt a better diſguiſe, he was ſure to excel in the expreſſion. Such was the character of the laſt member, whom my conductor told me was Mr. Addiſon; but, to my great ſurprize, I found my aërial guide not at all laviſh of his encomiums on this great man, for whom I had been taught, and had always entertained a kind of a veneration; this coldneſs in his favour made me uneaſy, and the more, as it proceeded from a Divine Intelligence. A little after I obſerved a man of a ſweet engaging deportment; his eye was piercing, and a ſmile ſat upon his brow, which diſcovered what I had almoſt called a ſevere good-nature. It was, however, a good-nature, whoſe expreſſion ſeemed rather to pity than to upbraid; and, at the ſame time, even the pity conveyed a reproach. His habits were of the richeſt ſtuff, but thoſe about him which were moſt concealed were moſt rich, and my conductor told me, that I could not have a juſt notion of their beauty unleſs I was nearer his perſon. He then informed me, that I ſaw Mr. Gay; "a man, added he, "whoſe virtues recommended his qualities, and "who is an inſtance, that the beſt ingredient that "can enter into the character of a good writer, "is that of being an honeſt man." While I was intent in obſerving this amiable perſon's age, I diſcerned a man advanced in years, with a manly look, diſtinguiſhed more by his modeſt behaviour than by his dreſs, leaning over the back of Dryden's ſeat, but ſtanding without the

rail which incloſed the aſſembly. As there was ſomewhat ſtriking in his aſpect, I examined his features more narrowly, and found them variouſly affected according as he threw his eyes upon the different members, ſo that he ſeemed ſeverally to aſſume their moſt diſtinguiſhing characters. Dryden at this time accidentally roſe from his ſeat, and turning round diſcovered this extraordinary perſon. He then took him by the hand with great affection, and though the other ſeemed much to decline it, led him about to the bar of the rails, where the other members entered. I obſerved Dennis, who had now reaſſumed his poſt, interpoſing to hinder his entry, but being checked by a frown from Dryden, he deſiſted, with a furious reluctance. Dryden then led the new member up to a ſeat not far from Otway, where he was placed to the great ſatisfaction of the reſt of the members. I was not able to know who this was, till my conductor aſſured me it was Betterton, the famous player, who by the beauty and juſtneſs of his action, made the thoughts of ſome of our fineſt poets to be felt by thoſe who could only read and ſee, and who, perhaps, never knew any other ſentiment of virtue than what they received from the ſtage. "Obſerve, "continued he, how many others of the ſame pro-"feſſion crowd behind the members ſeats; what "diſtortions, what grimaces they aſſume; how un-"like to Betterton, and how much diſregarded by "the aſſembly." While I was attentive to the genius, I perceived a member who had entered unobſerved by me, being in cloſe converſation with Butler: he had a moſt engaging ſmile, and a winning

ning deportment, and his dreſs was compoſed of a very rich French brocade, made up in the Engliſh faſhion, of an uncommon pattern, on which the medicinal and poetick enſigns of Phœbus were enigmatically repreſented. While he talked to Butler he was ſhaking hands with Dryden; he nodded to Addiſon, but bluſhed when he ſaw Prior obſerving him, and ſeemed induſtrious to avoid meeting the eyes of the biſhop of Rocheſter. The genius then informed me, that the perſon I ſaw was Sir Samuel Garth, more eminent for the productions of his genius, than his dignity of knighthood. The next member had very little either in his aſpect or dreſs, that diſtinguiſhed him from the rank of mortals, and ſeemed to be at a loſs where to take his ſeat. He held in his hand a large bundle of papers, which ſeemed to be diſpatches from a court, which he endeavoured to conceal under his coat; but it proved too ſcanty for that purpoſe, till Mr. Addiſon ſtepped up to him, and, unperceived by moſt of the aſſembly, ſlipped ſome of them into his pocket. I perceived, however, that Prior obſerved him, and, with a malicious ſneer, whiſpered into Gay's ear. "The member you now regard, ſaid "my conductor, is Mr. Stepney, who was, indeed, "a ſtateſman, but I don't know any right he has "to a ſeat here, beſides that of his having a monu-"ment erected within the abbey."

The few ſeats that now remained, were filled by members who ſeemed to be remarkable for nothing ſo much as the regard which thoſe I have already mentioned expreſſed for their perſons. When they were all ſeated, a profound ſilence enſued, which

was

was broken by the preſident, who declared the occaſion of their meeting, and enlarged, with great eloquence, upon the fine qualifications, the learning, and the genius of Milton. He obſerved that "the "works of that great man had equalled the repu- "tation of England for poetry, to the acme of that "of Greece and Italy in the moſt flouriſhing periods "of their glory; that even in the higheſt ſpecies of "that divine art, he excelled their moſt admired "writers, as much as the difficulty of doing juſtice "to the nature of angels, is greater than that of "celebrating the courage, the wiſdom, or the piety "of mortals. He then gently touched upon the "ingratitude of his country, which had ſuffered the "memory of a man to whom Greece in her moſt "enlightened ſtate would have decreed publick "honours, to paſs ſo long without a monument; "that had it not been for the generous concern of "one perſon now among the living, Milton might "perhaps never have had any other monument than "that of his own immortal writings. Theſe were, "indeed, ſufficient to recommend his merit, but "inſufficient to vindicate the gratitude of his coun- "try; till of late the perſon he had already men- "tioned, had in ſome meaſure wiped away that im- "putation by one act of private munificence, which, "for the honour of Britain, he could wiſh had been "the effect of publick ſpirit. He then obſerved "that Milton had now a right to a ſeat in that "aſſembly, and that however illuſtrious it already "was, they could not but be ſenſible, that it muſt "receive an additional degree of dignity by the "admiſſion of ſo eminent a member, and that

"therefore

"therefore he hoped it would meet with no ob-
"ſtacle."

When the preſident had finiſhed his ſpeech, Mr. Cowley ſtood up. At firſt his air was modeſt, if not baſhful; but as he proceeded he gathered aſſurance, till at laſt he roſe into a great dignity both of action and language. He ſaid that "he was ex-
"tremely ſenſible of the truths which the venerable
"preſident had advanced in favour of Milton, and
"that if he were to be regarded only as a poet, no
"member ſhould be more ready to give his voice
"for the admiſſion of that great man than himſelf;
"but that he humbly conceived the moral, as well
"as the intellectual qualifications, were neceſſary
"in a member of that aſſembly. That loyalty and
"duty to one's prince may be juſtly ranked amongſt
"the moſt eminent of all virtues, ſince, without
"that, a man muſt be deſtitute of the moſt glorious
"paſſion that the human breaſt can be capable of
"receiving, the love of one's country. That this
"paſſion was the ſource of the noble performances
"which entitled the two great poets of Greece and
"Rome to the publick regard of their country, and
"that where this paſſion is wanting, the end of
"poetry is loſt, which is to cultivate the ſocial
"virtues, and to promote happineſs and harmony
"amongſt men. If we examine the conduct of
"Milton's life, continues he, we ſhall find him as
"a ſubject undertaking and promoting the moſt
"black deſigns againſt the dignity, the character,
"and the life of the beſt of ſovereigns: if we exa-
"mine the tendency of his writings, we ſhall find
"him varniſhing and defending the moſt inhuman
"action

" action that ever diſgraced the Britiſh annals; and " I own, added he, I could not, without horror, " endure to ſee ſuch a man fill a place in this auguſt " aſſembly."

This ſpeech was received with a murmur, which ſhewed that the aſſembly was variouſly affected with what had been delivered.

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[*Cætera deſunt.*]

PRAYERS

AND

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

PRAYERS

AND

EVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

1ſt Jan. 17$\frac{50}{51}$.

) ETERNAL GOD, who regardeſt all thy works with mercy, look upon my wants, my miſe-s, and my ſins; grant that I may amend my life, l may find mercy both in this world and in the rld to come, by the help of thy Holy Spirit, for : ſake of Jeſus Chriſt. Amen.

1ſt Jan. 1784. P. M. 11.

) LORD GOD, heavenly Father, by whoſe mercy I am now beginning another year, grant, I be-:ch thee, that the time which thou ſhalt yet allot :, may be ſpent in thy fear and to thy glory. ve me ſuch eaſe of body as may enable me to be :ful, and remove from me all ſuch ſcruples and rplexities as encumber and obſtruct my mind; d help me ſo to paſs, by the direction of thy Holy irit, through the remaining part of life, that I may finally received to everlaſting joy, through Jeſus ıriſt our Lord. Amen.

1ſt Aug.

1ſt Aug. 1784. Aſhbourn.

O GOD, moſt merciful Father, who by many diſeaſes haſt admoniſhed me of my approach to the end of life, and by this gracious addition to my days haſt given me an opportunity of appearing once more in thy preſence to commemorate the ſacrifice by which thy Son Jeſus Chriſt has taken away the ſins of the world; aſſiſt me in this commemoration by thy Holy Spirit, that I may look back upon the ſinfulneſs of my life paſt with pious ſorrow and efficacious repentance, that my reſolutions of amendment may be rightly formed and diligently exerted, that I may be freed from vain and uſeleſs ſcruples, and that I may ſerve thee with faith, hope, and charity, for the time which thou ſhalt yet allow me, and finally be received to everlaſting happineſs, for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

5th Sept. 1784. Aſhbourn.

ALMIGHTY Lord and merciful Father, to Thee be thanks and praiſe for all thy mercies, for the awakening of my mind, the continuance of my life, the amendment of my health, and the opportunity now granted of commemorating the death of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt our Mediator and Redeemer. Enable me, O Lord, to repent truly of my ſins. Enable me by thy Holy Spirit to lead hereafter a better life. Strengthen my mind againſt uſeleſs perplexities. Teach me to form good reſolutions; and

and aſſiſt me that I may bring them to effect. And when thou ſhalt finally call me to another ſtate, receive me to everlaſting happineſs, for the ſake of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Amen.

18th Sept. 1784. Aſhbourn.

ALMIGHTY God, merciful Father, who art the giver of all good, enable me to return thee due thanks for the continuance of my life, and for the great mercies of the laſt year, for relief from the diſeaſes that afflicted me, and all the comforts and alleviations by which they were mitigated: and, O my gracious God, make me truly thankful for the call by which thou haſt awakened my conſcience, and ſummoned me to repentance. Let not thy call, O Lord, be forgotten, or thy ſummons neglected; but let the reſidue of my life, whatever it ſhall be, be paſſed in due contrition and diligent obedience. Let me repent of the ſins of my paſt years, and ſo keep thy laws for the time to come, that when it ſhall be thy good pleaſure to call me to another ſtate, I may find mercy in thy ſight. Let thy Holy Spirit ſupport me in the hour of death; and, O Lord, grant me pardon in the day of judgment, for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

5th Dec. 1784.

ALMIGHTY and moſt merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it ſeems, about to commemorate for the laſt time, the death of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant,

O Lord, that my whole ho[illegible]lence may be in his merits and in thy mercy. Forgive and accept my late converſion; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the eſtabliſhment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bleſs my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me by the grace of thy Holy Spirit in the days of weakneſs, and at the hour of death; and receive me at my death to everlaſting happineſs, for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt. Amen.

ƃPHTHEGMS, SENTIMENTS,

O P I N I O N S,

AND

CASIONAL REFLECTIONS.

POPHTHEGMS, SENTIMENTS, OPINIONS, &c.

MR. JOHNSON ſaid he always miſtruſted romantick virtue, as thinking it founded on no d principle.

He uſed to ſay, that where ſecrecy or myſtery an, vice or roguery was not far off; and that leads in general an ill life, who ſtands in fear o man's obſervation.

When a friend of his who had not been very cy in his firſt wife, married a ſecond, he ſaid—s! another inſtance of the triumph of hope over erience.

Of Sheridan's writings on Elocution, he ſaid, were a continual renovation of hope, and an aried ſucceſſion of diſappointments.

Of muſick, he ſaid,—It is the only ſenſual plea- without vice.

He uſed to ſay, that no man read long together a folio on his table:—Books, ſaid he, that you carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, the moſt uſeful after all.—He would ſay, ſuch ks form the man of general and eaſy reading.

He was a great friend to books like the French *Eſprits d'un tel*; for example, *Beauties of Watts*, &c. &c. at which, ſaid he, a man will often look and be tempted to go on, when he would have been frightened at books of a larger ſize, and of a more erudite appearance.

Being once aſked if he ever embelliſhed a ſtory—No, ſaid he; a ſtory is to lead either to the knowledge of a fact or character, and is good for nothing if it be not ſtrictly and literally true.

Round numbers, ſaid he, are always falſe.

Watts's *Improvement of the Mind* was a very favourite book with him; he uſed to recommend it, as he alſo did *Le Dictionnaire portatif* of the Abbé L'Avocat.

He has been accuſed of treating lord Lyttelton roughly in his life of him; he aſſured a friend, however, that he kept back a very ridiculous anecdote of him, relative to a queſtion he put to a great divine of his time.

Johnſon's account of lord Lyttelton's envy to Shenſtone for his improvements in his grounds, &c. was confirmed by an ingenious writer. Spence was in the houſe for a fortnight with the Lytteltons, before they offered to ſhew him Shenſtone's place.

When accuſed of mentioning ridiculous anecdotes in the lives of the poets, he ſaid, he ſhould not have been an exact biographer if he had omitted them. The buſineſs of ſuch a one, ſaid he, is to give a complete account of the perſon whoſe life he is writing, and to diſcriminate him from all other perſons

perſons by any peculiarities of character or ſentiment he may happen to have.

He ſpoke Latin with great fluency and elegance. He ſaid, indeed, he had taken great pains about it.

A very famous ſchoolmaſter ſaid, he had rather take Johnſon's opinion about any Latin compoſition, than that of any other perſon in England.

Dr. Sumner, of Harrow, uſed to tell this ſtory of Johnſon: they were dining one day, with many other perſons, at Mrs. Macaulay's; ſhe had talked a long time at dinner about the natural equality of mankind; Johnſon, when ſhe had finiſhed her harangue, roſe up from the table, and with great ſolemnity of countenance, and a bow to the ground, ſaid to the ſervant, who was waiting behind his chair, Mr. John, pray be ſeated in my place, and permit me to wait upon you in my turn; your miſtreſs ſays, you hear, that we are all equal.

When ſome one was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnſon ſaid he was glad of it; he is riſing in the world, ſaid he; when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him.

He was much pleaſed with the following repartee: *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, ſaid a French phyſician to his colleague, in ſpeaking of the diſorder of a poor man that underſtood Latin, and who was brought into an hoſpital; *corpus non tam vile eſt*, ſays the patient, *pro quo Chriſtus ipſe non dedignatus eſt mori.*

Johnſon uſed to ſay, a man was a ſcoundrel that was afraid of any thing.

After having diſuſed ſwimming for many years, he went into the river at Oxford, and ſwam away to a part of it that he had been told of as a dangerous place, and where ſome one had been drowned.

He waited on lord Marchmont, to make ſome enquiries after particulars of Mr. Pope's life; his firſt queſtion was,—What kind of a man was Mr. Pope in his converſation? his lordſhip anſwered, that if the converſation did not take ſomething of a lively or epigrammatick turn, he fell aſleep, or perhaps pretended to do ſo.

Talking one day of the patronage the great ſometimes affect to give to literature, and literary men, —Andrew Millar, ſays he, is the Mecænas of the age.

Of the ſtate of learning amongſt the Scots, he ſaid,—It is with their learning as with proviſions in a beſieged town, every one has a mouthful, and no one a bellyfull.

Of Sir Joſhua Reynolds he requeſted three things; that he would not work on a Sunday; that he would read a portion of Scripture on that day; and that he would forgive him a debt which he had incurred for ſome benevolent purpoſe.

When he firſt felt the ſtroke of the palſy, he prayed to God that he would ſpare his mind, whatever he thought fit to do with his body.

To ſome lady who was praiſing Shenſtone's poems very much, and who had an Italian greyhound lying by the fire, he ſaid, Shenſtone holds amongſt poets the ſame rank your dog holds amongſt dogs; he

he has not the ſagacity of the hound, the docility of the ſpaniel, nor the courage of the bull-dog, yet he is ſtill a pretty fellow.

Johnſon ſaid he was better pleaſed with the commendations beſtowed on his account of the Hebrides than on any book he had ever written. Burke, ſays he, thoughs well of the philoſophy of it; Sir William Jones of the obſervations on language; and Mr. Jackſon of thoſe on trade.

Of Foote's wit and readineſs of repartee he thought very highly;—He was, ſays he, the readieſt dog at an eſcape I ever knew; if you thought you had him on the ground fairly down, he was upon his legs and over your ſhoulders again in an inſtant.

When ſome one aſked him, whether they ſhould introduce Hugh Kelly, the author, to him;—No, Sir, ſays he, I never deſire to converſe with a man who has written more than he has read:—yet when his play was acted for the benefit of his widow, Johnſon furniſhed a prologue.

He repeated poetry with wonderful energy and feeling. He was ſeen to weep whilſt he repeated Goldſmith's character of the Engliſh in his Traveller, beginning thus:

Stern o'er each boſom, &c.

He was ſuppoſed to have aſſiſted Goldſmith very much in that poem, but has been heard to ſay, he might have contributed three or four lines, taking together all he had done.

He

When ſome one aſked him how he felt at the indifferent reception of his tragedy at Drury-lane;—Like the Monument, ſaid he, and as unſhaken as that fabrick.

Being aſked by Dr. Lawrence what he thought the beſt ſyſtem of education, he replied,—School in ſchool-hours, and home-inſtruction in the intervals.

I would never, ſaid he, deſire a young man to neglect his buſineſs for the purpoſe of purſuing his ſtudies, becauſe it is unreaſonable; I would only deſire him to read at thoſe hours when he would otherwiſe be unemployed. I will not promiſe that he will be a Bentley; but if he be a lad of any parts, he will certainly make a ſenſible man.

The picture of him by Sir Joſhua Reynolds, which was painted for Mr. Beauclerk, and is now Mr. Langton's, and ſcraped in mezzotinto by Doughty, is extremely like him; there is in it that appearance of a labouring working mind, of an indolent reposing body, which he had to a very great degree. Beauclerk wrote under his picture,

——ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc ſub corpore.——

Indeed, the common operations of dreſſing, ſhaving, &c. were a toil to him; he held the care of the body very cheap. He uſed to ſay, that a man who rode out for an appetite conſulted but little the dignity of human nature.

The life of Charles XII. by Voltaire, he ſaid, was one of the fineſt pieces of hiſtory ever written.

He

He was much pleaſed with an Italian *improviſatore*, whom he ſaw at Streatham, and with whom he talked much in Latin. He told him, if he had not been a witneſs to his faculty himſelf, he ſhould not have thought it poſſible. He ſaid, Iſaac Hawkins Browne had endeavoured at it in Engliſh, but could not get beyond thirty verſes.

When a Scotſman was one day talking to him of the great writers of that country that were then exiſting, he ſaid,—We have taught that nation to write, and do they pretend to be our teachers? let me hear no more of the tinſel of Robertſon, and the foppery of Dalrymple. He ſaid, Hume had taken his ſtyle from Voltaire. He would never hear Hume mentioned with any temper:—A man, ſaid he, who endeavoured to perſuade his friend who had the ſtone to ſhoot himſelf!

Upon hearing a lady of his acquaintance commended for her learning, he ſaid,—A man is in general better pleaſed when he has a good dinner upon his table, than when his wife talks Greek. My old friend, Mrs. Carter, ſaid he, could make a pudding, as well as tranſlate Epictetus from the Greek, and work a handkerchief as well as compoſe a poem. He thought ſhe was too reſerved in converſation upon ſubjects ſhe was ſo eminently able to converſe upon, which was occaſioned by her modeſty and fear of giving offence.

Being aſked whether he had read Mrs. Macaulay's ſecond volume of the Hiſtory of England;—No, Sir, ſays he, nor her firſt neither.—He

would

would not be introduced to the Abbé Raynal, when he was in England.

He was one night behind the ſcenes at Drury-lane theatre, when Mr. Garrick was preparing to go upon the ſtage in the character of Macbeth, and making a great noiſe by talking, Mr. Garrick deſired him to deſiſt, as he would interrupt his feelings;—Punch, ſays Johnſon, has no feelings; had you told me to have held my tongue, I ſhould have known what you meant.

He ſaid, that when he firſt converſed with Mr. Bruce, the Abyſſinian traveller, he was very much inclined to believe he had been there; but that he had afterwards altered his opinion.

He was much pleaſed with Dr. Jortin's Sermons, the language of which he thought very elegant; but thought his life of Eraſmus a dull book.

He was very well acquainted with Pſalmanazar, the pretended Formoſan, and ſaid, he had never ſeen the cloſe of the life of any one that he wiſhed ſo much his own to reſemble, as that of him, for its purity and devotion. He told many anecdotes of him; and ſaid, he was ſuppoſed by his accent to have been a Gaſcon. He ſaid, that Pſalmanazar ſpoke Engliſh with the city accent, and coarſely enough. He for ſome years ſpent his evenings at a publick houſe near Old-Street, where many perſons went to talk with him; Johnſon was aſked whether he ever contradicted Pſalmanazar;—I ſhould as ſoon, ſaid he, have thought of contradicting a biſhop;—ſo high did he hold his character in the latter part of his life. When he was aſked whether

iad ever mentioned Formoſa before him, he he was afraid to mention even China.

e thought Cato the beſt model of tragedy we ; yet he uſed to ſay, of all things, the moſt ri lous would be, to ſee a girl cry at the repre- ation of it.

e thought the happieſt life was that of a man of neſs, with ſome literary purſuits for his amuſe- t; and that in general no one could be virtuous appy, that was not completely employed.

ohnſon had read much in the works of biſhop lor; in his Dutch Thomas à Kempis he has ted him occaſionally in the margin.

Ie is ſaid to have very frequently made ſer- is for clergymen at a guinea a-piece; that de- red by Dr. Dodd, in the chapel of Newgate, was ten by him, as was alſo his Defence, ſpoken at bar of the Old Bailey.

)f a certain lady's entertainments, he ſaid,— iat ſignifies going thither? there is neither it, drink, nor talk.

Ie adviſed Mrs. Siddons to play the part of een Catherine in Henry VIII. and ſaid of her, t ſhe appeared to him to be one of the few per- s that the two great corrupters of mankind, ney and reputation, had not ſpoiled.

He had a great opinion of the knowledge pro- ed by converſation with intelligent and in- ious perſons. His firſt queſtion concerning h as had that character, was ever, What is his verſation?

Johnſon

Johnſon ſaid of the Chattertonian controverſy,—It is a ſword that cuts both ways. It is as wonderful to ſuppoſe that a boy of ſixteen years old had ſtored his mind with ſuch a train of images and ideas as he had acquired, as to ſuppoſe the poems, with their eaſe of verſification and elegance of language, to have been written by Rowlie in the time of Edward the fourth.

Talking with ſome perſons about allegorical painting, he ſaid, I had rather ſee the portrait of a dog that I know, than all the allegorical paintings they can ſhew me in the world.

When a Scotſman was talking againſt Warburton, Johnſon ſaid he had more literature than had been imported from Scotland ſince the days of Buchanan. Upon his mentioning other eminent writers of the Scots,—Theſe will not do, ſaid Johnſon, let us have ſome more of your northern lights, theſe are mere farthing candles.

A Scotſman upon his introduction to Johnſon ſaid,—I am afraid, Sir, you will not like me, I have the misfortune to come from Scotland:—Sir, anſwered he, that is a misfortune; but ſuch a one as you and the reſt of your countrymen cannot help.

To one who wiſhed him to drink ſome wine and be jolly, adding,—You know Sir, *in vino veritas*: Sir, anſwered he, this is a good recommendation to a man who is apt to lie when ſober.

When he was firſt introduced to general Paoli, he was much ſtruck with his reception of him; he ſaid he had very much the air of a man who had been at the head of a nation: he was particularly pleaſed

d with his manner of receiving a ſtranger at
'n houſe, and ſaid it had dignity and affability
together.

nſon ſaid, he had once ſeen Mr. Stanhope,
:heſterfield's ſon, at Dodſley's ſhop, and was
ch ſtruck with his aukward manners and ap-
ıce, that he could not help aſking Mr. Dod-
ho he was.

aking one day of tea, he ſaid,—What a de-
ıl beverage muſt that be, that pleaſes all
s, at a time when they can take nothing elſe
akfaſt!

his cenſure of fear in general, he made how-
ɔne exception, with reſpect to the fear of
timorum maximus; he thought that the beſt
were but unprofitable ſervants, and had much
to fear.

nſon thought very well of lord Kaimes's Ele-
of Criticiſm; of other of his writings he
ht very indifferently, and laughed much at his
ın, that war was a good thing occaſionally, as
ıch valour and virtue were exhibited in it.
:, ſays Johnſon, might as well be thought a
thing; there is the bravery and addreſs of the
n employed in extinguiſhing it; there is
humanity exerted in ſaving the lives and pro-
ɜ of the poor ſufferers; yet, ſays he, after all
who can ſay a fire is a good thing?

aking of ſchoolmaſters, he uſed to ſay, they
worſe than the Egyptian taſk-maſters of old.
ɔy, ſays he, is ſure any day he goes to ſchool
ıpe a whipping: how can the ſchoolmaſter tell

what the boy has really forgotten, what he has neglected to learn; what has had no opportunities of learning, and what has taken no pains to get at the knowledge of? yet for any of theſe, however difficult they may be, the boy is obnoxious to puniſhment.

He uſed to ſay ſomething tantamount to this: When a woman affects learning, ſhe makes a rivalry between the two ſexes for the ſame accompliſhments, which ought not to be, their provinces being different. Milton ſaid before him,

> For contemplation he and valour form'd,
> For ſoftneſs ſhe and ſweet attractive grace.

He uſed to ſay, that in all family-diſputes the odds were in favour of the huſband, from his ſuperior knowledge of life and manners: he was, nevertheleſs, extremely fond of the company and converſation of women, and was early in life much attached to a moſt beautiful woman at Lichfield, of a rank ſuperior to his own.

He never ſuffered any one to ſwear before him. When ———, a libertine, but a man of ſome note, was talking before him, and interlarding his ſtories with oaths, Johnſon ſaid, Sir, all this ſwearing will do nothing for our ſtory, I beg you will not ſwear. The narrator went on ſwearing: Johnſon ſaid, I muſt again intreat you not to ſwear. He ſwore again: Johnſon quitted the room.

He was no great friend to puns, though he once by accident made a ſingular one. A perſon who affected to live after the Greek manner, and to anoint

anoint himſelf with oil, was one day mentioned before him. Johnſon, in the courſe of converſation on the ſingularity of his practice, gave him the denomination of, This man of *Greece*, or *greaſe*, as you pleaſe to take it.

Of a member of parliament, who, after having harangued for ſome hours in the houſe of commons, came into a company where Johnſon was, and endeavoured to talk him down, he ſaid, This man has a pulſe in his tongue.

He was not diſpleaſed with a kind of pun made by a perſon, who (after having been tired to death by two ladies who talked of the antiquity and illuſtriouſneſs of their families, himſelf being quite a new man) cried out, with the ghoſt in Hamlet,

——This eternal blazon
Muſt not be to ears of fleſh and blood.

One who had long known Johnſon, ſaid of him, In general you may tell what the man to whom you are ſpeaking will ſay next: this you can never do of Johnſon: his images, his alluſions, his great powers of ridicule throw the appearance of novelty upon the moſt common converſation.

He was extremely fond of Dr. Hammond's Works, and ſometimes gave them as a preſent to young men going into orders: he alſo bought them for the library at Streatham.

Whoever thinks of going to bed before twelve o'clock, ſaid Johnſon, is a ſcoundrel:—having nothing in particular to do himſelf, and having none of his time appropriated, he was a troubleſome gueſt to perſons who had much to do.

He roſe as unwillingly as he went to bed.

He ſaid, he was always hurt when he found himſelf ignorant of any thing.

Being aſked by a young man this queſtion, Pray, Sir, where and what is Palmyra?—Johnſon replied, Sir, it is a hill in Ireland, which has palm-trees growing on the top, and a bog at the bottom, and therefore is called Palm-mira; but obſerving that the young man believed him in earneſt, and thanked him for the intelligence, he undeceived him, and not only gave him a geographical deſcription of it, but related its hiſtory.

He was extremely accurate in his computation of time. He could tell how many heroick Latin verſes could be repeated in ſuch a given portion of it; and was anxious that his friends ſhould take pains to form in their minds ſome meaſure for eſtimating the lapſe of it.

Of authors he uſed to ſay, that as they think themſelves wiſer or wittier than the reſt of the world, the world, after all, muſt be the judge of their pretenſions to ſuperiority over them.

Complainers, ſaid he, are always loud and clamorous.

He thought highly of Mandeville's Treatiſe on the Hypochondriacal Diſeaſe.

I wrote, ſaid Johnſon, the firſt ſeventy lines in the Vanity of Human Wiſhes, in the courſe of one morning, in that ſmall houſe beyond the church at Hampſtead. The whole number was compoſed before I committed a ſingle couplet to writing. The ſame method I purſued in regard to the Prologue on opening Drury-Lane Theatre. I did not afterwards change more than a word in it, and that was done

at

he remonſtrance of Garrick; I did not think his
icifm juſt, but it was neceſſary that he ſhould be
fied with what he was to utter.

'o a gentleman who expreſſed himſelf in diſ-
ectful terms of Blackmore, one of whoſe poetick
s he happened juſt then to recollect, Dr. John-
anſwered,—I hope, Sir, a blunder, after you have
d what I ſhall relate, will not be reckoned de-
e againſt a poet's reputation: when I was a
ig man, I tranſlated Addiſon's Latin poem on
Battle of the Pigmies and the Cranes, and muſt
guilty to the following couplet:

Down from the guardian boughs the neſts they flung,
And kill'd the yet unanimated young.

yet I truſt I am no blockhead. I afterwards
ged the word *kill'd* into *cruſh'd*.

'hen Bolingbroke died, and bequeathed the pub-
ion of his works to Mallett, Johnſon obſerved,
is lordſhip has loaded a blunderbuſs againſt re-
n, and has left a ſcoundrel to pull the trigger.

'ere you ever, Sir, ſaid a perſon to Johnſon, in
pany with Dr. Warburton? He anſwered, I ne-
aw him till one evening, about a week ago, at
iſhop of St. ———'s: at firſt he looked ſurlily
e; but, after we had been joſtled into conver-
n, he took me to a window, aſked me ſome
ions, and before we parted, was ſo well pleaſed
me, that he patted me. You always, Sir, pre-
d a reſpect for him? Yes, and juſtly; when as
was in no favour with the world, he ſpoke well
e*, and I hope I never forgot the obligation.

* In his Preface to Shakeſpeare.

I am convinced, ſaid he to a friend, I ought to be preſent at divine ſervice more frequently than I am; but the provocations given by ignorant and affected preachers too often diſturb the mental calm which otherwiſe would ſucceed to prayer. I am apt to whiſper to myſelf on ſuch occaſions, How can this illiterate fellow dream of fixing attention, after we have been liſtening to the ſublimeſt truths, conveyed in the moſt chaſte and exalted language, throughout a liturgy, which muſt be regarded as the genuine offspring of piety impregnated by wiſdom. Take notice, however, though I make this confeſſion reſpecting myſelf, I do not mean to recommend the faſtidiouſneſs that ſometimes leads me to exchange congregational for ſolitary worſhip.—He was at Streatham church when Dodd's firſt application to him was made, and went out of his pew immediately, to write an anſwer to the letter he had received; afterwards, when he related this circumſtance, he added,—I hope I ſhall be pardoned, if once I deſerted the ſervice of God for that of man.

He once expreſſed theſe ſentiments:—I have ſeldom met with a man whoſe colloquial ability exceeded that of Mallett. I was but once in Sterne's company, and then his only attempt at merriment conſiſted in his diſplay of a drawing too indecently groſs to have delighted even in a brothel. Colman never produced a luckier thing than his firſt Ode in ridicule of Gray; a conſiderable part of it may be numbered among thoſe felicities which no man has twice attained. Gray was the very Torré * of poetry;

* A foreigner of that name, who ſome years ago exhibited a variety of ſplendid fire-works at Marybone Gardens.

he

he played his coruſcations ſo ſpeciouſly, that his ſteel-duſt is miſtaken by many for a ſhower of gold.

At one period of the Doctor's life he was reconciled to the bottle. Sweet wines, however, were his chief favourites; when none of theſe were before him, he would ſometimes drink Port with a lump of ſugar in every glaſs. The ſtrongeſt liquors, and in very large quantities, produced no other effect on him than moderate exhilaration. Once, and but once, he is known to have had his doſe, a circumſtance which he himſelf diſcovered, on finding one of his ſeſquipedalian words hang fire; he then ſtarted up, and gravely obſerved,—I think it time we ſhould go to bed. After a ten years' forbearance of every fluid except tea and ſherbet, I drank, ſaid he, one glaſs of wine to the health of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, on the evening of the day on which he was knighted; I never ſwallowed another drop, till old Madeira was preſcribed to me as a cordial during my preſent indiſpoſition, but this liquor did not reliſh as formerly, and I therefore diſcontinued it.

His knowledge in manufactures was extenſive, and his comprehenſion relative to mechanical contrivances was ſtill more extraordinary. The well-known Mr. Arkwright pronounced him to be the only perſon who, on a firſt view, underſtood both the principle and powers of his moſt complicated piece of machinery.

Garrick, ſaid he, I hear complains that I am the only popular author of his time who has exhibited no praiſe of him in print; but he is miſtaken, Akenſide has forborne to mention him. Some indeed are

laviſh in their applauſe of all who come within the compaſs of their recollection; yet he who praiſes every body, praiſes nobody; when both ſcales are equally loaded, neither can preponderate.

A *congé d'elire*, ſaid a gentleman, has not the force of a poſitive command, but implies only a ſtrong recommendation. Yes, replied Johnſon, who overheard him, juſt ſuch a recommendation as if I ſhould throw you out of a three-pair-of-ſtairs window, and recommend you to fall to the ground.

He would not allow the verb *derange*, a word at preſent much in uſe, to be an Engliſh word. Sir, ſaid a gentleman who had ſome pretenſions to literature, I have ſeen it in a book. Not in a *bound* book, ſaid Johnſon; *diſarrange* is the word we ought to uſe inſtead of it.

He thought very favourably of the profeſſion of the law, and ſaid, that the ſages thereof, for a long ſeries backward, had been friends to religion. Forteſcue ſays, that their afternoon's employment was the ſtudy of the Scriptures.

IRENE;

A

TRAGEDY.

PROLOGUE.

E glitt'ring Train! whom lace and velvet bleſs,
Suſpend the ſoft ſolicitudes of dreſs;
ı grov'ling buſineſs and ſuperfluous care,
ons of Avarice! a moment ſpare:
ries of Fame and worſhippers of Pow'r!
ıiſs the pleaſing phantoms for an hour.
daring Bard, with ſpirit unconfin'd,
ads wide the mighty moral for mankind.
n here how Heav'n ſupports the virtuous mind,
ng, tho' calm; and vig'rous, tho' reſign'd.
n here what anguiſh racks the guilty breaſt,
ow'r dependent, in ſucceſs depreſt.
n here that Peace from Innocence muſt flow;
:lſe is empty ſound, and idle ſhow.

truths like theſe with pleaſing language join;
obled, yet unchang'd, if Nature ſhine:
› wild draught depart from Reaſon's rules,
gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools:
guing wits! his artleſs plot forgive;
ſpare him, beauties! tho' his lovers live.

: this at leaſt his praiſe; be this his pride;
force applauſe no modern arts are try'd.
ı'd partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
bids no trumpet quell the fatal ſound.
ı'd welcome ſleep relieve the weary wit,
rolls no thunders o'er the drowſy pit.
ſnares to captivate the judgment ſpreads;
bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
nov'd tho' witlings ſneer and rivals rail;
lious to pleaſe, yet not aſham'd to fail.
ſcorns the meek addreſs, the ſuppliant ſtrain,
h merit needleſs, and without it vain.
Reaſon, Nature, Truth he dares to truſt:
Fops be ſilent! and ye Wits be juſt!

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

MEN.

MAHOMET,	Emperor of the Turks,	Mr. BARRY.
CALI BASSA,	Firſt Viſier,	Mr. BERRY.
MUSTAPHA,	A Turkiſh Aga,	Mr. SOWDEN.
ABDALLA,	An Officer,	Mr. HAVARD.
HASSAN,	Turkiſh Captains,	Mr. USHER.
CARAZA,		Mr. BURTON.
DEMETRIUS,	Greek Noblemen,	Mr. GARRICK.
LEONTIUS,		Mr. BLAKES.
MURZA,	An Eunuch,	Mr. KING.

WOMEN.

ASPASIA,	Greek Ladies,	Mrs. CIBBER.
IRENE,		Mrs. PRITCHARD.

ATTENDANTS on IRENE.

RENE;

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

METRIUS and LEONTIUS in Turkiſh Habits.

LEONTIUS.

ND is it thus Demetrius meets his friend,
Hid in the mean diſguiſe of Turkiſh robes,
ı ſervile ſecrecy to lurk in ſhades,
vent our ſuff'rings in clandeſtine groans?

DEMETRIUS.

breathleſs fury reſted from deſtruction
e groans were fatal, theſe diſguiſes vain:
now our Turkiſh conquerors have quench'd
r rage, and pall'd their appetite of murder;
nore the glutted ſabre thirſts for blood,
weary cruelty remits her tortures.

LEONTIUS.

Greece enjoys no gleam of tranſient hope,
oothing interval of peaceful ſorrow;
luſt of gold ſucceeds the rage of conqueſt,
luſt of gold, unfeeling and remorſeleſs!

The

The laſt corruption of degenerate man!
Urg'd by th' imperious ſoldier's fierce command,
The groaning Greeks break up their golden caverns
Pregnant with ſtores, that India's mines might envy
Th' accumulated wealth of toiling ages.

DEMETRIUS.

That wealth, too ſacred for their country's uſe!
That wealth, too pleaſing to be loſt for freedom!
That wealth, which granted to their weeping prince
Had rang'd embattled nations at our gates:
But thus reſerv'd to lure the wolves of Turkey,
Adds ſhame to grief, and infamy to ruin.
Lamenting Av'rice now too late diſcovers
Her own neglected, in the publick ſafety.

LEONTIUS.

Reproach not miſery.—The ſons of Greece,
Ill-fated race! ſo oft beſieg'd in vain,
With falſe ſecurity beheld invaſion.
Why ſhould they fear?—That power that kindly ſpreads
The clouds, a ſignal of impending ſhow'rs,
To warn the wand'ring linnet to the ſhade,
Beheld without concern expiring Greece,
And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

DEMETRIUS.

A thouſand horrid prodigies foretold it.
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of ſinking ſtates.
When publick villany, too ſtrong for juſtice,
Shews his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,

brave Leontius call for airy wonders,
ich cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
en ſome neglected fabrick nods beneath
weight of years, and totters to the tempeſt,
t heaven diſpatch the meſſengers of light,
wake the dead to warn us of its fall?

LEONTIUS.

l might the weakneſs of our empire ſink
ore ſuch foes of more than human force,
ie pow'r inviſible, from heav'n or hell,
ducts their armies, and aſſerts their cauſe.

DEMETRIUS.

l yet, my friend, what miracles were wrought
ond the power of conſtancy and courage?
l unreſiſted lightning aid their cannon?
l roaring whirlwinds ſweep us from the ramparts?
vas vice that ſhook our nerves, 'twas vice, Leontius,
at froze our veins, and wither'd all our powers.

LEONTIUS.

iate'er our crimes, our woes demand compaſſion.
:h night, protected by the friendly darkneſs,
itting my cloſe retreat, I range the city,
d weeping, kiſs the venerable ruins:
th ſilent pa[illegible]s I view the tow'ring domes,
:red to prayer, and wander thro' the ſtreets;
iere commerce laviſh'd unexhauſted plenty,
d jollity maintain'd eternal revels.—

DEMETRIUS.

How chang'd, alas!—Now ghaſtly deſolation
triumph ſits upon our ſhatter'd ſpires;

Now ſuperſtition, ignorance, and error,
Uſurp our temples, and profane our altars.

LEONTIUS.

From ev'ry palace burſt a mingled clamour;
The dreadful diſſonance of barb'rous triumph,
Shrieks of affright, and wailings of diſtreſs.
Oft when the cries of violated beauty
Aroſe to heav'n, and pierc'd my bleeding breaſt,
I felt thy pains, and trembled for Aſpaſia.

DEMETRIUS.

Aſpaſia! ſpare that lov'd, that mournful name:
Dear hapleſs maid—tempeſtuous grief o'erbears
My reaſoning pow'rs—Dear, hapleſs, loſt Aſpaſia!

LEONTIUS.

Suſpend the thought.

DEMETRIUS.

All thought on her is madneſs:
Yet let me think—I ſee the helpleſs maid,
Behold the monſters gaze with ſavage rapture,
Behold how luſt and rapine ſtruggle round her.

LEONTIUS.

Awake, Demetrius, from this diſmal dream,
Sink not beneath imaginary ſorrows:
Call to your aid your courage, and your wiſdom;
Think on the ſudden change of human ſcenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty pow'r of awful virtue;
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

ridence! extend thy care to me,
urage droops unequal to the combat,
eak philoſophy denies her ſuccours.
ne kind ſabre in the heat of battle,
t the foe found leiſure to be cruel,
s'd her to the ſky.

LEONTIUS.

Some virgin-martyr,
s, enamour'd of reſembling virtue,
gentle hand reſtrain'd the ſtreams of life,
atch'd her timely from her country's fate.

DEMETRIUS.

hoſe bright regions of eternal day,
now thou ſhin'ſt among thy fellow-ſaints,
l in purer light, look down on me:
ſing viſions, and affuaſive dreams,
othe my ſoul, and teach me how to loſe thee.

LEONTIUS.

h of unavailing tears, Demetrius;
obedient to thy friendly ſummons,
op'd to ſhare thy counſels, not thy ſorrows:
thus we mourn the fortune of Aſpaſia,
at are we reſerv'd?

DEMETRIUS.

To what I know not:
pe, yet hope, to happineſs and honour;
pineſs can be without Aſpaſia.

LEONTIUS.

But whence this new-ſprung hope?

DEMETRIUS.

From Cali Baſſa:
The chief, whoſe wiſdom guides the Turkiſh counſels.
He, tir'd of ſlav'ry, tho' the higheſt ſlave,
Projects at once our freedom and his own;
And bids us thus diſguis'd await him here.

LEONTIUS.

Can he reſtore the ſtate he could not ſave?
In vain, when Turkey's troops aſſail'd our walls,
His kind intelligence betray'd their meaſures;
Their arms prevail'd, though Cali was our friend.

DEMETRIUS.

When the tenth ſun had ſet upon our ſorrows,
At midnight's private hour, a voice unknown
Sounds in my ſleeping ear, 'Awake, Demetrius,
'Awake, and follow me to better fortunes;'
Surpriz'd I ſtart, and bleſs the happy dream;
Then rouzing, know the fiery chief Abdalla,
Whoſe quick impatience ſeiz'd my doubtful hand,
And led me to the ſhore where Cali ſtood,
Penſive and liſt'ning to the beating ſurge.
There, in ſoft hints and in ambiguous phraſe,
With all the diffidence of long experience,
That oft' had practis'd fraud, and oft' detected,
The vet'ran courtier half reveal'd his project.
By his command, equip'd for ſpeedy flight,
Deep in a winding creek a galley lies,
Mann'd with the braveſt of our fellow-captives,

Seleƈt

ected by my care, a hardy band,
at long to hail thee chief.

LEONTIUS.

But what avails
ſmall a force? or why ſhould Cali fly?
how can Cali's flight reſtore our country?

DEMETRIUS.

erve theſe queſtions for a ſafer hour,
hear himſelf, for ſee the Baſſa comes.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, CALI BASSA.

CALI.

w ſummon all thy ſoul, illuſtrious Chriſtian!
ake each faculty that ſleeps within thee,
e courtier's policy, the ſage's firmneſs,
e warrior's ardour, and the patriot's zeal;
haſing paſt events with vain purſuit,
wand'ring in the wilds of future being,
ngle thought now rove, recall it home.
can thy friend ſuſtain the glorious cauſe,
e cauſe of liberty, the cauſe of nations?

DEMETRIUS.

erve him cloſely with a ſtateſman's eye,
ou that haſt long perus'd the draughts of nature,
l know'ſt the characters of vice and virtue,
t by the hand of heav'n on human clay.

CALI.

mien is lofty, his demeanour great,
ſprightly folly wantons in his air,

Nor dull ſerenity becalms his eyes.
Such had I truſted once as ſoon as ſeen,
But cautious age ſuſpects the flatt'ring form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Has ſilence preſs'd her ſeal upon his lips?
Does adamantine faith inveſt his heart?
Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
Will he not ſoften in a friend's embrace?
Or flow diſſolving in a woman's tears?

DEMETRIUS.

Sooner the trembling leaves ſhall find a voice,
And tell the ſecrets of their conſcious walks;
Sooner the breeze ſhall catch the flying ſounds,
And ſhock the tyrant with a tale of treaſon.
Your ſlaughter'd multitudes that ſwell the ſhore
With monuments of death, proclaim his courage;
Virtue and liberty engroſs his ſoul,
And leave no place for perfidy or fear.

LEONTIUS.

I ſcorn a truſt unwillingly repos'd;
Demetrius will not lead me to diſhonour;
Conſult in private, call me when your ſcheme
Is ripe for action, and demands the ſword. [*Going*

DEMETRIUS.

Leontius, ſtay.

CALI.

Forgive an old man's weakneſs,
And ſhare the deepeſt ſecrets of my ſoul,
My wrongs, my fears, my motives, my deſigns.
When unſucceſsful wars, and civil factions,

Embro

ıbroil'd the Turkiſh ſtate, our Sultan's father
:at Amurath, at my rèqueſt, forſook
e cloiſter's eaſe, reſum'd the tott'ring throne,
d ſnatch'd the reins of abdicated pow'r
›m giddy Mahomet's unſkilful hand.
is fir'd the youthful king's ambitious breaſt,
: murmurs vengeance at the name of Cali,
d dooms my raſh fidelity to ruin.

DEMETRIUS.

ıhappy lot of all that ſhine in courts;
r forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
ll odious to the monarch, or the people.

CALI.

ch are the woes when arbitrary pow'r
ıd lawleſs paſſion, hold the ſword of juſtice.
there be any land, as fame reports,
here common laws reſtrain the prince and ſubject,
happy land, where circulating pow'r
›ws through each member of th' embodied ſtate,
re, not unconſcious of the mighty bleſſing,
:r grateful ſons ſhine bright with ev'ry virtue;
ıtainted with the luſt of innovation,
re all unite to hold her league of rule
ıbroken as the ſacred chain of nature,
ıat links the jarring elements in peace.

LEONTIUS.

t ſay, great Baſſa, why the Sultan's anger,
rning in vain, delays the ſtroke of death?

CALI.

ung, and unſettled in his father's kingdoms,
:rce as he was, he dreaded to deſtroy

CALI.

His offers oft repeated, ſtill refus'd,
At length rekindled his accuſtom'd fury,
And chang'd th' endearing ſmile and am'rous whiſper
To threats of torture, death, and violation.

DEMETRIUS.

Theſe tedious narratives of frozen age
Diſtract my ſoul; diſpatch thy ling'ring tale;
Say, did a voice from Heav'n reſtrain the tyrant?
Did interpoſing angels guard her from him?

CALI.

Juſt in the moment of impending fate,
Another plund'rer brought the bright Irene;
Of equal beauty, but of ſofter mien,
Fear in her eye, ſubmiſſion on her tongue,
Her mournful charms attracted his regards,
Diſarm'd his rage, and in repeated viſits
Gain'd all his heart; at length his eager love
To her transferr'd the offer of a crown.

LEONTIUS.

Nor found again the bright temptation fail?

CALI.

Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuſe,
While Heav'n and Mahomet divide her fears,
With coy careſſes and with pleaſing wiles
She feeds his hopes, and ſoothes him to delay.
For her, repoſe is baniſh'd from the night
And buſineſs from the day. In her apartments
He lives———

LEONTIUS.

And there muſt fall.

CALI.

CALI.

But yet th' attempt
s hazardous.

LEONTIUS.

Forbear to ſpeak of hazards;
What has the wretch that has ſurviv'd his country,
His friends, his liberty, to hazard?

CALI.

Life.

DEMETRIUS.

Th' ineſtimable privilege of breathing!
mportant hazard! What's that airy bubble
When weigh'd with Greece, with virtue, with Aſpaſia?
A floating atom, duſt that falls unheeded
Into the adverſe ſcale, nor ſhakes the balance.

CALI.

At leaſt this day be calm——If we ſucceed,
Aſpaſia's thine, and all thy life is rapture—
See! Muſtapha, the tyrant's minion, comes;
Inveſt Leontius with his new command;
And wait Abdalla's unſuſpected viſits:
Remember freedom, glory, Greece, and love.

[*Exeunt* Demetrius *and* Leontius.

SCENE III.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

By what enchantment does this lovely Greek
Hold in her chains the captivated Sultan?
He tires his fav'rites with Irene's praiſe,

And

And ſeeks the ſhades to muſe upon Irene;
Irene ſteals unheeded from his tongue,
And mingles unperceiv'd with ev'ry thought.

CALI.

Why ſhould the Sultan ſhun the joys of beauty,
Or arm his breaſt againſt the force of love?
Love, that with ſweet viciſſitude relieves
The warrior's labours, and the monarch's cares.
But will ſhe yet receive the faith of Mecca?

MUSTAPHA.

Thoſe pow'rful tyrants of the female breaſt,
Fear and ambition, urge her to compliance;
Dreſs'd in each charm of gay magnificence,
Alluring grandeur courts her to his arms,
Religion calls her from the wiſh'd embrace,
Paints future joys, and points to diſtant glories.

CALI.

Soon will th' unequal conteſt be decided.
Proſpects obſcur'd by diſtance faintly ſtrike;
Each pleaſure brightens at its near approach,
And every danger ſhocks with double horror.

MUSTAPHA.

How ſhall I ſcorn the beautiful apoſtate!
How will the bright Aſpaſia ſhine above her!

CALI.

Should ſhe, for proſelytes are always zealous,
With pious warmth receive our prophet's law—

MUSTAPHA.

I ſhall contemn the mercenary fervour,
Love of greatneſs, not of truth, inflames.

CALI.

CALI.

Ceaſe, ceaſe thy cenſures, for the Sultan comes
Alone, with am'rous haſte to ſeek his love.

SCENE IV.

MAHOMET, CALI BASSA, MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

Hail, terror of the monarchs of the world,
Unſhaken be thy throne as earth's firm baſe,
Live till the ſun forgets to dart his beams,
And weary planets loiter in their courſes.

MAHOMET.

But, Cali, let Irene ſhare thy prayers;
For what is length of days without Irene?
I come from empty noiſe, and taſteleſs pomp,
From crowds that hide a monarch from himſelf,
To prove the ſweets of privacy and friendſhip,
And dwell upon the beauties of Irene.

CALI.

O may her beauties laſt unchang'd by time,
As thoſe that bleſs the manſions of the good.

MAHOMET.

Each realm where beauty turns the graceful ſhape,
Swells the fair breaſt or animates the glance,
Adorns my palace with its brighteſt virgins;
Yet unacquainted with theſe ſoft emotions
I walk'd ſuperior, through the blaze of charms,
Prais'd without rapture, left without regret.
Why rove I now, when abſent from my fair,
From ſolitude to crowds, from crowds to ſolitude,

Still

Still reſtleſs, till I claſp the lovely maid,
And eaſe my loaded ſoul upon her boſom?

MUSTAPHA.

Forgive, great Sultan, that intruſive duty
Enquires the final doom of Menodorus,
The Grecian counſellor.

MAHOMET.

Go ſee him die;
His martial rhet'rick taught the Greeks reſiſtance;
Had they prevail'd, I ne'er had known Irene.

[*Exit* Muſtapha.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, CALI.

MAHOMET.

Remote from tumult, in th' adjoining palace,
Thy care ſhall guard this treaſure of my ſoul;
There let Aſpaſia, ſince my fair entreats it,
With converſe chaſe the melancholy moments.
Sure, chill'd with ſixty winter camps, thy blood
At ſight of female charms will glow no more.

CALI.

Theſe years, unconquer'd Mahomet, demand
Deſires more pure, and other cares than love.
Long have I wiſh'd, before our prophet's tomb,
To pour my prayers for thy ſucceſsful reign,
To quit the tumults of the noiſy camp,
And ſink into the ſilent grave in peace.

MAHOMET.

W ! nk of peace while haughty Scanderbeg
th conqueſt, in his native mountains,

Prowls

Prowls o'er the wealthy ſpoils of bleeding Turkey?
While fair Hungaria's unexhauſted vallies
Pour forth their legions, and the roaring Danube
Rolls half his floods unheard through ſhouting camps?
Nor couldſt thou more ſupport a life of ſloth
Than Amurath ——

CALI.

Still full of Amurath! [*Aſide.*

MAHOMET.

Than Amurath, accuſtom'd to command,
Could bear his ſon upon the Turkiſh throne.

CALI.

This pilgrimage our lawgiver ordain'd—

MAHOMET.

For thoſe who could not pleaſe by nobler ſervice.—
Our warlike prophet loves an active faith,
The holy flame of enterprizing virtue,
Mocks the dull vows of ſolitude and penance,
And ſcorns the lazy hermit's cheap devotion.
Shine thou, diſtinguiſh'd by ſuperior merit,
With wonted zeal purſue the taſk of war,
Till ev'ry nation reverence the Koran,
And ev'ry ſuppliant lift his eyes to Mecca.

CALI.

This regal confidence, this pious ardour,
Let prudence moderate, though not ſuppreſs.
Is not each realm that ſmiles with kinder ſuns,
Or boaſts a happier ſoil, already thine?
Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges ſolid ſtrength for feeble ſplendour.

MAHOMET.

Preach thy dull politicks to vulgar kings,
Thou know'ſt not yet thy maſter's future greatneſs,
His vaſt deſigns, his plans of boundleſs pow'r.
When ev'ry ſtorm in my domain ſhall roar,
When ev'ry wave ſhall beat a Turkiſh ſhore,
Then, Cali, ſhall the toils of battle ceaſe,
Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ASPASIA, IRENE.

IRENE.

ASPASIA, yet purſue the ſacred theme;
Exhauſt the ſtores of pious eloquence,
And teach me to repel the Sultan's paſſion.
Still at Aſpaſia's voice a ſudden rapture
Exalts my ſoul, and fortifies my heart.
The glitt'ring vanities of empty greatneſs,
The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life,
Diſſolve in air, and vaniſh into nothing.

ASPASIA.

Let nobler hopes and juſter fears ſucceed,
And bar the paſſes of Irene's mind
Againſt returning guilt.

IRENE.

When thou art abſent
Death riſes to my view, with all his terrors;

Then

ı viſions horrid as a murd'rer's dreams
my reſolves, and blaſt my blooming virtue:
ı torture ſhakes his bloody ſcourge before me,
anguiſh gnaſhes on the fatal wheel.

ASPASIA.

: fear predominates in every thought,
ſways thy breaſt with abſolute dominion,
k on th' inſulting ſcorn, the conſcious pangs,
future miſeries that wait th' apoſtate;
ıall timidity aſſiſt thy reaſon,
wiſdom into virtue turn thy frailty.

IRENE.

not that pow'r that form'd the heart of woman,
wove the feeble texture of her nerves,
ive thoſe fears that ſhake the tender frame?

ASPASIA.

weakneſs we lament, ourſelves create;
ucted from our infant years to court
ı counterfeited fears the aid of man,
learn to ſhudder at the ruſtling breeze,
: at the light, and tremble in the dark;
affectation, rip'ning to belief,
folly, frighted at her own chimeras,
itual cowardice uſurps the ſoul.

IRENE.

all like thee can brave the ſhocks of fate,
ſoul by nature great, enlarg'd by knowledge,
s unencumber'd with our idle cares,
all Aſpaſia, but her beauty, 's man.

ASPASIA.

Each generous ſentiment is thine, Demetrius,
Whoſe ſoul, perhaps, yet mindful of Aſpaſia,
Now hovers o'er this melancholy ſhade,
Well pleas'd to find thy precepts not forgotten.
O! could the grave reſtore the pious hero,
Soon would his art or valour ſet us free,
And bear us far from ſervitude and crimes.

IRENE.

He yet may live.

ASPASIA.

Alas! deluſive dream!
Too well I know him, his immod'rate courage,
Th' impetuous ſallies of exceſſive virtue,
Too ſtrong for love, have hurried him on death.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI TO ABDALLA, AS THEY ADVANCE.

Behold our future Sultaneſs, Abdalla;
Let artful flatt'ry now, to lull ſuſpicion,
Glide through Irene to the Sultan's ear.
Wouldſt thou ſubdue th' obdurate cannibal
To tender friendſhip, praiſe him to his miſtreſs.

[To IRENE.]

Well may thoſe eyes that view theſe heav'nly charms
Reject the daughters of contending kings;
For what are pompous titles, proud alliance,
Empire or wealth, to excellence like thine?

ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

Receive th' impatient Sultan to thy arms;
And may a long poſterity of monarchs,
The pride and terror of ſucceeding days,
Riſe from the happy bed; and future queens
Diffuſe Irene's beauty through the world.

IRENE.

Can Mahomet's imperial hand deſcend
To claſp a ſlave? or, can a ſoul like mine,
Unus'd to power, and form'd for humbler ſcenes,
Support the ſplendid miſeries of greatneſs?

CALI.

No regal pageant deck'd with caſual honours,
Scorn'd by his ſubjects, trampled by his foes;
No feeble tyrant of a petty ſtate
Courts thee to ſhake on a dependent throne;
Born to command, as thou to charm mankind,
The Sultan from himſelf derives his greatneſs.
Obſerve, bright maid, as his reſiſtleſs voice
Drives on the tempeſt of deſtructive war,
How nation after nation falls before him.

ABDALLA.

At his dread name the diſtant mountains ſhake
Their cloudy ſummits, and the ſons of fierceneſs,
That range unciviliz'd from rock to rock,
Diſtruſt th' eternal fortreſſes of nature,
And wiſh their gloomy caverns more obſcure.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this laviſh pomp of dreadful praiſe;
The horrid images of war and ſlaughter
Renew our ſorrows, and awake our fears.

ABDALLA.

Cali, methinks yon waving trees afford
A doubtful glimpſe of our approaching friends;
Juſt as I mark'd them, they forſook the ſhore,
And turn'd their haſty ſteps towards the garden.

CALI.

Conduct theſe queens, Abdalla, to the palace:
Such heav'nly beauty form'd for adoration,
The pride of monarchs, the reward of conqueſt;
Such beauty muſt not ſhine to vulgar eyes.

SCENE III.

CALI, SOLUS.

How heav'n, in ſcorn of human arrogance,
Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations!
While with inceſſant thought laborious man
Extends his mighty ſchemes of wealth and pow'r,
And towers and triumphs in ideal greatneſs,
Some accidental guſt of oppoſition
Blaſts all the beauties of his new creation,
O'erturns the fabrick of preſumptuous reaſon,
And whelms the ſwelling architect beneath it.
Had not the breeze untwin'd the meeting boughs,
And through the parted ſhade diſclos'd the Greeks,
Th' important hour had paſs'd unheeded by,
In all the ſweet oblivion of delight,
In all the fopperies of meeting lovers;
In ſighs and tears, in tranſports and embraces,
In ſoft complaints, and idle proteſtations.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS.

CALI.

Could omens fright the reſolute and wiſe,
Well might we fear impending diſappointments.

LEONTIUS.

Your artful ſuit, your monarch's fierce denial,
The cruel doom of hapleſs Menodorus.——

DEMETRIUS.

And your new charge, that dear, that heav'nly maid.——

LEONTIUS.

All this we know already from Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Such ſlight defeats but animate the brave
To ſtronger efforts, and maturer counſels.

CALI.

My doom confirm'd eſtabliſhes my purpoſe:
Calmly he heard, till Amurath's reſumption
Roſe to his thought, and ſet his ſoul on fire:
When from his lips the fatal name burſt out,
A ſudden pauſe th' imperfect ſenſe ſuſpended,
Like the dread ſtilneſs of condenſing ſtorms.

DEMETRIUS.

The loudeſt cries of nature urge us forward;
Deſpotick rage purſues the life of Cali;
His groaning country claims Leontius' aid;
And yet another voice, forgive me, Greece,

The pow'rful voice of love inflames Demetrius,
Each ling'ring hour alarms me for Aſpaſia.

CALI.

What paſſions reign among thy crew, Leontius?
Does cheerleſs diffidence oppreſs their hearts?
Or ſprightly hope exalt their kindling ſpirits?
Do they with pain repreſs the ſtruggling ſhout,
And liſten eager to the riſing wind?

LEONTIUS.

All there is hope, and gaiety, and courage,
No cloudy doubts, or languiſhing delays;
Ere I could range them on the crowded deck,
At once a hundred voices thunder'd round me,
And every voice was liberty and Greece.

DEMETRIUS.

Swift, let us ruſh upon the careleſs tyrant,
Nor give him leiſure for another crime.

LEONTIUS.

Then let us now reſolve, nor idly waſte
Another hour in dull deliberation.

CALI.

But ſee, where deſtin'd to protract our counſels,
Comes Muſtapha.—Your Turkiſh robes conceal you.
Retire with ſpeed, while I prepare to meet him
With artificial ſmiles, and ſeeming friendſhip.

SCENE

SCENE V.

CALI AND MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

ee the gloom that low'rs upon thy brow,
ieſe days of love and pleaſure charm not thee;
o flow theſe gentle conſtellations roll,
ou'long'ſt for ſtars that frown on human kind,
d ſcatter diſcord from their baleful beams.

MUSTAPHA.

ow bleſt art thou, ſtill jocund and ſerene,
neath the load of buſineſs, and of years!

CALI.

re, by ſome wond'rous ſympathy of ſouls,
y heart ſtill beats reſponſive to the Sultan's;
hare, by ſecret inſtinct, all his joys,
d feel no ſorrow while my ſov'reign ſmiles.

MUSTAPHA.

e Sultan comes, impatient for his love;
nduct her hither, let no rude intruſion
oleſt theſe private walks, or care invade
ieſe hours aſſign'd to pleaſure and Irene.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

w, Muſtapha, purſue thy tale of horror.
s treaſon's dire infection reach'd my palace?

Can Cali dare the ſtroke of heav'nly juſtice,
In the dark precincts of the gaping grave,
And load with perjuries his parting ſoul?
Was it for this, that, ſick'ning in Epirus,
My father call'd me to his couch of death,
Join'd Cali's hand to mine, and falt'ring cry'd,
Reſtrain the fervour of impetuous youth
With venerable Cali's faithful counſels?
Are theſe the counſels? This the faith of Cali?
Were all our favours laviſh'd on a villain?
Confeſt? ———

MUSTAPHA.

Confeſt by dying Menodorus.
In his laſt agonies the gaſping coward,
Amidſt the tortures of the burning ſteel,
Still fond of life, groan'd out the dreadful ſecret,
Held forth this fatal ſcroll, then ſunk to nothing.

MAHOMET, EXAMINING THE PAPER.

His correſpondence with our foes of Greece!
His hand! His ſeal! The ſecrets of my ſoul
Conceal'd from all but him! All! all conſpire
To baniſh doubt, and brand him for a villain.
Our ſchemes for ever croſs'd, our mines diſcover'd,
Betray'd ſome traitor lurking near my boſom.
Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-waſting cannon
Lay pointed at our batt'ries yet unform'd,
And broke the meditated lines of war.
Deteſted Cali too, with artful wonder,
Would ſhake his wily head, and cloſely whiſper,
Beware of Muſtapha, beware of treaſon.

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

faith of Muſtapha diſdains ſuſpicion;
yet, great Emperor, beware of treaſon;
inſidious Baſſa fir'd by diſappointment——

MAHOMET.

l feel the vengeance of an injur'd king.
ſeize him, load him with reproachful chains;
re th' aſſembled troops proclaim his crimes;
ı leave him ſtretch'd upon the ling'ring rack,
dſt the camp to howl his life away.

MUSTAPHA.

ıld we before the troops proclaim his crimes,
:ad his arts of ſeeming innocence,
bland addreſs and ſorcery of tongue;
ſhould he fall unheard, by ſudden juſtice,
adoring ſoldiers would revenge their idol.

MAHOMET.

this day with hypocritick zeal,
or'd my leave to viſit Mecca's temple;
:k with the wonder of a ſtateſman's goodneſs,
;'d his thoughts to more ſublime devotion.
let him go, purſu'd by ſilent wrath,
: unexpected daggers in his way,
in ſome diſtant land obſcurely die.

MUSTAPHA.

: will his boundleſs wealth, the ſpoil of Aſia,
'd by your father's ill-plac'd bounties on him,
rſe rebellion through the Eaſtern world;
to his cauſe and liſt beneath his banners

Arabia's roving troops, the ſons of ſwiftneſs,
And arm the Perſian heretick againſt thee;
There ſhall he waſte thy frontiers, check thy conqueſts,
And though at length ſubdued, elude thy vengeance.

MAHOMET.

Elude my vengeance? no—My troops ſhall range
Th' eternal ſnows that freeze beyond Meotis,
And Africk's torrid ſands, in ſearch of Cali.
Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings
Bear him aloft above the wond'ring clouds,
And ſeat him in the Pleiads' golden chariots,
Thence ſhall my fury drag him down to tortures;
Wherever guilt can fly, revenge can follow.

MUSTAPHA.

Wilt thou diſmiſs the ſavage from the toils,
Only to hunt him round the ravag'd world?

MAHOMET.

Suſpend his ſentence—Empire and Irene
Claim my divided ſoul. This wretch, unworthy
To mix with nobler cares, I'll throw aſide
For idle hours, and cruſh him at my leiſure.

MUSTAPHA.

Let not th' unbounded greatneſs of his mind
Betray my king to negligence of danger.
Perhaps the clouds of dark conſpiracy
Now roll full fraught with thunder o'er your head.
Twice ſince the morning roſe I ſaw the Baſſa,
Like a fell adder ſwelling in a brake,
ith the covert of this verdant arch

In

In private conference; beſide him ſtood
Two men unknown, the partners of his boſom;
I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either face
The gloomy reſolution, horrid greatneſs,
And ſtern compoſure of deſpairing heroes;
And, to confirm my thought, at ſight of me,
As blaſted by my preſence, they withdrew
With all the ſpeed of terror and of guilt.

MAHOMET.

The ſtrong emotions of my troubled ſoul
Allow no pauſe for art or for contrivance;
And dark perplexity diſtracts my counſels.
Do thou reſolve: for ſee Irene comes!
At her approach each ruder guſt of thought
Sinks like the ſighing of a tempeſt ſpent,
And gales of ſofter paſſion fan my boſom.

[Cali *enters with* Irene, *and exit with* Muſtapha.

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, IRENE.

MAHOMET.

Wilt thou deſcend, fair daughter of perfection,
To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen?
Ah! ceaſe, Irene, ceaſe thoſe flowing ſorrows,
That melt a heart impregnable till now,
And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.
How will the matchleſs beauties of Irene,
Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,
With all the graceful pride of greatneſs heighten'd,

Amidſt

Amidſt the blaze of jewels and of gold,
Adorn a throne, and dignify dominion!

IRENE.

Why all this glare of ſplendid eloquence,
To paint the pageantries of guilty ſtate?
Muſt I for theſe renounce the hope of heav'n,
Immortal crowns and fulneſs of enjoyment?

MAHOMET.

Vain raptures all—For your inferior natures
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reſerv'd no future paradiſe,
But bids you rove the paths of bliſs, ſecure
Of total death and careleſs of hereafter;
While heav'n's high miniſter, whoſe awful volume
Records each act, each thought of ſov'reign man,
Surveys your plays with inattentive glance,
And leaves the lovely trifler unregarded.

IRENE.

Why then has nature's vain munificence
Profuſely pour'd her bounties upon woman?
Whence then thoſe charms thy tongue has deign'd to flatter,
That air reſiſtleſs and enchanting bluſh,
Unleſs the beauteous fabrick was deſign'd
A habitation for a fairer ſoul?

MAHOMET.

Too high, bright maid, thou rat'ſt exteriour grace:
Not always do the faireſt flow'rs diffuſe
The richeſt odours, nor the ſpeckled ſhells

Conceal

nceal the gem; let female arrogance
ſerve the feather'd wand'rers of the ſky;
ith purple varied and bedrop'd with gold,
ey prune the wing, and ſpread the gloſſy plumes,
dain'd, like you, to flutter and to ſhine,
d cheer the weary paſſenger with muſick.

IRENE.

ean as we are, this tyrant of the world
plores our ſmiles, and trembles at our feet:
hence flow the hopes and fears, deſpair and rapture,
hence all the bliſs and agonies of love?

MAHOMET.

hy, when the balm of ſleep deſcends on man,
gay deluſions, wand'ring o'er the brain,
oth the delighted ſoul with empty bliſs?
want give affluence? and to ſlav'ry freedom?
ch are love's joys, the lenitives of life,
fancy'd treaſure, and a waking dream.

IRENE.

hen let me once, in honour of our ſex,
ſume the boaſtful arrogance of man.
h' attractive ſoftneſs, and th' endearing ſmile,
d pow'rful glance, 'tis granted, are our own;
or has impartial nature's frugal hand
hauſted all her nobler gifts on you;
not we ſhare the comprehenſive thought,
h' enlivening wit, the penetrating reaſon?
ats not the female breaſt with gen'rous paſſions,
e thirſt of empire, and the love of glory?

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Illuſtrious maid, new wonders fix me thine,
Thy ſoul completes the triumphs of thy face.
I thought, forgive my fair, the nobleſt aim,
The ſtrongeſt effort of a female ſoul,
Was but to chuſe the graces of the day;
To tune the tongue, to teach the eyes to roll,
Diſpoſe the colours of the flowing robe,
And add new roſes to the faded cheek.
Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,
To ſhine the goddeſs of applauding nations,
To ſcatter happineſs and plenty round thee,
To bid the proſtrate captive riſe and live,
To ſee new cities tow'r at thy command,
And blaſted kingdoms flouriſh at thy ſmile?

IRENE.

Charm'd with the thought of bleſſing human kind,
Too calm I liſten to the flatt'ring ſounds.

MAHOMET.

O ſeize the power to bleſs—Irene's nod
Shall break the fetters of the groaning Chriſtian;
Greece, in her lovely patroneſs ſecure,
Shall mourn no more her plunder'd palaces.

IRENE.

Forbear—O do not urge me to my ruin!

MAHOMET.

To ſtate and pow'r I court thee, not to ruin:
Smile on my wiſhes, and command the globe.

Security

ecurity ſhall ſpread her ſhield before thee,
ınd love infold thee with his downy wings.
If greatneſs pleaſe thee, mount th' imperial ſeat;
If pleaſure charm thee, view this ſoft retreat;
Here ev'ry warbler of the ſky ſhall ſing;
Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry ſpring:
To deck theſe bow'rs each region ſhall combine,
And ev'n our prophet's gardens envy thine:
Empire and love ſhall ſhare the bliſsful day,
And varied life ſteal unperceiv'd away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI enters with a diſcontented Air; to him enters ABDALLA.]

CALI.

[S this the fierce conſpirator Abdalla?
Is this the reſtleſs diligence of treaſon?
Where haſt thou linger'd while th' encumber'd hours
Fly lab'ring with the fate of future nations,
And hungry ſlaughter ſcents imperial blood?

ABDALLA.

Important cares detain'd me from your counſels,

CALI.

CALI.

Some petty paſſion! ſome domeſtick trifle!
Some vain amuſement of a vacant ſoul!
A weeping wife perhaps, or dying friend,
Hung on your neck, and hinder'd your departure.
Is this a time for ſoftneſs or for ſorrow?
Unprofitable, peaceful, female virtues!
When eager vengeance ſhows a naked foe,
And kind ambition points the way to greatneſs.

ABDALLA.

Muſt then ambition's votaries infringe
The laws of kindneſs, break the bonds of nature?
And quit the names of brother, friend, and father?

CALI.

This ſov'reign paſſion, ſcornful of reſtraint,
Ev'n from the birth affects ſupreme command,
Swells in the breaſt, and with reſiſtleſs force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
As when a deluge overſpreads the plains,
The wand'ring rivulet, and ſilver lake,
Mix undiſtinguiſh'd with the gen'ral roar.

ABDALLA.

Yet can ambition in Abdalla's breaſt
Claim but the ſecond place: there mighty love
Has fix'd his hopes, inquietudes, and fears,
His glowing wiſhes, and his jealous pangs.

CALI.

Love is indeed the privilege of youth;
Yet, on a day like this, when expectation
Pants for the dread event—But let us reaſon—

ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

t thou grown old amidſt the crowd of courts,
l turn'd th' inſtructive page of human life,
cant, at laſt, of reaſon to a lover?
h ill-tim'd gravity, ſuch ſerious folly,
ght well befit the ſolitary ſtudent,
unpractis'd derviſe, or ſequeſter'd faquir.
ow'ſt thou not yet, when love invades the ſoul,
t all her faculties receive his chains?
t reaſon gives her ſceptre to his hand,
only ſtruggles to be more enſlav'd?
aſia, who can look upon thy beauties?
o hear thee ſpeak, and not abandon reaſon?
ſon! the hoary dotard's dull directreſs,
t loſes all becauſe ſhe hazards nothing!
ſon! the tim'rous pilot, that, to ſhun
: rocks of life, for ever flies the port.

CALI.

why this ſudden warmth?

ABDALLA.

Becauſe I love:
auſe my ſlighted paſſion burns in vain!
y roars the lioneſs diſtreſs'd by hunger?
y foam the ſwelling waves when tempeſts riſe?
y ſhakes the ground, when ſubterraneous fires
ce through the burſting caverns rend their way?

CALI.

t till this day thou ſaw'ſt this fatal fair;
l ever paſſion make ſo ſwift a progreſs?
e more reflect, ſuppreſs this infant folly.

ABDALLA.

Groſs fires, enkindled by mortal hand,
Spread by degrees, and dr id th' oppreſſing ſtrem;
The ſubtler flames emitted from the ſky,
Flaſh out at once, with ſt ngth above reſiſtance.

CALI.

How did Aſpaſia welcome your addreſs?
Did you proclaim this unexpected conqueſt?
Or pay with ſpeaking eyes a lover's homage?

ABDALLA.

Confounded, aw'd, and loſt in admiration,
I gaz'd, I trembled; but I could not ſpeak:
When ev'n as love was breaking off from wonder,
And tender accents quiver'd on my lips,
She mark'd my ſparkling eyes, and heaving breaſt,
And ſmiling, conſcious of her charms, withdrew.

[*Enter* Demetrius *and* Leontius.

CALI.

Now be ſome moments maſter of thyſelf,
Nor let Demetrius know thee for a rival.
Hence! or be calm—To diſagree is ruin.

SCENE II.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

DEMETRIUS.

When will occaſion ſmile upon our wiſhes,
And give the tortures of ſuſpenſe a period?
Still muſt we linger in uncertain hope?

Still

anguiſh in our chains, and dream of freedom,
thirſty ſailors gazing on the clouds,
burning death ſhoots through their wither'd
limbs?

CALI.

erance is at hand; for Turkey's tyrant,
in his pleaſures, confident and gay,
all the hero's dull ſecurity,
s to my care his miſtreſs and his life,
aughs and wantons in the jaws of death.

LEONTIUS.

ak is man, when deſtin'd to deſtruction,
watchful ſlumber, and the crafty truſt.

CALI.

y command yon' iron gates unfold,
y command the ſentinels retire;
all the licence of authority,
ugh bowing ſlaves, I range the private rooms,
of to-morrow's action fix the ſcene.

DEMETRIUS.

iorrow's action! Can that hoary wiſdom
down with years, ſtill doat upon to-morrow?
fatal miſtreſs of the young, the lazy,
coward, and the fool, condemn'd to loſe
ſeleſs life in waiting for to-morrow,
aze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
nterpoſing death deſtroys the proſpect!
ge! that this gen'ral fraud from day to day
ld fill the world with wretches undetected.

The ſoldier lab'ring through a winter's march,
Still ſees to-morrow dreſt in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,
To-morrow brings the viſionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the preſent hour alone is man's.

LEONTIUS.

The preſent hour with open arms invites,
Seize the kind fair, and preſs her to thy boſom.

DEMETRIUS.

Who knows, ere this important morrow riſe,
But fear or mutiny may taint the Greeks?
Who knows, if Mahomet's awaking anger
May ſpare the fatal bow-ſtring till to-morrow?

ABDALLA.

Had our firſt Aſian foes but known this ardour,
We ſtill had wander'd on Tartarian hills.
Rouſe, Cali, ſhall the ſons of conquer'd Greece
Lead us to danger, and abaſh their victors?
This night with all her conſcious ſtars be witneſs,
Who merits moſt, Demetrius or Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Who merits moſt!—I knew not we were rivals.

CALI.

Young man, forbear—The heat of youth, no more—
Well,—'tis decreed—This night ſhall fix our fate.
Soon as the veil of evening clouds the ſky,
With cautious ſecrecy, Leontius, ſteer

Th'

h' appointed veſſel to yon ſhaded bay,
›rm'd by this garden jutting on the deep;
ıere, with your ſoldiers arm'd, and ſails expanded,
wait our coming, equally prepar'd
›r ſpeedy flight, or obſtinate defence. [*Exit* Leont.

SCENE III.

CALI, ABDALLA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

ow pauſe, great Baſſa, from the thoughts of blood,
nd kindly grant an ear to gentler ſounds.
e'er thy youth has known the pangs of abſence,
r felt th' impatience of obſtructed love,
ive me, before th' approaching hour of fate,
nce to behold the charms of bright Aſpaſia,
nd draw new virtue from her heav'nly tongue.

CALI.

et prudence, ere the ſuit be farther urg'd,
›partial weigh the pleaſure with the danger.
little longer and ſhe's thine for ever.

DEMETRIUS.

udence and love conſpire in this requeſt,
:ſt, unacquainted with our bold attempt,
ırprize o'erwhelm her, and retard our flight.

CALI.

hat I can grant, you cannot aſk in vain—

DEMETRIUS.

go to wait thy call; this kind conſent
›mpletes the gift of freedom and of life. [*Exit* Dem.

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

And this is my reward—to burn, to languiſh,
To rave unheeded, while the happy Greek,
The refuſe of our ſwords, the droſs of conqueſt,
Throws his fond arms about Aſpaſia's neck,
Dwells on her lips, and ſighs upon her breaſt;
Is't not enough, he lives by our indulgence,
But he muſt live to make his maſters wretched?

CALI.

What claim haſt thou to plead?

ABDALLA.

The claim of pow'r,
Th' unqueſtion'd claim of conquerors, and kings!

CALI.

Yet in the uſe of pow'r remember juſtice.

ABDALLA.

Can then th' aſſaſſin liſt his treach'rous hand
Againſt his king, and cry, remember juſtice?
Juſtice demands the forfeit life of Cali;
Juſtice demands that I reveal your crimes;
Juſtice demands—But ſee th' approaching Sultan.
Oppoſe my wiſhes, and—remember juſtice.

CALI.

Diſorder ſits upon thy face—retire.

[*Exit* Abdalla, *enter* Mahomet.

SCENE

SCENE V.

CALI, MAHOMET.

CALI.

Long be the Sultan bleſs'd with happy love;
My zeal marks gladneſs dawning on thy cheek,
With raptures ſuch as fire the Pagan crowds,
When pale, and anxious for their years to come,
They ſee the ſun ſurmount the dark eclipſe,
And hail unanimous their conqu'ring god.

MAHOMET.

My vows, 'tis true, ſhe hears with leſs averſion,
She ſighs, ſhe bluſhes, but ſhe ſtill denies.

CALI.

With warmer courtſhip preſs the yielding fair,
Call to your aid with boundleſs promiſes
Each rebel wiſh, each traitor inclination
That raiſes tumults in the female breaſt,
The love of pow'r, of pleaſure, and of ſhow.

MAHOMET.

Theſe arts I try'd, and to inflame her more,
By hateful buſineſs hurried from her ſight,
I bade a hundred virgins wait around her,
Sooth her with all the pleaſures of command,
Applaud her charms, and court her to be great.

[*Exit* Mahomet.

IRENE.

Did regal diadems inveſt my brow,
Yet ſhould my ſoul, ſtill faithful to her choice,
Eſteem Aſpaſia's breaſt the nobleſt kingdom.

ASPASIA.

The ſoul once tainted with ſo foul a crime,
No more ſhall glow with friendſhip's hallow'd ardour:
Thoſe holy beings, whoſe ſuperior care
Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
Affrighted at impiety like thine,
Reſign their charge to baſeneſs and to ruin.

IRENE.

Upbraid me not with fancy'd wickedneſs,
I am not yet a queen or an apoſtate.
But ſhould I ſin beyond the hope of mercy,
If, when religion prompts me to refuſe,
The dread of inſtant death reſtrains my tongue?

ASPASIA.

Reflect that life and death, affecting ſounds,
Are only varied modes of endleſs being;
Reflect that life, like ev'ry other bleſſing,
Derives its value from its uſe alone;
Not for itſelf but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconſiſtent with a greater good,
Reaſon commands to caſt the leſs away;
Thus life, with loſs of wealth, is well preſerv'd,
And virtue cheaply ſav'd with loſs of life.

IRENE

IRENE.

If built on ſettled thought, this conſtancy
Not idly flutters on a boaſtful tongue,
Why, when deſtruction rag'd around our walls,
Why fled this haughty heroine from the battle?
Why then did not this warlike Amazon
Mix in the war, and ſhine among the heroes?

ASPASIA.

Heav'n, when its hand pour'd ſoftneſs on our limbs,
Unfit for toil, and poliſh'd into weakneſs,
Made paſſive fortitude the praiſe of woman:
Our only arms are innocence and meekneſs.
Not then with raving cries I fill'd the city,
But while Demetrius, dear lamented name!
Pour'd ſtorms of fire upon our fierce invaders,
Implor'd th' eternal power to ſhield my country,
With ſilent ſorrows, and with calm devotion.

IRENE.

O! did Irene ſhine the Queen of Turkey,
No more ſhould Greece lament thoſe pray'rs rejected.
Again ſhould golden ſplendour grace her cities,
Again her proſtrate palaces ſhould riſe,
Again her temples ſound with holy muſick:
No more ſhould danger fright, or want diſtreſs
The ſmiling widows, and protected orphans.

ASPASIA.

Be virtuous ends purſued by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention ſanctifies the deed:
That maxim publiſh'd in an impious age,
Would looſe the wild enthuſiaſt to deſtroy,

And fix the fierce uſurper's bloody title;
Then bigotry might ſend her ſlaves to war,
And bid ſucceſs become the teſt of truth;
Unpitying maſſacre might waſte the world,
And perſecution boaſt the call of heav'n.

IRENE.

Shall I not wiſh to cheer afflicted kings,
And plan the happineſs of mourning millions?

ASPASIA.

Dream not of pow'r thou never canſt attain:
When ſocial laws firſt harmonis'd the world,
Superior man poſſeſs'd the charge of rule,
The ſcale of juſtice, and the ſword of pow'r,
Nor left us aught but flattery and ſtate.

IRENE.

To me my lover's fondneſs will reſtore
Whate'er man's pride has raviſh'd from our ſex.

ASPASIA.

When ſoft ſecurity ſhall prompt the Sultan,
Freed from the tumults of unſettled conqueſt,
To fix his court and regulate his pleaſures,
Soon ſhall the dire ſeraglio's horrid gates
Cloſe like th' eternal bars of death upon thee,
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual ſloth,
That gloomy ſlumber of the ſtagnant ſoul;
There ſhalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,
And ſigh for cheerful poverty in vain:
There wear the tedious hours of life away,
Beneath each curſe of unrelenting heav'n,
Deſpair, and flav'ry, ſolitude, and guilt.

IRENE.

There ſhall we find the yet untaſted bliſs
Of grandeur and tranquillity combin'd.

ASPASIA.

Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by heav'n,
Still ſtretch in vain their longing arms afar;
Nor dare to paſs th' inſuperable bound.
Ah! let me rather ſeek the convent's cell;
There when my thoughts, at interval of pray'r,
Deſcend to range theſe manſions of misfortune,
Oft' ſhall I dwell on our diſaſtrous friendſhip,
And ſhed the pitying tear for loſt Irene.

IRENE.

Go, languiſh on in dull obſcurity;
Thy dazzled ſoul, with all its boaſted greatneſs,
Shrinks at th' o'erpow'ring gleams of regal ſtate,
Stoops from the blaze like a degenerate eagle,
And flies for ſhelter to the ſhades of life.

ASPASIA.

On me, ſhould Providence, without a crime,
The weighty charge of royalty confer;
Call me to civilize the Ruſſian wilds,
Or bid ſoft ſcience poliſh Britain's heroes:
Soon ſhouldſt thou ſee, how falſe thy weak reproach.
My boſom feels, enkindled from the ſky,
The lambent flames of mild benevolence,
Untouch'd by fierce ambition's raging fires.

IRENE.

Ambition is the ſtamp, impreſs'd by heav'n
To mark the nobleſt minds; with active heat
Inform'd they mount the precipice of pow'r,
Graſp at command, and tow'r in queſt of empire;
While vulgar ſouls compaſſionate their cares,
Gaze at their height and tremble at their danger:
Thus meaner ſpirits with amazement mark
The varying ſeaſons, and revolving ſkies,
And aſk, what guilty pow'r's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs;
While ſome archangel, nearer to perfection,
In eaſy ſtate preſides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careleſs nod,
Conducts the ſun, and regulates the ſpheres.

ASPASIA.

Well may'ſt thou hide in labyrinths of ſound
The cauſe that ſhrinks from reaſon's powerful voice.
Stoop from thy flight, trace back th' entangled thought,
And ſet the glitt'ring fallacy to view.
Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtain'd by crime,
Angelick greatneſs is angelick virtue.
Amidſt the glare of courts, the ſhout of armies,
Will not th' apoſtate feel the pangs of guilt,
And wiſh too late for innocence and peace?
Curſt as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,
With gloomy ſtate and agonizing pomp.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

IRENE, ASPASIA, MAID.

MAID.

Turkiſh ſtranger, of majeſtick mien,
is at the gate admiſſion to Aſpaſia,
nmiſſion'd, as he ſays, by Cali Baſſa.

IRENE.

ıoe'er thou art, or whatſoe'er thy meſſage, [*Aſide.*
anks for this kind relief—With ſpeed admit him.

ASPASIA.

comes, perhaps, to ſeparate us for ever;
ıen I am gone, remember, O! remember,
at none are great, or happy, but the virtuous.
[*Exit* Irene, *enter* Demetrius.

SCENE X.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

is ſhe—my hope, my happineſs, my love!
paſia! do I once again behold thee?
ll, ſtill the ſame—unclouded by misfortune!
t my bleſt eyes for ever gaze——

ASPASIA.

Demetrius!

DEMETRIUS.

ABDALLA.

Aſpaſia's abſence will inflame ſuſpicion;
She cannot, muſt not, ſhall not linger here,
Prudence and friendſhip bid me force her from you.

DEMETRIUS.

Force her! profane her with a touch, and die.

ABDALLA.

'Tis Greece, 'tis freedom calls Aſpaſia hence,
Your careleſs love betrays your country's cauſe.

DEMETRIUS.

If we muſt part——

ASPASIA.

No! let us die together.

DEMETRIUS.

If we muſt part——

ABDALLA.

Diſpatch; th' encreaſing danger
Will not admit a lover's long farewell,
The long-drawn intercourſe of ſighs and kiſſes.

DEMETRIUS.

Then—O my fair, I cannot bid thee go;
Receive her, and protect her, gracious heav'n!
Yet let me watch her dear departing ſteps,
If fate purſues me, let it find me here.
Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy cauſe neglected while I gaze;
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,
And find our paſſions not infus'd in vain. [Exeunt

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, enter as talking.

ASPASIA.

ENOUGH—reſiſtleſs reaſon calms my ſoul—
Approving juſtice ſmiles upon your cauſe,
And nature's rights entreat th' aſſerting ſword.
Yet when your hand is lifted to deſtroy,
Think—but excuſe a woman's needleſs caution,
Purge well thy mind from ev'ry private paſſion,
Drive int'reſt, love, and vengeance from thy thoughts,
Fill all thy ardent breaſt with Greece and virtue,
Then ſtrike ſecure, and heav'n aſſiſt the blow!

DEMETRIUS.

Thou kind aſſiſtant of my better angel,
Propitious guide of my bewilder'd ſoul,
Calm of my cares, and guardian of my virtue!

ASPASIA.

My ſoul, firſt kindled by thy bright example
To noble thought and gen'rous emulation,
Now but reflects thoſe beams that flow'd from thee.

DEMETRIUS.

With native luſtre and unborrow'd greatneſs,
Thou ſhin'ſt, bright maid, ſuperior to diſtreſs;
Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,
Thoſe glitt'ring dew-drops of a vernal morn,

That ſpread their colours to the genial beam,
And ſparkling quiver to the breath of May;
But when the tempeſt with ſonorous wing
Sweeps o'er the grove, forſake the lab'ring bough,
Diſpers'd in air, or mingled with the duſt.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this triumph—ſtill new conflicts wait us,
Foes unforeſeen, and dangers unſuſpected.
Oft when the fierce beſiegers' eager hoſt
Beholds the fainting garriſon retire,
And ruſhes joyful to the naked wall,
Deſtruction flaſhes from th' inſidious mine,
And ſweeps th' exulting conqueror away:
Perhaps in vain the Sultan's anger ſpar'd me,
To find a meaner fate from treach'rous friendſhip—
Abdalla! ——

DEMETRIUS.

Can Abdalla then diſſemble?
That fiery chief, renown'd for gen'rous freedom,
For zeal unguarded, undiſſembled hate,
For daring truth, and turbulence of honour?

ASPASIA.

This open friend, this undeſigning hero,
With noiſy falſehoods forc'd me from your arms,
To ſhock my virtue with a tale of love.

DEMETRIUS.

Did not the cauſe of Greece reſtrain my ſword,
Aſpaſia ſhould not fear a ſecond inſult.

ASPASIA.

His pride and love by turns inſpir'd his tongue,

And intermix'd my praiſes with his own;
His wealth, his rank, his honours he recounted,
Till, in the midſt of arrogance and fondneſs,
Th' approaching Sultan forc'd me from the palace;
Then while he gaz'd upon his yielding miſtreſs,
I ſtole unheeded from their raviſh'd eyes,
And ſought this happy grove in queſt of thee.

DEMETRIUS.

Soon may the final ſtroke decide our fate,
Leſt baneful diſcord cruſh our infant ſcheme,
And ſtrangled freedom periſh in the birth!

ASPASIA.

My boſom, haraſs'd with alternate paſſions,
Now hopes, now fears—

DEMETRIUS.

Th' anxieties of love.

ASPASIA.

Think how the ſov'reign arbiter of kingdoms
Deteſts thy falſe aſſociates' black deſigns,
And frowns on perjury, revenge, and murder.
Embark'd with treaſon on the ſeas of fate,
When heav'n ſhall bid the ſwelling billows rage,
And point vindictive lightnings at rebellion,
Will not the patriot ſhare the traitor's danger?
Oh could thy hand unaided free thy country,
Nor mingled guilt pollute the ſacred cauſe!

DEMETRIUS.

Permitted oft, though not inſpir'd by heav'n,
Succeſsful treaſons puniſh impious kings.

ASPASIA.

Nor end my terrors with the Sultan's death;
Far as futurity's untravell'd waſte
Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,
On ev'ry ſide confuſion, rage, and death,
Perhaps the phantoms of a woman's fear,
Beſet the treacherous way with fatal ambuſh;
Each Turkiſh boſom burns for thy deſtruction,
Ambitious Cali dreads the ſtateſman's arts,
And hot Abdalla hates the happy lover.

DEMETRIUS.

Capricious man! to good and ill inconſtant,
Too much to fear, or truſt, is equal weakneſs.
Sometimes the wretch unaw'd by heav'n or hell,
With mad devotion idolizes honour.
The Baſſa, reeking with his maſter's murder,
Perhaps may ſtart at violated friendſhip.

ASPASIA.

How ſoon, alas! will int'reſt, fear, or envy,
O'erthrow ſuch weak, ſuch accidental virtue,
Nor built on faith, nor fortify'd by conſcience?

DEMETRIUS.

When deſp'rate ills demand a ſpeedy cure,
Diſtruſt is cowardice, and prudence folly.

ASPASIA.

Yet think a moment, ere you court deſtruction,
What hand, when death has ſnatch'd away Demetrius,
Shall guard Aſpaſia from triumphant luſt.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Diſmiſs theſe needleſs fears—a troop of Greeks
Well known, long try'd, expect us on the ſhore.
Borne on the ſurface of the ſmiling deep,
Soon ſhalt thou ſcorn, in ſafety's arms repos'd,
Abdalla's rage and Cali's ſtratagems.

ASPASIA.

Still, ſtill diſtruſt ſits heavy on my heart.
Will e'er an happier hour reviſit Greece?

DEMETRIUS.

Should heav'n yet unappeas'd refuſe its aid,
Diſperſe our hopes, and fruſtrate our deſigns,
Yet ſhall the conſcience of the great attempt
Diffuſe a brightneſs on our future days;
Nor will his country's groans reproach Demetrius.
But how canſt thou ſupport the woes of exile?
Canſt thou forget hereditary ſplendours,
To live obſcure upon a foreign coaſt,
Content with ſcience, innocence, and love?

ASPASIA.

Nor wealth, nor titles, make Aſpaſia's bliſs.
O'erwhelm'd and loſt amidſt the publick ruins,
Unmov'd I ſaw the glitt'ring trifles periſh,
And thought the petty droſs beneath a ſigh.
Cheerful I follow to the rural cell,
Love be my wealth, and my diſtinction virtue.

DEMETRIUS.

Submiſſive and prepar'd for each event,
Now let us wait the laſt award of heav'n,

Secure of happineſs from flight or conqueſt,
Nor fear the fair and learn'd can want protection.
The mighty Tuſcan courts the baniſh'd arts
To kind Italia's hoſpitable ſhades;
There ſhall ſoft Leiſure wing th' excurſive ſoul,
And Peace propitious ſmile on fond deſire;
There ſhall deſpotick Eloquence reſume
Her ancient empire o'er the yielding heart;
There Poetry ſhall tune her ſacred voice,
And wake from ignorance the weſtern world.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, CALI.

CALI.

At length th' unwilling ſun reſigns the world
To ſilence and to reſt. The hours of darkneſs,
Propitious hours to ſtratagem and death,
Purſue the laſt remains of ling'ring light.

DEMETRIUS.

Count not theſe hours as parts of vulgar time,
Think them a ſacred treaſure lent by heav'n,
Which ſquander'd by neglect, or fear, or folly,
No pray'r recalls, no diligence redeems;
To-morrow's dawn ſhall ſee the Turkiſh king
Stretch'd in the duſt, or tow'ring on his throne;
To-morrow's dawn ſhall ſee the mighty Cali
The ſport of tyranny, or lord of nations.

CALI.

Then waſte no longer theſe important moments
In ſoft endearments, and in gentle murmurs,
loſe in love the patriot and the hero.

DEMETRIUS

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis love combin'd with guilt alone, that melts
The ſoften'd ſoul to cowardice and ſloth;
But virtuous paſſion prompts the great reſolve,
And fans the ſlumb'ring ſpark of heav'nly fire.
Retire, my fair; that pow'r that ſmiles on goodneſs
Guide all thy ſteps, calm ev'ry ſtormy thought,
And ſtill thy boſom with the voice of peace!

ASPASIA.

Soon may we meet again, ſecure and free,
To feel no more the pangs of ſeparation! [*Exit.*

DEMETRIUS, CALI.

DEMETRIUS.

This night alone is ours—Our mighty foe,
No longer loſt in am'rous ſolitude,
Will now remount the ſlighted ſeat of empire,
And ſhow Irene to the ſhouting people:
Aſpaſia left her ſighing in his arms,
And liſt'ning to the pleaſing tale of pow'r,
With ſoften'd voice ſhe dropp'd the faint refuſal,
Smiling conſent ſhe ſat, and bluſhing love.

CALI.

Now, tyrant, with ſatiety of beauty
Now feaſt thine eyes, thine eyes that ne'er hereafter
Shall dart their am'rous glances at the fair,
Or glare on Cali with malignant beams.

SCENE III.

DEMETRIUS, CALI, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

LEONTIUS.

Our bark unſeen has reach'd th' appointed bay,
And where yon trees wave o'er the foaming ſurge
Reclines againſt the ſhore: our Grecian troop
Extends its lines along the ſandy beach,
Elate with hope, and panting for a foe.

ABDALLA.

The fav'ring winds aſſiſt the great deſign,
Sport in our ſails, and murmur o'er the deep.

CALI.

'Tis well—A ſingle blow completes our wiſhes;
Return with ſpeed, Leontius, to your charge;
The Greeks, diſorder'd by their leader's abſence,
May droop diſmay'd, or kindle into madneſs.

LEONTIUS.

Suſpected ſtill?—What villain's pois'nous tongue
Dares join Leontius' name with fear or falſehood?
Have I for this preſerv'd my guiltleſs boſom,
Pure as the thoughts of infant innocence?
Have I for this defy'd the chiefs of Turkey,
Intrepid in the flaming front of war?

CALI.

Haſt thou not ſearch'd my ſoul's profoundeſt thoughts?
Is not the fate of Greece and Cali thine?

LEONTIUS.

Why has thy choice then pointed out Leontius,
Unfit to ſhare this night's illuſtrious toils?
To wait remote from action, and from honour,
An idle liſt'ner to the diſtant cries
Of ſlaughter'd infidels, and claſh of ſwords!
Tell me the cauſe, that while thy name, Demetrius,
Shall ſoar triumphant on the wings of glory,
Deſpis'd and curs'd, Leontius muſt deſcend
Through hiſſing ages, a proverbial coward,
The tale of women, and the ſcorn of fools?

DEMETRIUS.

Can brave Leontius be the ſlave of glory?
Glory, the caſual gift of thoughtleſs crowds!
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!
Be but my country free, be thine the praiſe;
I aſk no witneſs, but atteſting conſcience,
No records, but the records of the ſky.

LEONTIUS.

Wilt thou then head the troop upon the ſhore,
While I deſtroy th' oppreſſor of mankind?

DEMETRIUS.

What canſt thou boaſt ſuperior to Demetrius?
Aſk to whoſe ſword the Greeks will truſt their cauſe,
My name ſhall echo through the ſhouting field;
Demand whoſe force yon Turkiſh heroes dread,
The ſhudd'ring camp ſhall murmur out Demetrius.

CALI.

Muſt Greece, ſtill wretched by her children's folly,
For ever mourn their avarice or factions?
Demetrius juſtly pleads a double title,
The lover's int'reſt aids the patriot's claim.

LEONTIUS.

My pride ſhall ne'er protract my country's woes;
Succeed, my friend, unenvied by Leontius.

DEMETRIUS.

I feel new ſpirit ſhoot along my nerves,
My ſoul expands to meet approaching freedom.
Now hover o'er us with propitious wings,
Ye ſacred ſhades of patriots and of martyrs;
All ye, whoſe blood tyrannick rage effus'd,
Or perſecution drank, attend our call;
And from the manſions of perpetual peace
Deſcend, to ſweeten labours once your own.

CALI.

Go then, and with united eloquence
Confirm your troops; and when the moon's fair beam
Plays on the quiv'ring waves, to guide our flight,
Return, Demetrius, and be free for ever.

[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* Leon.

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

[illegible] the new monarch, ſwell'd with airy rule,
[illegible] down, contemptuous, from his fancy'd height,
[illegible]ters fate, unmindful of Abdalla!

CALI.

CALI.

e ſuch black ingratitude from Cali;
ı Aſia's nations own me for their lord,
th, and command, and grandeur ſhall be thine.

ABDALLA.

s the recompence reſerv'd for me?
: thou thus dally with Abdalla's paſſion?
eforward hope no more my ſlighted friendſhip,
: from thy dream of pow'r to death and tortures,
bid thy viſionary throne farewell.

CALI.

e, and enjoy thy wiſh—

ABDALLA.

I need not name it;
ia's lovers know but one deſire,
hope, nor wiſh, nor live but for Aſpaſia.

CALI.

fatal beauty plighted to Demetrius
'n makes not mine to give.

ABDALLA.

Nor to deny.

CALI.

in her and poſſeſs, thou know'ſt thy rival.

ABDALLA.

well I know him, ſince on Thracia's plains
: the force of his tempeſtuous arm,
ſaw my ſcatter'd ſquadrons fly before him.

Nor

Nor will I truſt th' uncertain chance of combat;
The rights of princes let the ſword decide,
The petty claims of empire and of honour:
Revenge and ſubtle jealouſy ſhall teach
A ſurer paſſage to his hated heart.

CALI.

O ſpare the gallant Greek, in him we loſe
The politician's arts, and hero's flame.

ABDALLA.

When next we meet, bef e we ſtorm the palace,
The bowl ſhall circle to c ıfirm our league,
Then ſhall theſe juices tai : Demetrius' draught,
[*Shewing a phial.*
And ſtream deſtructive through his freezing veins:
Thus ſhall he live to ſtrike th' important blow,
And periſh ere he taſtes the joys of conqueſt.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, CALI, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Henceforth for ever happy be this day,
Sacred to love, to pleaſure, and Irene:
The matchleſs fair has bleſs'd me with compliance;
Let every tongue reſound Irene's praiſe,
And ſpread the general tranſport through mankind.

CALI.

:, for whom indulgent Heav'n ordains
joys of paradiſe and empire,

Now

ow join thy people's, and thy Cali's prayers,
ſpend thy paſſage to the ſeats of bliſs,
or wiſh for houries in Irene's arms.

MAHOMET.

rbear—I know the long-try'd faith of Cali.

CALI.

! could the eyes of kings, like thoſe of heav'n,
arch to the dark receſſes of the ſoul,
t would they find ingratitude and treaſon,
ſmiles, and oaths, and praiſes ill diſguis'd.
ow rarely would they meet, in crowded courts,
delity ſo firm, ſo pure, as mine!

MUSTAPHA.

t ere we give our looſen'd thoughts to rapture,
t prudence obviate an impending danger:
inted by ſloth, the parent of ſedition,
e hungry janizary burns for plunder,
d growls in private o'er his idle ſabre.

MAHOMET.

ſtill their murmurs, ere the twentieth ſun
all ſhed his beams upon the bridal bed,
ouze to war, and conquer for Irene.
en ſhall the Rhodian mourn his ſinking tow'rs,
d Buda fall, and proud Vienna tremble,
en ſhall Venetia feel the Turkiſh pow'r,
d ſubject ſeas roar round their queen in vain.

ABDALLA.

en ſeize fair Italy's delightful coaſt,
fix your ſtandard in imperial Rome.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Her ſons malicious clemency ſhall ſpare,
To form new legends, ſanctify new crimes,
To canonize the ſlaves of ſuperſtition,
And fill the world with follies and impoſtures,
Till angry Heav'n ſhall mark them out for ruin,
And war o'erwhelm them in their dream of vice.
O could her fabled ſaints, and boaſted prayers
Call forth her ancient heroes to the field,
How ſhould I joy, 'midſt the fierce ſhock of nations,
To croſs the tow'rings of an equal ſoul,
And bid the maſter genius rule the world.
Abdalla, Cali, go—proclaim my purpoſe.

[*Exeunt* Cali *and* Abdalla.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Still Cali lives, and muſt he live to-morrow?
That fawning villain's forc'd congratulations
Will cloud my triumphs, and pollute the day.

MUSTAPHA.

With cautious vigilance, at my command,
Two faithful captains, Haſan and Caraza,
Purſue him through his labyrinths of treaſon,
And wait your ſummons to report his conduct.

MAHOMET.

Call them—but let them not prolong their tale,
Nor preſs too much upon a lover's patience.

[*Exit* Muſtapha.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, SOLUS.

)me'er the hope, ſtill blaſted, ſtill renew'd,
iappineſs, lures on from toil to toil,
iember Mahomet, and ceaſe thy labour.
)ld him here, in love, in war ſucceſsful,
)ld him wretched in his double triumph;
fav'rite faithleſs, and his miſtreſs baſe.
)ition only gave her to my arms,
'eaſon not convinc'd, nor won by love.
)ition was her crime, but meaner folly
ms me to loath at once, and doat on falſehood,
idolize th' apoſtate I contemn.
iou art more than the gay dream of fancy,
'e than a pleaſing ſound without a meaning,
appineſs! ſure thou art all Aſpaſia's.

SCENE VIII.

HOMET, MUSTAPHA, HASAN, AND CARAZA.

MAHOMET.

aza, ſpeak—have ye remark'd the Baſſa?

CARAZA.

ſe, as we might unſeen, we watch'd his ſteps;
air diſorder'd, and his gait unequal,
ray'd the wild emotions of his mind.
:den he ſtops, and inward turns his eyes,
'orb'd in thought; then ſtarting from his trance,
iſtrains a ſullen ſmile, and ſhoots away.
th him Abdalla we beheld—

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

Abdalla!

MAHOMET.

He wears of late reſentment on his brow,
Deny'd the government of Servia's province.

CARAZA.

We mark'd him ſtorming in exceſs of fury,
And heard, within the thicket that conceal'd us,
An undiſtinguiſh'd ſound of threat'ning rage.

MUSTAPHA.

How guilt once harbour'd in the conſcious breaſt,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
By treaſon levell'd with the dregs of men!
Ere guilty fear depreſs'd the hoary chief,
An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
Had ſtretch'd the fiery boaſter in the grave.

MAHOMET.

Shall monarchs fear to draw the ſword of juſtice,
Aw'd by the crowd, and by their ſlaves reſtrain'd?
Seize him this night, and through the private paſſage
Convey him to the priſon's inmoſt depths,
Reſerv'd to all the pangs of tedious death.

[*Exeunt* Mahomet *and* Muſtapha.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

HASAN, CARAZA.

HASAN.

then the Greeks, unpuniſh'd and conceal'd,
rive perhaps the ruin of our empire,
ue with our chiefs, and propagate ſedition?

CARAZA.

te'er their ſcheme, the Baſſa's death defeats it,
gratitude's ſtrong ties reſtrain my tongue.

HASAN.

t ties to ſlaves? what gratitude to foes?

CARAZA.

ıat black day when ſlaughter'd thouſands fell
ınd theſe fatal walls, the tide of war
me victorious onward, where Demetrius
: unreſiſted from the giant hand
tern Sebalias the triumphant creſcent,
daſh'd the might of Aſem from the ramparts.
re I became, nor bluſh to make it known,
captive of his ſword. The coward Greeks,
ıg'd by wrongs, exulting with ſucceſs,
m'd me to die with all the Turkiſh captains;
brave Demetrius ſcorn'd the mean revenge,
gave me life—

HASAN.

Do thou repay the gift,
unrewarded mercy loſe its charms.

Profuſe of wealth, or bounteous of ſucceſs,
When heav'n beſtows the privilege to bleſs;
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand reſtrain,
For when was pow'r beneficent in vain?

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

ASPASIA, SOLUS.

IN theſe dark moments of ſuſpended fate,
While yet the future fortune of my country
Lies in the womb of providence conceal'd,
And anxious angels wait the mighty birth;
O grant thy ſacred influence, pow'rful virtue!
Attention riſe, ſurvey the fair creation,
Till, conſcious of th' encircling deity,
Beyond the miſts of care thy pinion tow'rs.
This calm, theſe joys, dear innocence! are thine,
Joys ill exchang'd for gold, and pride, and empire.

[*Enter* Irene *and* Attendants.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, and Attendants.

IRENE.

See how the moon through all th' unclouded ſky
Spreads her mild radiance, and deſcending dews
Revive

Revive the languid flow'rs; thus nature ſhone
New from the maker's hand, and fair array'd
In the bright colours of primæval ſpring;
When purity, while fraud was yet unknown,
Play'd fearleſs in th' inviolated ſhades.
This elemental joy, this gen'ral calm,
Is ſure the ſmile of unoffended heav'n.
Yet! why—

MAID.

Behold, within th' embow'ring grove
Aſpaſia ſtands———

IRENE.

With melancholy mien,
Penſive, and envious of Irene's greatneſs.
Steal unperceiv'd upon her meditations—
But ſee, the lofty maid, at our approach,
Reſumes th' imperious air of haughty virtue.
Are theſe th' unceaſing joys, th' unmingled pleaſures
[*To* Aſpaſia.
For which Aſpaſia ſcorn'd the Turkiſh crown?
Is this th' unſhaken confidence in heav'n?
Is this the boaſted bliſs of conſcious virtue?
When did content ſigh out her cares in ſecret?
When did felicity repine in deſerts?

ASPASIA.

Ill ſuits with guilt the gaieties of triumph;
When daring vice inſults eternal juſtice,
The miniſters of wrath forget compaſſion,
And ſnatch the flaming bolt with haſty hand.

IRENE.

Forbear thy threats, proud propheteſs of ill,
Vers'd in the ſecret counſels of the ſky.

ASPASIA.

Forbear—But thou art ſunk beneath reproach;
In vain affected raptures fluſh the cheek,
And ſongs of pleaſure warble from the tongue,
When fear and anguiſh labour in the breaſt,
And all within is darkneſs and confuſion;
Thus on deceitful Etna's flow'ry ſide,
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye,
While ſecret flames, with unextinguiſh'd rage,
Inſatiate on her waſted entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruin.

[*Enter* Dem.

SCENE III.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Fly, fly, my love, deſtruction ruſhes on us,
The rack expects us, and the ſword purſues.

ASPASIA.

Is Greece deliver'd? is the tyrant fall'n?

DEMETRIUS.

Greece is no more, the proſp'rous tyrant lives,
Reſerv'd, for other lands, the ſcourge of heav'n.

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

', by what fraud, what force were you defeated?
:ray'd by falſehood, or by crowds o'erborn?

DEMETRIUS.

.e preſſing exigence forbids relation.
›dalla——

ASPASIA.

Hated name! his jealous rage
oke out in perfidy—Oh curs'd Aſpaſia,
rn to complete the ruin of her country;
ide me, oh hide me from upbraiding Greece,
ı, hide me from myſelf!

DEMETRIUS.

Be fruitleſs grief
he doom of guilt alone, nor dare to ſeize
he breaſt where virtue guards the throne of peace.
:volve, dear maid, thy ſorrows on the wretch,
'hoſe fear, or rage, or treachery betray'd us.

IRENE ASIDE.

private ſtation may diſcover more;
hen let me rid them of Irene's preſence:
roceed, and give a looſe to love and treaſon.
[*Withdraws.*

ASPASIA.

et tell.

DEMETRIUS.

To tell, or hear, were waſte of life.

ASPASIA.

The life, which only this deſign ſupported,
Were now well loſt, in hearing how you fail'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Or meanly fraudulent, or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill-tim'd mirth propos'd the bowl of love.
Juſt as it reach'd my lips, a ſudden cry
Urg'd me to daſh it to the ground untouch'd,
And ſeize my ſword with diſencumber'd hand.

ASPASIA.

What cry? The ſtratagem? Did then Abdalla?—

DEMETRIUS.

At once a thouſand paſſions fir'd his cheek!
Then all is paſt, he cried—and darted from us;
Nor at the call of Cali deign'd to turn,

ASPASIA.

Why did you ſtay? deſerted and betray'd?
What more could force attempt, or art contrive?

DEMETRIUS.

Amazement ſeiz'd us, and the hoary Baſſa
Stood torpid in ſuſpence; but ſoon Abdalla
Return'd with force that made reſiſtance vain,
And bade his new confederates ſeize the traitors.
Cali diſarm'd was borne away to death;
Myſelf eſcap'd, or favour'd, or neglected.

ASPASIA.

O Greece! renown'd for ſcience and for wealth,
Behold thy boaſted honours ſnatch'd away.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Though diſappointment blaſt our general ſcheme,
Yet much remains to hope. I ſhall not call
The day diſaſt'rous that ſecures our flight;
Nor think that effort loſt which reſcues thee.

[*Enter* Abd.

SCENE IV.

IRENE, ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

At length the prize is mine—The haughty maid
That bears the fate of empires in her air,
Henceforth ſhall live for me; for me alone
Shall plume her charms, and, with attentive watch,
Steal from Abdalla's eye the ſign to ſmile.

DEMETRIUS.

Ceaſe this wild roar of ſavage exultation;
Advance, and periſh in the frantick boaſt.

ASPASIA.

Forbear, Demetrius, 'tis Aſpaſia calls thee;
Thy love, Aſpaſia, calls; reſtrain thy ſword;
Nor ruſh on uſeleſs wounds with idle courage.

DEMETRIUS.

What now remains?

ASPASIA.

It now remains to fly!

Forſake a wretch abandon'd to deſpair,
To ſhare the miſeries herſelf has caus'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Let us not ſtruggle with th' eternal will,
Nor languiſh o'er irreparable ruins;
Come haſte, and live—Thy innocence and truth
Shall bleſs our wand'rings, and propitiate heav'n.

IRENE.

Preſs not her flight, while yet her feeble nerves
Refuſe their office, and uncertain life
Still labours with imaginary woe;
Here let me tend her with officious care,
Watch each unquiet flutter of the breaſt,
And joy to feel the vital warmth return,
To ſee the cloud forſake her kindling cheek,
And hail the roſy dawn of riſing health.

ASPASIA.

Oh! rather ſcornful of flagitious greatneſs,
Reſolve to ſhare our dangers and our toils,
Companion of our flight, illuſtrious exile,
Leave ſlav'ry, guilt, and infamy behind.

IRENE.

My ſoul attends thy voice, and baniſh'd virtue
Strives to regain her empire of the mind:
Aſſiſt her efforts with thy ſtrong perſuaſion;
Sure 'tis the happy hour ordain'd above,
When vanquiſh'd vice ſhall tyrannize no more.

DEMETRIUS.

Remember, peace and anguiſh are before thee,
And honour and reproach, and heav'n and hell,

ASPASIA.

nt with freedom, and precarious greatneſs.

DEMETRIUS.

make thy choice, while yet the pow'r of choice
heaven affords thee, and inviting mercy
ı out her hand to lead thee back to truth.

IRENE.

–in this dubious twilight of conviction,
gleams of reaſon, and the clouds of paſſion,
ate and obſcure my breaſt by turns:
but a moment, and prevailing truth
ſpread reſiſtleſs light upon my ſoul.

DEMETRIUS.

ince none knows the danger of a moment,
heav'n forbids to laviſh life away,
:ind compulſion terminate the conteſt.
[*Seizing her hand.*
hriſtian captives, follow me to freedom:
lley waits us, and the winds invite.

IRENE.

nce is this violence?

DEMETRIUS.

Your calmer thought
teach a gentler term.

IRENE.

Forbear this rudeneſs,
learn the rev'rence due to Turkey's Queen:
ſlaves, and call the Sultan to my reſcue.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Farewell, unhappy maid: may ev'ry joy
Be thine, that wealth can give, or guilt receive!

ASPASIA.

And when, contemptuous of imperial pow'r,
Diſeaſe ſhall chaſe the phantoms of ambition,
May penitence attend thy mournful bed,
And wing thy lateſt pray'r to pitying heav'n!

[*Exeunt* Dem. Aſp. *with part of the attendants.*

SCENE VI.

IRENE walks at a diſtance from her attendants.

After a pauſe.

Againſt the head which innocence ſecures,
Inſidious malice aims her darts in vain;
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of heav'n.
Perhaps ev'n now the lovers unpurſu'd
Bound o'er the ſparkling waves. Go, happy bark,
Thy ſacred freight ſhall ſtill the raging main.
To guide thy paſſage ſhall th' aërial ſpirits
Fill all the ſtarry lamps with double blaze;
Th' applauding ſky ſhall pour forth all its beams
To grace the triumph of victorious virtue.
While I, not yet familiar to my crimes,
Recoil from thought, and ſhudder at myſelf.
How am I chang'd! How lately did Irene
Fly from the buſy pleaſures of her ſex,
Well pleas'd to ſearch the treaſures of remembrance,

And

And live her guiltleſs moments o'er anew!
Come let us ſeek new pleaſures in the palace,
[*To her attendants, going off.*
Till ſoft fatigue invite us to repoſe.

SCENE VII.

Enter MUSTAPHA, meeting and ſtopping her.

MUSTAPHA.

Fair falſehood ſtay.

IRENE.

What dream of ſudden power
Has taught my ſlave the language of command!
Henceforth be wiſe, nor hope a ſecond pardon.

MUSTAPHA.

Who calls for pardon from a wretch condemn'd?

IRENE.

Thy look, thy ſpeech, thy action, all is wildneſs—
Who charges guilt on me?

MUSTAPHA.

Who charges guilt!
Aſk of thy heart; attend the voice of conſcience—
Who charges guilt! lay by this proud reſentment
That fires thy cheek, and elevates thy mien,
Nor thus uſurp the dignity of virtue.
Review this day.

IRENE.

Whate'er thy accuſation,
The Sultan is my judge.

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

That hope is paſt;
Hard was the ſtrife of juſtice and of love;
But now 'tis o'er, and juſtice has prevail'd.
Know'ſt thou not Cali? know'ſt thou not Demetrius?

IRENE.

Bold ſlave, I know them both—I know them traitors.

MUSTAPHA.

Perfidious!—yes—too well thou know'ſt them traitors.

IRENE.

Their treaſon throws no ſtain upon Irene.
This day has prov'd my fondneſs for the Sultan;
He knew Irene's truth.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan knows it,
He knows how near apoſtacy to treaſon—
But 'tis not mine to judge—I ſcorn and leave thee.
I go, leſt vengeance urge my hand to blood,
To blood, too mean to ſtain a ſoldier's ſabre.

[*Exit* Muſtapha.

IRENE TO HER ATTENDANTS.

Go, bluſt'ring ſlave—He has not heard of Murza.
That dext'rous meſſage frees me from ſuſpicion.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

HASAN, CARAZA, with mutes, who throw black rope upon IRENE, and ſign to her attants to withdraw.

HASAN.

'e, fair excellence, th' unwilling tongue,
ɔngue, that, forc'd by ſtrong neceſſity,
eauty, ſuch as thine, prepare to die.

IRENE.

wild miſtake is this? Take hence with ſpeed
obe of mourning, and your dogs of death.
from my ſight, you inauſpicious monſters,
are henceforth to ſhock Irene's walks.

HASAN.

they come, commanded by the Sultan,
ıpitying miniſter of Turkiſh juſtice,
are to ſpare the life his frown condemns.

IRENE.

ieſe the rapid thunderbolts of war,
ɔour with ſudden violence on kingdoms,
ɔread their flames reſiſtleſs o'er the world?
ſleepy charms benumb theſe active heroes,
ſs their ſpirits, and retard their ſpeed?
d the fear of ling'ring puniſhment,
a now within her lover's arms
ly ſleeps, and, in delightful dreams,
; at the threat'nings of defeated rage.

CARAZA.

CARAZA.

We come, bright virgin, tho' relenting nature
Shrinks at the hated taſk, for thy deſtruction;
When, ſummon'd by the Sultan's clam'rous fury,
We aſk'd, with tim'rous tongue, th' offender's name,
He ſtruck his tortur'd breaſt, and roar'd, Irene:
We ſtarted at the ſound, again enquir'd,
Again his thund'ring voice return'd, Irene.

IRENE.

Whence is this rage? what barb'rous tongue ha
wrong'd me?
What fraud miſleads him? or what crimes incenſe

HASAN.

Expiring Cali nam'd Irene's chamber,
The place appointed for his maſter's death.

IRENE.

Irene's chamber! From my faithful boſom
Far be the thought—But hear my proteſtation.

CARAZA.

'Tis ours, alas! to puniſh, not to judge,
Not call'd to try the cauſe, we heard the ſentence,
Ordain'd the mournful meſſengers of death.

IRENE.

Some ill-deſigning ſtateſman's baſe intrigue?
Some cruel ſtratagem of jealous beauty!
Perhaps yourſelves the villains that defame me,
Now haſte to murder, ere returning thought
Recall th' extorted doom.——It muſt be ſo,

Confeſs your crime, or lead me to the Sultan,
There dauntleſs truth ſhall blaſt the vile accuſer,
Then ſhall you feel what language cannot utter,
Each piercing torture, every change of pain,
That vengeance can invent, or pow'r inflict.

[*Enter* ABDALLA, *he ſtops ſhort and liſtens.*

SCENE IX.

IRENE, HASAN, CARAZA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA ASIDE.

All is not loſt, Abdalla, ſee the queen,
See the laſt witneſs of thy guilt and fear
Enrob'd in death—Diſpatch her and be great.

CARAZA.

Unhappy fair! compaſſion calls upon me
To check this torrent of imperious rage;
While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue
With idle threats and fruitleſs exclamation,
The fraudful moments ply their ſilent wings,
And ſteal thy life away. Death's horrid angel
Already ſhakes his bloody ſabre o'er thee.
The raging Sultan burns till our return,
Curſes the dull delays of ling'ring mercy,
And thinks his fatal mandates ill obey'd.

ABDALLA.

Is then your ſov'reign's life ſo cheaply rated,
That thus you parley with detected treaſon?
Should ſhe prevail to gain the Sultan's preſence,
Soon might her tears engage a lover's credit;

Perhaps her malice might transfer the charge,
Perhaps her pois'nous tongue might blaſt Abdalla.

IRENE.

O let me but be heard, nor fear from me
Or flights of pow'r, or projects of ambition.
My hopes, my wiſhes terminate in life,
A little life for grief, and for repentance.

ABDALLA.

I mark'd her wily meſſenger afar,
And ſaw him ſkulking in the cloſeſt walks:
I gueſs'd her dark deſigns, and warn'd the Sultan,
And bring her former ſentence new confirm'd.

HASAN.

Then call it not our cruelty, nor crime,
Deem us not deaf to woe, nor blind to beauty,
That thus conſtrain'd we ſpeed the ſtroke of death.
[*Beckons the mutes.*

IRENE.

O name not death! Diſtraction and amazement,
Horror and agony are in that ſound!
Let me but live, heap woes on woes upon me,
Hide me with murd'rers in the dungeon's gloom,
Send me to wander on ſome pathleſs ſhore,
Let ſhame and hooting infamy purſue me,
Let ſlav'ry haraſs, and let hunger gripe.

CARAZA.

Could we reverſe the ſentence of the Sultan,
Our bleeding boſoms plead Irene's cauſe.

But

But cries and tears are vain; prepare with patience
To meet that fate we can delay no longer.
[*The mutes at the ſign lay hold of her.*

ABDALLA.

Diſpatch, ye ling'ring ſlaves, or nimbler hands
Quick at my call ſhall execute your charge;
Diſpatch, and learn a fitter time for pity.

IRENE.

Grant me one hour, O grant me but a moment,
And bounteous heaven repay the mighty mercy
With peaceful death, and happineſs eternal.

CARAZA.

The prayer I cannot grant——I dare not hear.
Short be thy pains. [*Signs again to the mutes.*

IRENE.

Unutterable anguiſh!
Guilt and deſpair! pale ſpectres, grin around me,
And ſtun me with the yellings of damnation!
O, hear my pray'rs! accept, all-pitying heaven,
Theſe tears, theſe pangs, theſe laſt remains of life,
Nor let the crimes of this deteſted day
Be charg'd upon my ſoul. O, mercy! mercy!
[*Mutes force her out.*

SCENE X.

ABDALLA, HASAN, CARAZA.

ABDALLA ASIDE.

Eaſe in her death, and in Demetrius' flight,
Abdalla, bid thy troubled breaſt be calm;

Now ſhalt thou ſhine the darling of the Sultan,
The plot all Cali's, the detection thine.

HASAN TO CARAZA.

Does not thy boſom, for I know thee tender,
A ſtranger to th' oppreſſor's ſavage joy,
Melt at Irene's fate, and ſhare her woes?

CARAZA.

Her piercing cries yet fill the loaded air,
Dwell on my ear, and ſadden all my ſoul;
But let us try to clear our clouded brows,
And tell the horrid tale with cheerful face;
The ſtormy Sultan rages at our ſtay.

ABDALLA.

Frame your report with circumſpective art,
Inflame her crimes, exalt your own obedience,
But let no thoughtleſs hint involve Abdalla.

CARAZA.

What need of caution to report the fate
Of her the Sultan's voice condemn'd to die?
Or why ſhould he, whoſe violence of duty
Has ſerv'd his prince ſo well, demand our ſilence?

ABDALLA.

Perhaps my zeal too fierce betray'd my prudence;
Perhaps my warmth exceeded my commiſſion;
Perhaps I will not ſtoop to plead my cauſe;
Or argue with the ſlave that ſav'd Demetrius.

CARAZA.

From his eſcape learn thou the pow'r of virtue,
Nor hope his fortune while thou want'ſt his worth.

HASAN.

The Sultan comes, ſtill gloomy, ſtill enrag'd.

SCENE XI.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Where's this fair trait'reſs? Where's this ſmiling miſchief?
Whom neither vows could fix, nor favours bind?

HASAN.

Thine orders, mighty Sultan! are perform'd,
And all Irene now is breathleſs clay.

MAHOMET.

Your haſty zeal defrauds the claim of juſtice,
And diſappointed vengeance burns in vain;
I came to heighten tortures by reproach,
And add new terrors to the face of death.
Was this the maid whoſe love I bought with empire?
True, ſhe was fair; the ſmile of innocence
Play'd on her cheek—So ſhone the firſt apoſtate—
Irene's chamber! Did not roaring Cali,
Juſt as the rack forc'd out his ſtruggling ſoul,
Name for the ſcene of death Irene's chamber?

MUSTAPHA.

His breath prolong'd but to detect her treaſon,
Then in ſhort ſighs forſook his broken frame.

MUSTAPHA.

Great is thy woe! but think, illuſtrious Sultan,
Such ills are ſent for ſouls like thine to conquer.
Shake off this weight of unavailing grief,
Ruſh to the war, diſplay thy dreadful banners,
And lead thy troops victorious round the world.

MAHOMET.

Robb'd of the maid with whom I wiſh'd to triumph,
No more I burn for fame, or for dominion;
Succeſs and conqueſt now are empty ſounds,
Remorſe and anguiſh ſeize on all my breaſt;
Thoſe groves, whoſe ſhades embower'd the dear Irene,
Heard her laſt cries, and fann'd her dying beauties,
Shall hide me from the taſteleſs world for ever.
[Mahomet *goes back and returns.*
Yet ere I quit the ſcepter of dominion,
Let one juſt act conclude the hateful day.
Hew down, ye guards, thoſe vaſſals of diſtraction,
[*Pointing to* Haſan *and* Caraza.
Thoſe hounds of blood, that catch the hint to kill;
Bear off with eager haſte th' unfiniſh'd ſentence,
And ſpeed the ſtroke leſt mercy ſhould o'ertake them.

CARAZA.

Then hear, great Mahomet, the voice of truth.

MAHOMET.

Hear! ſhall I hear thee! didſt thou hear Irene?

CARAZA.

Hear but a moment.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Hadſt thou heard a moment,
Thou might'ſt have liv'd, for thou hadſt ſpar'd Irene.

CARAZA.

I heard her, pitied her, and wiſh'd to ſave her.

MAHOMET.

And wiſh'd—Be ſtill thy fate to wiſh in vain.

CARAZA.

I heard, and ſoften'd, till Abdalla brought
Her final doom, and hurried her deſtruction.

MAHOMET.

Abdalla brought her doom! Abdalla brought it!
The wretch, whoſe guilt declar'd by tortur'd Cali,
My rage and grief had hid from my remembrance;
Abdalla brought her doom!

HASAN.

Abdalla brought it,
While ſhe yet begg'd to plead her cauſe before thee.

MAHOMET.

O ſeize me, maddeſs—Did ſhe call on me!
I feel, I ſee the ruffian's barb'rous rage.
He ſeiz'd her melting in the fond appeal,
And ſtopp'd the heav'nly voice that call'd on me.
My ſpirits fail, awhile ſupport me, vengeance—
Be juſt, ye ſlaves, and, to be juſt, be cruel,
Contrive new racks, imbitter every pang,
Inflict whatever treaſon can deſerve,
Which murder'd innocence that call'd on me.

[*Exit* Mahomet.

[Abdalla is dragged off.

SCENE XIII.

MAHOMET, HASAN, CARAZA, MUSTAPHA, MURZA.

MUSTAPHA to MURZA.

What plagues, what tortures, are in ſtore for thee,
Thou ſluggiſh idler, dilatory ſlave?
Behold the model of conſummate beauty,
Torn from the mourning earth by thy neglect.

MURZA.

Such was the will of heav'n—A band of Greeks
That mark'd my courſe, ſuſpicious of my purpoſe,
Ruſh'd out and ſeiz'd me, thoughtleſs and unarm'd,
Breathleſs, amaz'd, and on the guarded beach
Detain'd me till Demetrius ſet me free.

MUSTAPHA.

So ſure the fall of greatneſs rais'd on crimes,
So fix'd the juſtice of all-conſcious heav'n.
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Miſtake ſhall blaſt, or accident deſtroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But heav'n ſhall guide it to the guilty heart.

EPILOGUE.

ARRY a Turk, a haughty, tyrant king,
Who thinks us women born to dreſs and ſing
pleaſe his fancy,—ſee no other man—
him perſuade me to it—if he can:
des, he has fifty wives; and who can bear
have the fiftieth part her paltry ſhare?

'is true, the fellow's handſome, ſtrait, and tall;
how the devil ſhould he pleaſe us all!
ſwain is little—true—but be it known,
pride's to have that little all my own.
ı will be ever to their errors blind,
ere woman's not allow'd to ſpeak her mind;
ear this Eaſtern pageantry is nonſenſe,
for one man—one wife's enough of conſcience.

ı vain proud man uſurps what's woman's due;
us alone, they honour's paths purſue:
ir'd by us, they glory's height aſcend;
man the ſource, the object, and the end.
' wealth, and pow'r, and glory they receive,
ſe all are trifles, to what we can give.
us the ſtateſman labours, hero fights,
rs toilſome days, and wakes long tedious nights:
l when bleſt peace has ſilenc'd war's alarms,
eives his full reward in beauty's arms.

LONDON:

A POEM.

IN IMITATION OF THE

THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Written in 1738.

—— Quis ineptæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat ſe? Juv.

THO' grief and fondneſs in my breaſt rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewel,
Yet ſtill my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praiſe the hermit, but regret the friend,
Reſolv'd at length, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in diſtant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambria's ſolitary ſhore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
[a] For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?

JUV. SAT. III.

[1] Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod ſedem figere Cumis
Deſtinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

[2] ——Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,
Nam quid tam miſerum, tam ſolum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapſus
Tectorum aſſiduos, et mille pericula ſævæ
Urbis, & Auguſto recitantes menſe poetas?

There none are ſwept by ſudden fate away,
But all whom hunger ſpares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conſpire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambuſh here relentleſs ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houſes thunder on your head,
And here a female atheiſt talks you dead.

[3] While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of diſſipated wealth the ſmall remains,
On Thames's banks, in ſilent thought we ſtood,
Where Greenwich ſmiles upon the ſilver flood;
Struck with the ſeat that gave Eliza * birth,
We kneel, and kiſs the conſecrated earth;
In pleaſing dreams the bliſsful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her croſs triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere maſquerades debauch'd, exciſe oppreſs'd,
Or Engliſh honour grew a ſtanding jeſt.

A tranſient calm the happy ſcenes beſtow,
And for a moment lull the ſenſe of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

[4] Since worth, he cries, in theſe degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praiſe;

[3] Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Subſtitit ad veteres arcus. ———

[4] Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honeſtis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor eſt, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities ———

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

In

In thoſe curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded ſcience toils in vain;
Since hope but ſooths to double my diſtreſs,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little leſs;
While yet my ſteady ſteps no [5] ſtaff ſuſtains,
And life ſtill vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind heaven, to find ſome happier place,
Where honeſty and ſenſe are no diſgrace;
Some pleaſing bank where verdant oſiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay;
Where once the haraſs'd Briton found repoſe,
And ſafe in poverty defy'd his foes;
Some ſecret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give,
And —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.
Here let thoſe reign, whom penſions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for * pirates in the face of day;
With ſlaviſh tenets taint our poiſon'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
[7] Let ſuch raiſe palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill our † ſilenc'd ſtage,
And lull to ſervitude a thoughtleſs age.

[5] ——— et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo.

[6] Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius iſtic
Et Catulus: maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt.

[7] Queis facile eſt ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad buſta cadaver.—
Munera nunc edunt.

* The invaſions of the Spaniards were defended in the houſes of parliament.

† The licenſing act was then lately made.

Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold
What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
When publick crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n
[8] But what, my friend, what hope remains for me
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logick unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the * Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.
[9] Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustick tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
[10] For what but social guilt the friend endears
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.

[8] Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio: librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere.—

[9] —— Ferre ad nuptas quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat norint alii: me nemo ministro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

[10] Quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius?——
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accusare potest.——

* The paper which at that time contained apologies for court.

[11] But thou, ſhould tempting villany preſent
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers ſpent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy ſcornful eye,
Nor ſell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful ſlumber, ſelf-approving day,
Unſullied fame, and conſcience ever gay.
[12] The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, ſee!
Mark whom the great careſs, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-ſewer of Paris, and of Rome;
With eager thirſt, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted ſtate.
Forgive my tranſports on a theme like this,
[13] I cannot bear a French metropolis.
[14] Illuſtrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of ſaints ſurvey;
Nor hope the Britiſh lineaments to trace,
The ruſtick grandeur, or the ſurly grace,
But loſt in thoughtleſs eaſe, and empty ſhow,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Senſe, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimick, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or ſteal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;

[11] ——Tanti tibi non ſit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut ſomno careas. ——

[12] Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptiſſima noſtris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

[13] ——Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem. ——

[14] Ruſticus ille tuus ſumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

Hiſs'd from the ſtage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dreſs, their politicks import;
[15] Obſequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their induſtry can 'ſcape,
[16] They ſing, they dance, clean ſhoes, or cure a clap:
All ſciences a faſting Monſieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

[17] Ah! what avails it, that, from ſlav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in Engliſh air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And liſp the tale of HENRY's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain?

[18] Studious to pleaſe, and ready to ſubmit,
The ſupple Gaul was born a paraſite:
Still to his int'reſt true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his laviſh tongue beſtows.
In ev'ry face a thouſand graces ſhine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
[19] Theſe arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
And get a kick for awkward flattery.

[15] [illegible]
[illegible]

[16] [illegible]
[illegible]

[17] [illegible]
[illegible]

[18] [illegible]
[illegible]

[19] Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: ſed illis
Cred[illegible]

Beſi

s, with juſtice, this diſcerning age
their wond'rous talents for the ſtage:
nay they venture on the mimick's art,
y from morn to night a borrow'd part;
their maſter's notions to embrace,
is maxims, and reflect his face;
ry wild abſurdity comply,
/ each object with another's eye;
with laughter ere the jeſt they hear,
at will the counterfeited tear;
ieir patron hints the cold or heat,
in dog-days, in December ſweat.
v, when competitors like theſe contend,
virtue hope to fix a friend?
at with ſerious impudence beguile,
vithout a bluſh, without a ſmile;
:h trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
e in ſnuff, your judgment in a whore;
o's eloquence applaud, and ſwear
:s his breeches with a monarch's air.
's like theſe preferr'd, admir'd, careſs'd,
: invade your table, then your breaſt;
'e your ſecrets with inſidious art,
:e weak hour, and ranſack all the heart;
n your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
:e your lords, and govern or betray.

tio comœda eſt. Rides? majore cachinno
:ur, &c.

n ſumus ergo pares: melior, qui ſemper & omni
eque poteſt alienum fingere vultum,
jactare manus: laudare paratus,
ructavit, ſi rectum minxit amicus.——
re volunt ſecreta domus, atque inde timeri.

[23] By numbers here from ſhame or cenſure free,
All crimes are ſafe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law purſues,
This, only this, provokes the ſnarling muſe.
The ſober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With briſker air the ſilken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thouſand ways.
[24] Of all the griefs that haraſs the diſtreſs'd;
Sure the moſt bitter is a ſcornful jeſt;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's inſult points the dart.
[25] Has heaven reſerv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathleſs waſte, or undiſcover'd ſhore?
No ſecret iſland in the boundleſs main?
No peaceful deſert yet unclaim'd * by SPAIN?
Quick let us riſe, the happy ſeats explore,
And bear oppreſſion's inſolence no more.
This mournful truth is ev'ry where confeſs'd,
[26] SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D;

[23] ——— Materiem [illegible]
Omnibus [illegible] idem [illegible] & ſciſſa [illegible]

[24] [illegible] paupertas [illegible]
Quam quod ridiculos homines [illegible].

[25] ——— Agmine [illegible],
[illegible] Quirites.

[26] [illegible] virtutibus [illegible]
[illegible] ſed Romæ [illegible] illis
[illegible] ———
——— Omnia Romæ
[illegible] ———
[illegible] ſerrit.

* [illegible] ſaid to make claim [illegible]

But here more flow, where all are ſlaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandiſe, and ſmiles are ſold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the ſtreets, and thunder to the ſkies:
Rais'd from ſome pleaſing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or ſome bliſsful bow'r,
Aghaſt you ſtart, and ſcarce with aching ſight
Suſtain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from purſuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;
[27] Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can ſtarving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative diſcloſe,
While all neglect, and moſt inſult your woes.
[28] Should heaven's juſt bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And ſpread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the diſmal rumour flies,
And publick mournings pacify the ſkies;
The laureat tribe in venal verſe relate,
How virtue wars with perſecuting fate;
[29] With well-feign'd gratitude the penſion'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.

[27] ——Ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & fruſtra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hoſpitio, teſtoque juvabit.

[28] Si magna Aſturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres.——

[29] ——Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impenſas: hic, &c.
Hic modium argenti.——

See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasures higher than before:
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
[30] Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.
[31] Could'st thou resign the park and play content
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'r
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry bush with nature's musick rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings.
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

[30]. —— Meliora, ac plura reponit
Persicus orborum lautissimus. ——

[31] Si potes avelli Circ[illegible], [illegible]
Aut Fabretariæ domus, [illegible]
Quanti nunc tenebras unum [illegible]
Hortulus hic. ——
Vive bidentis amans, & culti [illegible],
Unde epulum [illegible] centum dare Pyth[illegible].

Prej

[32] Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And ſign your will before you ſup from home.
[33] Some fiery ſop, with new commiſſion vain,
Who ſleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feaſt,
Provokes a broil, and ſtabs you for a jeſt.
[34] Yet ev'n theſe heroes, miſchievouſly gay,
Lords of the ſtreet, and terrors of the way;
Fluſh'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent inſults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And ſhun the ſhining train, and golden coach.
[35] In vain theſe dangers paſt, your doors you cloſe,
And hope the balmy bleſſings of repoſe:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with deſpair,
The midnight murd'rer burſts the faithleſs bar;
Invades the ſacred hour of ſilent reſt,
And leaves, unſeen, a dagger in your breaſt.
[36] Scarce can our fields, ſuch crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet ſupply.

[32] ——— Poſſis ignavus haberi,
Et ſubiti caſus improvidus, ad cœnam ſi
Inteſtatus eas. ———

[33] Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Peleidæ. ———

[34] ——— Sed, quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna,
Vitari jubet, et comitum longiſſimus ordo,
Multum præterea flammarum, atque ænea lampas.

[35] Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui ſpoliet
Non deerit: clauſis domibus, &c.

[36] Maximus in vinclis ferri modus; ut timeas, ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et ſarcula deſint.

Repoſe

* But ſcarce obſerv'd, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral maſſacre of gold;
Wide-waſting peſt! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his ſword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge diſtorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor ſafety buys,
The dangers gather as the treaſures riſe.

Let hiſt'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title ſhakes the madded land,
When ſtatutes glean the refuſe of the ſword,
How much more ſafe the vaſſal than the lord;
Low ſculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his ſlumbers ſound,
Tho' confiſcation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, ſerene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and ſings his toil away.
Does envy ſeize thee? cruſh th' upbraiding joy,
Increaſe his riches and his peace deſtroy,
Now fears in dire viciſſitude invade,
The ruſtling breeze alarms, and quiv'ring ſhade,
Nor light nor darkneſs bring his pain relief,
One ſhews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet † ſtill one gen'ral cry the ſkies aſſails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling ſtateſman's fear or care,
Th' inſidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once ‡ more, Democritus, ariſe on earth,
With cheerful wiſdom and inſtructive mirth,

* Ver. 13—22. † Ver. 23—27. ‡ Ver. 28—55.

See

See motley life in modern trappings dreſs'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jeſt:
Thou who couldſt laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil cruſh'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And ſcarce a ſycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or ſeen a new-made mayor's unwieldy ſtate;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And ſenates heard before they judg'd a cauſe;
How wouldſt thou ſhake at Britain's modiſh tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to deſcry,
And pierce each ſcene with philoſophick eye.
To thee were ſolemn toys or empty ſhow,
The robes of pleaſure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whoſe joys are cauſeleſs, or whoſe griefs are vain.
Such was the ſcorn that fill'd the ſage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How juſt that ſcorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every ſtate, and canvaſs ev'ry pray'r.
* Unnumber'd ſuppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
A thirſt for wealth, and burning to be great;
Deluſive Fortune hears th' inceſſant call,
They mount, they ſhine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry ſtage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and inſult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the ſinking ſtateſman's door
Pours in the morning worſhipper no more;

* Ver. 56—107.

For

For growing names the weekly ſcribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room deſcends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And ſmoak'd in kitchens, or in auctions ſold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroick worth, benevolence divine:
The form diſtorted juſtifies the fall,
And deteſtation rids th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the laſt appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?
Thro' Freedom's ſons no more remonſtrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our ſupple tribes repreſs their patriot throats,
And aſk no queſtions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and ſeptennial ale,
Their wiſh is full to riot and to rail.
In full-blown dignity, ſee Wolſey ſtand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs conſig
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty ſhine,
Turn'd by his nod the ſtream of honour flows,
His ſmile alone ſecurity beſtows:
Still to new heights his reſtleſs wiſhes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conqueſt unreſiſted ceas'd to pleaſe,
And rights ſubmitted, left him none to ſeize.
At length his ſov'reign frowns—the train of ſtate
Mark the keen glance, and watch the ſign to hate
Where-e'er he turns he meets a ſtranger's eye,
His ſuppliants ſcorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful ſtate,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,

T

The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppreſs'd,
He ſeeks the refuge of monaſtick reſt.
Grief aids diſeaſe, remember'd folly ſtings,
And his laſt ſighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whoſe thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolſey's wealth, with Wolſey's end be thine?
Or liv'ſt thou now, with ſafer pride content,
The wiſeſt juſtice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolſey near the ſteeps of fate,
On weak foundations raiſe th' enormous weight?
Why but to ſink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What * gave great Villiers to th' aſſaſſin's knife,
And fix'd diſeaſe on Harley's cloſing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wiſh indulg'd in courts to ſhine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to reſign?

When † firſt the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthuſiaſt quits his eaſe for fame;
Reſiſtleſs burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the ſtrong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours ſpread,
And ‡ Bacon's manſion trembles o'er his head.
Are theſe thy views? proceed, illuſtrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!

* Ver. 108—113. † Ver. 114—132.

‡ There is a tradition, that the ſtudy of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon ſhall paſs under it.

Yet ſhould thy ſoul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her laſt retreat;
Should Reaſon guide thee with her brighteſt ray,
And pour on miſty Doubt reſiſtleſs day;
Should no falſe kindneſs lure to looſe delight,
Nor praiſe relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuſe her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no Diſeaſe thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy ſhade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the paſſing world to turn thine eyes,
And pauſe awhile from learning, to be wiſe;
There mark what ills the ſcholar's life aſſail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations ſlowly wiſe, and meanly juſt,
To buried merit raiſe the tardy buſt.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her laſt prize beſtows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See when the vulgar 'ſcapes, deſpis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons ſeize on Laud.
From meaner minds, tho' ſmaller fines content
The plunder'd palace or ſequeſter'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the ſhock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and ſleep.

The

The * feſtal blazes, the triumphal ſhow,
The raviſh'd ſtandard, and the captive foe,
The ſenate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force reſiſtleſs o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Aſia whirl'd,
For ſuch the ſteady Romans ſhook the world;
For ſuch in diſtant lands the Britons ſhine,
And ſtain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praiſe, that virtue ſcarce can warm,
Till fame ſupplies the univerſal charm.
Yet Reaſon frowns on War's unequal game,
Where waſted nations raiſe a ſingle name,
And mortgag'd ſtates their grandſires wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlaſting debt;
Wreaths which at laſt the dear-bought right convey
To ruſt on medals, or on ſtones decay.
On † what foundation ſtands the warrior's pride,
How juſt his hopes let Swediſh Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a ſoul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleaſure and of pain;
No joys to him pacifick ſcepters yield,
War ſounds the trump, he ruſhes to the field;
Behold ſurrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one reſign;
Peace courts his hand, but ſpreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain,
"On Moſcow's walls till Gothick ſtandards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar ſky."

* Ver. 133—146. † Ver. 147—167.

The march begins in military ſtate,
And nations on his eye ſuſpended wait;
Stern Famine guards the ſolitary coaſt,
And Winter barricades the realms of Froſt;
He comes, nor want nor cold his courſe delay;—
Hide, bluſhing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquiſh'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And ſhews his miſeries in diſtant lands;
Condemn'd a needy ſupplicant to wait,
While ladies interpoſe, and ſlaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no ſubverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hoſtile millions preſs him to the ground?
His fall was deſtin'd to a barren ſtrand,
A petty fortreſs, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All * times their ſcenes of pompous woes afford,
From Perſia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hoſtility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his ſide,
Great Xerxes comes to ſeize the certain prey,
And ſtarves exhauſted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads ſooth his pride no more;
Freſh praiſe is try'd till madneſs fires his mind,
The waves he laſhes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are clai n'd, new pow'rs are ſtill beſtow'd,
Till rude reſiſtance lops the ſpreading god;

* Ver. 168—187.

The

The daring Greeks deride the martial ſhow,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th' inſulted ſea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A ſingle ſkiff to ſpeed his flight remains;
Th' incumber'd oar ſcarce leaves the dreaded coaſt
Through purple billows and a floating hoſt.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckleſs hour,
Tries the dread ſummits of Cæſarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions burſts away,
And ſees defenceleſs realms receive his ſway;
Short ſway! fair Auſtria ſpreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, ſets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacons rouſing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praiſe;
The fierce Croation, and the wild Huſſar,
With all the ſons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of haſty greatneſs finds the fatal doom,
His foes deriſion, and his ſubjects blame,
And ſteals to death from anguiſh and from ſhame.

Enlarge * my life with multitude of days,
In health, in ſickneſs, thus the ſuppliant prays;
Hides from himſelf his ſtate, and ſhuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to deſtroy,
And ſhuts up all the paſſages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous ſeaſons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
With liſtleſs eyes the dotard views the ſtore,
He views, and wonders that they pleaſe no more;

* Ver. 188—288.

Now pall the taſteleſs meats, and joyleſs wines,
And Luxury with ſighs her ſlave reſigns.
Approach, ye minſtrels, try the ſoothing ſtrain,
Diffuſe the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No ſounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witneſs'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor ſweeter muſick of a virtuous friend,
But everlaſting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perverſely grave, or poſitively wrong.
The ſtill returning tale, and ling'ring jeſt,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd gueſt,
While growing hopes ſcarce awe the gath'ring ſneer,
And ſcarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful gueſts ſtill hint the laſt offence,
The daughter's petulance, the ſon's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous ſkill,
And mould his paſſions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay ſiege to life, and preſs the dire blockade;
But unextinguiſh'd Av'rice ſtill remains,
And dreaded loſſes aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with ſuſpicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bleſs with an age exempt from ſcorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modeſt innocence away;
Whoſe peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whoſe night congratulating Conſcience cheers;

The

The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who ſhall wiſh its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To preſs the weary minutes flagging wings;
New ſorrow riſes as the day returns,
A ſiſter ſickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the ſable bier,
Now lacerated Friendſhip claims a tear.
Year chaſes year, decay purſues decay,
Still drops ſome joy from with'ring life away;
New forms ariſe, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the ſtage,
Till pitying Nature ſigns the laſt releaſe,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like theſe await,
Who ſet unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch ſhould the ſearch deſcend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's laſt ſcene what prodigies ſurpriſe,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wiſe?
From Marlb'rough's eyes the ſtreams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a ſhow.

The * teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty ſpring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of roſy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleaſure keeps too buſy to be wiſe,
Whom joys with ſoft varieties invite,
By day the frolick, and the dance by night,

* Ver. 289—345.

Who frown with vanity, who ſmile with art,
And aſk the lateſt faſhion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedleſs charms ſhall ſave,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your ſlave?
Againſt your fame with fondneſs hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With diſtant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Leſs heard and leſs, the faint remonſtrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, ſhe quits the ſlipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her ſeat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the paſs defend,
The harmleſs freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force ſuperior ply'd;
To Int'reſt, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here Beauty falls betray'd, deſpis'd, diſtreſs'd,
And hiſſing Infamy proclaims the reſt.

Where* then ſhall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Muſt dull Suſpenſe corrupt the ſtagnant mind?
Muſt helpleſs man, in ignorance ſedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Muſt no diſlike alarm, no wiſhes riſe,
No cries invoke the mercies of the ſkies?
Enquirer, ceaſe, petitions yet remain,
Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raiſe for good the ſupplicating voice,
But leave to heav'n the meaſure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whoſe eyes diſcern afar
The ſecret ambuſh of a ſpecious pray'r.
Implore his aid, in his deciſions reſt,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.

* Ver. 346—366.

Yet

Yet when the ſenſe of ſacred preſence fires,
And ſtrong devotion to the ſkies aſpires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient paſſions, and a will reſign'd;
For love, which ſcarce collective man can fill;
For patience, ſov'reign o'er tranſmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier ſeat,
Counts death kind Nature's ſignal of retreat:
Theſe goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
Theſe goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With theſe celeſtial Wiſdom calms the mind,
And makes the happineſs ſhe does not find.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN by Mr. GARRICK,

At the Opening of the Theatre Royal, DRURY-LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the ſtage, immortal Shakeſpeare roſe;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful ſtrokes preſiding truth impreſs'd,
And unreſiſted paſſion ſtorm'd the breaſt.
Then Jonſon came, inſtructed from the ſchool,
To pleaſe in method, and invent by rule;
His ſtudious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach eſſay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For thoſe who durſt not cenſure, ſcarce could praiſe.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a laſting tomb.
The wits of Charles found eaſier ways to fame,
Nor wiſh'd for Jonſon's art, or Shakeſpeare's flame.
Themſelves they ſtudied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obſcenity was wit.
Vice always found a ſympathetick friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like theſe aſpir'd to laſting praiſe,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cauſe was gen'ral, their ſupports were ſtrong;
Their ſlaves were willing, and their reign was long:

Till

Till ſhame regain'd the poſt that ſenſe betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then cruſh'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilſt paſſion ſlept;
Yet ſtill did virtue deign the ſtage to tread,
Philoſophy remain'd tho' nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She ſaw great Fauſtus lay the ghoſt of wit;
Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and ſong confirm'd her ſway.

But who the coming changes can preſage,
And mark the future periods of the ſtage?
Perhaps if ſkill could diſtant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in ſtore;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new ſorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can gueſs th' effects of chance)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet * may dance.

Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
Muſt watch the wild viciſſitudes of taſte;
With every meteor of caprice muſt play,
And chaſe the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not cenſure term our fate our choice,
The ſtage but echoes back the publick voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;

* Hunt, a famous boxer on the ſtage; Mahomet, a rope-dancer, who had exhibited at Covent-Garden theatre the winter before, ſaid to be a Turk.

'Tis

'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of reſcu'd nature, and reviving ſenſe;
To chaſe the charms of ſound, the pomp of ſhow,
For uſeful mirth and ſalutary woe;
Bid ſcenick virtue form the riſing age,
And truth diffuſe her radiance from the ſtage.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN by Mr. GARRICK, APRIL 5, 1750,

Before the MASQUE of COMUS,

Acted at DRURY-LANE THEATRE, for the Benefit of MILTON's Grand-daughter.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs whoſe boſoms beat at Milton's name,
Whoſe generous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean penſions of Auguſtan times;
Immortal patrons of ſucceeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praiſe;
Let wit condemn'd the feeble war to wage,
With cloſe malevolence, or publick rage;
Let ſtudy, worn with virtue's fruitleſs lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, diſtinguiſh'd by your ſmiles, ſhall tell
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The ſlighted arts futurity ſhall truſt,
And riſing ages haſten to be juſt.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of univerſal praiſe;
And baffled ſpite, with hopeleſs anguiſh dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;

With

With ardent haſte each candidate of fame,
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
He ſees, and pitying ſees, vain wealth beſtow
Thoſe pageant honours which he ſcorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat buſt behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown—unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her ſlow decay.
What tho' ſhe ſhine with no Miltonian fire,
No favouring muſe her morning dreams inſpire?
Yet ſofter claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameleſs age;
Hers the mild merits of domeſtick life,
The patient ſufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandſire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wiſe, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown deſert—beyond the grave.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN. 1769.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind,
With cool ſubmiſſion joins the lab'ring train,
And ſocial ſorrow loſes half its pain;

Our

Our anxious bard without complaint may ſhare
This buſtling ſeaſon's epidemick care;
Like Cæſar's pilot dignify'd by fate,
Toſt in one common ſtorm with all the great;
Diſtreſt alike the ſtateſman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The buſy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wiſhes juſt the ſame;
Diſabled both to combat, or to fly,
Muſt hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgeſs hoards his angry tale,
For that bleſt year when all that vote may rail;
Their ſchemes of ſpite the poet's foes diſmiſs,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiſs.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says ſwelling Criſpin, "begg'd a cobler's vote;"
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiſs him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe,
The bard may ſupplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by thoſe whoſe voices ne'er were ſold,
He feels no want of ill perſuading gold;
But confident of praiſe, if praiſe be due,
Truſts without fear to merit and to you.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

A WORD TO THE WISE*,

SPOKEN by Mr. HULL.

THIS night preſents a play which publick rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the ſtage†.
From zeal, or malice, now no more we dread,
For Engliſh vengeance wars not with the dead.
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid, where all muſt lie.
To wit reviving from its author's duſt,
Be kind ye judges, or at leaſt be juſt.
For no renew'd hoſtilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable ſhade.
Let one great payment every claim appeaſe,
And him who cannot hurt, allow to pleaſe;
To pleaſe by ſcenes unconſcious of offence,
By harmleſs merriment, or uſeful ſenſe.
Where aught of bright, or fair the piece diſplays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praiſe.
If want of ſkill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiſs—the poet cannot hear.
By all like him muſt praiſe and blame be found,
At beſt a fleeting gleam, or empty ſound.

* Performed at Covent-Garden theatre in 1777, for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly, Eſq. (the author of the play), and her children.

† Upon the firſt repreſentation of this play, 1770, a party aſſembled to damn it, and ſucceeded.

Yet

Come gentle eve, the friend of care,
Come Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refreſh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature ſpreads;
Where the green bower with roſes crown'd,
In ſhowers its fragrant foliage ſheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let muſick die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every ſtrain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vaſt deſires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inſpires.

Whilſt all my wiſh and thine complete,
By turns we languiſh and we burn,
Let ſighing gales our ſighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me when nature calls to reſt,
And bluſhing ſkies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breaſt,
And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN,
AN ODE.

ALAS! with ſwift and ſilent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The ſeaſons change, and nature's face
Now ſweetly ſmiles, now frowns ſevere.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of Spring are ſwept away,
And Summer fruits deſert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the weſtern breeze,
Now trod in duſt neglected lie,
As Boreas ſtrips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As ruſſet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moiſt with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleaſure wanders there.

No more while thro' the midnight ſhade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I ſtray,
Soft pleaſing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime ſhe ſoars,
O! would ſome god but wings ſupply!
To where each morn the Spring reſtores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wiſh! me fate compels to bear
The downward ſeaſons iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And ſhiver on a blaſted plain.

What bliſs to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and ſhowers, and ſtorms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

Haſte—preſs the cluſters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! ſhoot thy parting ray:
This gives the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
This god of health, and verſe, and day.
Still—ſtill the jocund ſtrain ſhall flow,
The pulſe with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms ſhall glow,
And every bliſs in wine ſhall meet.

WINTER,

AN ODE.

NO more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon ſpreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve diſtills the dew.
The lingering hours prolong the night,
Uſurping darkneſs ſhares the day;
Her miſts reſtrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful ſway.
By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With ſighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafleſs wood, the naked field,
The ſnow-topt cot, the frozen rill.
No muſick warbles thro' the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious ſteps I rove
Thro' verdant paths now ſought in vain.
Aloud the driving tempeſt roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous ſhowers deſcend;
Haſte, cloſe the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art ſupply
With light and heat my little ſphere;
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a conſtellation here.

Let muſick ſound the voice of joy!
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the ſeaſon wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale ſhall pleaſe no more;
Nor muſick charm—tho' Stella ſings;
Nor love, nor wine, the Spring reſtore.

Catch then, O! catch the tranſient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a ſhort Summer—man a flower,
He dies—alas! how ſoon he dies!

THE WINTER's WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary proſpects round us riſe;
The naked hill, the leafleſs grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning ſkies!

Nor only thought the waſted plain,
Stern Winter in thy force confeſs'd;
Still wider ſpreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power uſurp my breaſt.

Enlivening hope, and fond deſire,
Reſign the heart to ſpleen and care;
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
And rapture ſaddens to deſpair.

In groundleſs hope, and cauſeleſs fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The ſlave of ſunſhine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and falſe alarms,
With mental and corporeal ſtrife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And ſcreen me from the ills of life.

To Miſs *****

ON HER GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD AND SILK NET-WORK PURSE OF HER OWN WEAVING*.

THOUGH gold and ſilk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would ſhine,
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand that knows the ſubtler art,
To weave thoſe nets that catch the heart.
Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy ſilken chain
The glittering vagrants ſhall reſtrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught ſhould ne'er be freed?

* Printed among Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies.

To Miſs *****

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICHORD IN A ROOM HUNG WITH FLOWER-PIECES OF HER OWN PAINTING *.

WHEN Stella ſtrikes the tuneful ſtring
In ſcenes of imitated Spring,
Where beauty laviſhes her powers
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And pleaſure propagates around
Each charm of modulated ſound;
Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flower,
But ſhun, raſh youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the ſnares of wily love.

When charms thus preſs on every ſenſe,
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful hope, and vain deſire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.

But on thoſe regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight,
Could Stella, ſprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral ſong,
Inſtruction with her flowers might ſpring,
And wiſdom warble from her ſtring.

* Printed among Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies.

Mark when from thouſand mingled dyes
Thou ſeeſt one pleaſing form ariſe,
How active light, and thoughtful ſhade,
In greater ſcenes each other aid.
Mark when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How paſſions well accorded ſtrife,
Gives all the harmony of life;
Thy pictures ſhall thy conduct frame,
Conſiſtent ſtill, though not the ſame;
Thy muſick teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

EVENING: an Ode,

To STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts ſhe brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes ſhake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the ſtream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy ſecrets, love,
Stella, thither let us ſtray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his ſtead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;

Ligh

Light that ſeems but juſt to ſhow
Breaſts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
Let us now, in whiſper'd joy,
Evening's ſilent hours employ,
Silence beſt, and conſcious ſhades,
Pleaſe the hearts that love invades,
Other pleaſures give them pain,
Lovers all but love diſdain.

TO THE SAME.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found,
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
If her face with pleaſure glow,
If ſhe ſigh at others woe,
If her eaſy air expreſs
Conſcious worth, or ſoft diſtreſs,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminiſh'd grace.
If on her we ſee diſplay'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
If her chintz with leſs expence
Flows in eaſy negligence;
Still ſhe lights the conſcious flame,
Still her charms appear the ſame;
If ſhe ſtrikes the vocal ſtrings,
If ſhe's ſilent, ſpeaks, or ſings,
If ſhe ſit, or if ſhe move,
Still we love, and ſtill approve.
Vain the caſual, tranſient glance,
Which alone can pleaſe by chance,

Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.
I thoſe charms alone can prize,
Which from conſtant nature riſe,
Which nor circumſtance, nor dreſs,
E'er can make, or more, or leſs.

To a FRIEND.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the preſent ſtore,
Still endleſs ſighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the ſhadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treaſure buys!
To purchaſe heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendſhip's pleaſures to be ſold?
No—all that's worth a wiſh—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Ceaſe then on traſh thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With ſcience tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the Muſes' moral lay;
In ſocial hours indulge thy ſoul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;

To virtuous love reſign thy breaſt,
And be, by bleſſing beauty—bleſt.
Thus taſte the feaſt by nature ſpread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taſte with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and ſtrife.
I boaſt whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And ſcorn! Oh! let that ſcorn be thine!
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

WHEN lately Stella's form diſplay'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not ſo fair as fine.
"Fate! ſnatch away the bright diſguiſe,
"And let the goddeſs truſt her eyes."
Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,
And fate malicious heard the pray'r;
But brighten'd by the ſable dreſs,
As virtue riſes in diſtreſs,
Since Stella ſtill extends her reign,
Ah! how ſhall envy ſooth her pain?
Th' adoring youth and envious fair,
Henceforth ſhall form one common prayer;
And love and hate alike implore
The ſkies—"That Stella mourn no more."

To STELLA.

NOT the ſoft ſighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the cryſtal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, tho' all unite,
Can touch my boſom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's ſhore,
Not all Peru's unbounded ſtore,
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,
To form one wiſh my ſoul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor ſeek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

VERSES,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN TO WHOM A LADY HAD GIVEN A SPRIG OF MYRTLE*.

WHAT hopes—what terrors does this gift create?
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.
The myrtle (enſign of ſupreme command,
Conſign'd to Venus by Meliſſa's hand)
Not leſs capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle ſhades oft ſings the happy ſwain,
In myrtle ſhades deſpairing ghoſts complain.
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
The unhappy lovers graves the myrtle ſpreads.
Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And eaſe the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon muſt this ſprig, as you ſhall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

*Theſe verſes were firſt printed in a Magazine for 1768, but were written between forty and fifty years ago. Elegant as they are, they were compoſed in the ſhort ſpace of five minutes.

Yet ſtill he fills affection's eye,
Obſcurely wiſe and coarſely kind;
Nor letter'd arrogance deny
Thy praiſe to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy diſplay'd
The power of art without the ſhow.

In miſery's darkeſt cavern known,
His uſeful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeleſs anguiſh pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No ſummons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain diſdain'd by pride;
The modeſt wants of every day
The toil of every day ſupply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pauſe, nor left a void;
And ſure th' Eternal maſter found
The ſingle talent well employ'd.

The buſy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Tho' now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his ſoul the neareſt way.

EP

EPITAPH on CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN*.

PHILLIPS! whoſe touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapleſs love,
Reſt here, diſtreſt by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'ſt ſo oft before;
Sleep undiſturb'd within this peaceful ſhrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

EPITAPHIUM

IN

THOMAM HANMER, BARONETTUM.

Honorabilis admodum THOMAS HANMER,
Baronettus,
Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri è Peregrina Henrici
North
De Mildenhal in Com: Suffolciæ Baronetti ſorore
et hærede.
Filius
Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti

* Theſe lines are among Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies; they are nevertheleſs recognized as Johnſon's, in a memorandum of his hand-writing, and were probably written at her requeſt. Phillips was a travelling Fidler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his performance.

Hæres

Hæres patruelis
Antiquo gentis ſuæ et titulo, et patrimonio ſucceſſit
Duas uxores ſortitus eſt;
Alteram Iſabellam, honore à patre derivato de
Arlington comitiſſam
Deindè celciſſimi principis ducis de Grafton viduam
dotariam
Alteram Elizabetham Thomæ Folks de Barton in
Com. Suff. armigeri.
Filiam et hæredem
Inter humanitates ſtudia ſelicitèr enutritus
Omnes liberalium artium diſciplinas avidè arripuit,
Quas morum ſuavitate haud leviter ornavit.
Poſtquam exceſſit et ephebis
Continuo inter populares ſuos fama eminens
Et comitatus ſui legatus ad Parliamentum miſſus
Ad ardua regni negotia per annos prope triginta
Si accinxit
Cumq; apud illos ampliſſimorum virorum ordines
Solent nihil temerè effutire
Sed *probe* perpenſa diſſertè expromere
Orator gravis et preſſus
Non minus integritatis quam eloquentiæ laude
commendatus
Æquè omnium utcunq; inter ſe alioqui diſſidentium
Aures atque animos attraxit
Annoque demum M.DCC.XIII. regnante Annâ
Felicissima, florentiſſimæque memoriæ regina
Ad prolocutoris cathedram
Communi ſenatûs univerſi voce deſignatus eſt:
Quod munus
Cum nullo tempore non difficile
Tum illo certè negotiis

Et

Et varus et lubricis et implicatis difficillimum
Cum dignitate ſuſtinuit.
Honores alios, et omnia, quæ ſibi in lucrum cederent, munera
Sedulò detrectavit
Ut rei totus inſerviret publicæ,
Juſti rectique tenax
Et fide in patriam incorrupta notus.
Ubi omnibus, quæ virum civimque bonum decent officiis ſatis feciſſet,
Paulatim ſe à publicis conſiliis in otium recipiens
Inter literarum amœnitates,
Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud inſuaves recordationes,
Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus
Honorificè conſenuit,
Et bonis omnibus, quibus chariſſimus vixit,
Deſideratiſſimus obiit.

PARAPHRASE of the above EPITAPH.

By Dr. JOHNSON*.

THOU who ſurvey'ſt theſe walls with curious eye,
Paſſe at this tomb where HANMER's aſhes lie;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'ſt his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirſt of knowledge, and with love of truth;

* This Paraphraſe is inſerted in Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies. The Latin is there ſaid to be written by Dr. Freind. Of the perſon whoſe memory it celebrates, a copious account may be ſeen in the Appendix to the Supplement to the Biographia Britannica.

His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.
Thus early wiſe, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the ſtudious ſhade;
In life's firſt bloom his publick toils began,
At once commenc'd the ſenator and man.
In buſineſs dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the ſtate;
In every ſpeech perſuaſive wiſdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd:
Suſpended faction ceas'd from rage and ſtrife,
To hear his eloquence, and praiſe his life.
Reſiſtleſs merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illuſtrious age! how bright thy glories ſhone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair—and ANNE the throne!

Then when dark arts obſcur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of ſtate,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.
This taſk perform'd—he ſought no gainful poſt,
Nor wiſh'd to glitter at his country's coſt;
Strict on the right he fix'd his ſtedfaſt eye,
With temperate zeal and wiſe anxiety;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aſide,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleaſure, or of pride.
Her gifts deſpis'd, Corruption bluſh'd and fled,
And Fame purſued him where Conviction led.
Age call'd, at length, his active mind to reſt,
With honour ſated, and with cares oppreſt;
To letter'd eaſe retir'd and honeſt mirth,
To rural grandeur and domeſtick worth:

Delighted

ighted ſtill to pleaſe mankind, or mend,
: patriot's fire yet ſparkled in the friend.
:alm Conſcience then, his former life ſurvey'd,
l recollected toils endear'd the ſhade,
l Nature call'd him to the general doom,
d Virtue's ſorrow dignified his tomb.

Miſs HICKMAN*, playing on the Spinnet.

RIGHT Stella, form'd for univerſal reign,
Too well you know to keep the ſlaves you gain;
hen in your eyes reſiſtleſs lightnings play,
r'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
d yield reluctant to deſpotick ſway:
t when your muſick ſooths the raging pain,
e bid propitious heav'n prolong your reign,
e bleſs the tyrant, and we hug the chain.
When old Timotheus ſtruck the vocal ſtring,
nbition's fury fir'd the Grecian king:
ıbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
e pants for room in one poor world confin'd.
ıus wak'd to rage, by muſick's dreadful pow'r
e bids the ſword deſtroy, the flame devour.
ad Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
ıon had the monarch felt a nobler fire:
o more delighted with deſtructive war,
mbitious only now to pleaſe the fair;
eſign'd his thirſt of empire to her charms,
nd found a thouſand worlds in Stella's arms.

* Theſe Lines, which have been communicated by Dr. Turn, ſon to Mrs. Turton, the Lady to whom they are addreſſed her maiden name of Hickman, muſt have been written at aſt as early as the year 1734, as that was the year of her marage: at how much earlier a period of Dr. Johnſon's life they ay have been written, is not known.

PARAPHRASE of PROVERBS, Chap. VI. Verſes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

"Go to the Ant thou Sluggard."

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
Obſerve her labours, ſluggard, and be wiſe:
No ſtern command, no monitory voice
Preſcribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, ſhe haſtes away,
To ſnatch the bleſſings of the plenteous day;
When fruitful ſummer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harveſt, and ſhe ſtores the grain.
How long ſhall ſloth uſurp thy uſeleſs hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs?
While artful ſhades thy downy couch incloſe,
And ſoft ſolicitation courts repoſe.
Amidſt the drowſy charms of dull delight,
Year chaſes year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and ſlow,
Shall ſpring to ſeize thee like an ambuſh'd foe.

HORACE, Lib. IV. Ode VII. Tranſlated.

THE ſnow diſſolv'd, no more is ſeen,
The fields and woods, behold! are green,
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again,
The ſprightly nymph and naked grace
The mazy dance together trace.

* In Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies, but now printed from the original in Dr. Johnſon's own hand-writing.

The

The changing year's ſucceſſive plan
Proclaims mortality to man.
Rough winter's blaſts to ſpring give way,
Spring yields to ſummer's ſovereign ray;
Then ſummer ſinks in autumn's reign,
And winter chills the world again:
Her loſſes ſoon the moon ſupplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his ſons are laid,
Is nought but aſhes and a ſhade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our ſcore,
Will toſs us in a morning more?
What with your friend you nobly ſhare
At leaſt you reſcue from your heir.
Not you, Torquatus, boaſt of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or ſplendid birth,
Or virtue, ſhall reſtore to earth.
Hippolytus, unjuſtly ſlain,
Diana calls to life in vain;
Nor can the might of Theſeus rend
The chains of hell that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784.

On ſeeing a BUST of Mrs. MONTAGUE.

HAD this fair figure which this frame diſplays,
Adorn'd in Roman time the brighteſt days,
In every dome, in every ſacred place,
Her ſtatue would have breath'd an added grace,
And on its baſis would have been enroll'd,
"This is Minerva, caſt in Virtue's mould."

☞ *The following* TRA LAT[illegible]S, PARODIES, *and* BUR-
LESQUE VERSES, *extempore, translations from*
ANECDOTES *of Dr.* J[illegible]N, *lately published by*
PIOZZI.

ANACREON, ODE IX.

LOVELY courier of the ſky,
Whence and whither doſt thou fly?
Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way;
Is it buſineſs? is it love?
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.

Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair;
Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
Bluſhing nature, ſmiling art.
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the bard her dove beſtow'd:
Veſted with a maſter's right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight;
His the letters that you ſee,
Weighty charge, conſign'd to me:
Think not yet my ſervice hard,
Joyleſs taſk without reward;
Smiling at my maſter's gates,
Freedom my return awaits;
But the liberal grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent dove decline
Bliſsful bondage ſuch as mine?
Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's gueſt without a home;

Un

Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly ſhelter'd, coarſely fed:
Now my better lot beſtows
Sweet repaſt, and ſoft repoſe;
Now the generous bowl I ſip
As it leaves Anacreon's lip:
Void of care, and free from dread,
From his fingers ſnatch his bread;
Then with luſcious plenty gay,
Round his chamber dance and play;
Or from wine as courage ſprings,
O'er his face extend my wings;
And when feaſt and frolick tire,
Drop aſleep upon his lyre.
This is all, be quick and go,
More than all thou canſt not know;
Let me now my pinions ply,
I have chatter'd like a pye.

LINES written in ridicule of certain Poems publiſhed in 1777.

WHERESOE'ER I turn my view,
All is ſtrange, yet nothing new;
Endleſs labour all along,
Endleſs labour to be wrong;
Phraſe that time has flung away,
Uncouth words in diſarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and ſonnet.

PARODY of a TRANSLATION from the MEDEA of EURIPIDES.

ERR ſhall they not, who reſolute explore
Times gloomy back[illegible]rd with judicious eye;
And ſcanning right the p[illegible]ctices of yore,
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwiſe.

They to the dome where ſmoke with curling play
Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
Summon'd the ſinger blythe, and harper gay,
And aided wine with dulcet-ſtreaming ſound.

The better uſe of notes, or ſweet or ſhrill,
By quiv'ring ſtring or modulated wind;
Trumpet or lyre—to their harſh boſoms chill
Admiſſion ne'er had ſought, or could not find.

Oh! ſend them to the ſullen manſions dun,
Her baleful eyes where ſorrow rolls around;
Where gloom-enamour'd miſchief loves to dwell,
And murder, all blood-bolter'd, ſchemes the wound.

Where[illegible]tes luxuriant pile the ſpacious diſh,
And purple nectar glads the feſtive hour;
The gueſt, without a want, without a wiſh,
Can yield no room to muſick's ſoothing pow'r.

BURLESQUE of the modern Verſifications of ancient Legendary Tales. An IMPROMPTU.

THE tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the ſtone;
The nurſe took up the ſqualing child,
But ſtill the child ſqual'd on.

TRANSLATION of the Two Firſt Stanzas of the Song "*Rio verde, Rio verde,*" printed in Biſhop PERCY's Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry. An IMPROMPTU.

GLASSY water, glaſſy water,
Down whoſe current clear and ſtrong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual ſlaughter,
Moor and Chriſtian roll along.

IMITATION of the Style of ****

HERMIT hoar, in ſolemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey;
Strike thy boſom ſage, and tell
What is bliſs, and which the way.

Thus I ſpoke, and ſpeaking ſigh'd,
Scarce repreſs'd the ſtarting tear,
When the hoary ſage reply'd,
Come, my lad, and drink ſome beer.

BURLESQUE of the following Lines of LOPEZ DE VEGA. An IMPROMPTU.

SE acquien los leones vence
Vence una muger hermoſa
O el de flaco averguençe
O ella di ſer mas furioſa.

IF the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION of the following Lines at the End of BARETTI'S EASY PHRASEOLOGY. An IMPROMPTU.

VIVA viva la padrona,
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella;
Tutta bella e tutta buona,
Viva! viva la padrona!

LONG may live my lovely Hetty!
Always young and always pretty,
Always pretty, always young,
Live my lovely Hetty long!
Always young and always pretty,
Long may live my lovely Hetty!

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION of the following diſtich on the Duke of Modena's running away from the comet in 1742 or 1743.

SE al venir voſtro i principi ſe n' vanno
Deh venga ogni dì——durate un anno.

IF at your coming princes diſappear,
Comets! come every day—and ſtay a year.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION of the following Lines of Monſ. BENSERADE à ſon lit.

THEATRE des ris, et des pleurs,
Lit! ou je nais, et ou je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voiſins,
Sont nos plaiſirs, et nos chagrins.

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may ſhew
Of human bliſs to human woe.

EPITAPH for Mr. HOGARTH.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' eſſential form of grace
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
That ſaw the manners in the face.

TRANSLATION of the following Lines written under a Print repreſenting Perſons ſkaiting.

SUR un mince chryſtal l'hyver conduit leurs pas
Le precipice eſt ſous la glace;
Telle eſt de nos plaiſirs la legere ſurface,
Gliſſez mortels; n' appuyez pas.

O'ER ice the rapid ſkaiter flies,
With ſport above and death below;
Where miſchief lurks in gay diſguiſe,
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION of the ſame.

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the ſkaiters play;
O'er treacherous pleaſure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly ſkim, and haſte away.

To Mrs. THRALE, on her completing her thirty-fifth year. An IMPROMPTU.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philoſophers contrive
Life to ſtop at thirty-five,
Time his hours ſhould never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.

High

High to ſoar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, ſtock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boaſt and ſtrive,
Life declines from thirty-five:
He that ever hopes to thrive
Muſt begin by thirty-five;
And all who wiſely wiſh to wive
Muſt look on Thrale at thirty-five.

IMPROMPTU on hearing Miſs THRALE conſulting with a friend about a gown and hat ſhe was inclined to wear.

WEAR the gown, and wear the hat,
Snatch thy pleaſures while they laſt;
Hadſt thou nine lives, like a cat,
Soon thoſe nine lives would be paſt.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION of an AIR in the CLEMENZA DE TITO of METASTASIO, beginning, "*Deh ſe piacermi vuoi.*"

WOULD you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teizing doubts depart;
He who blindly truſts, will find
Faith from every generous mind:
He who ſtill expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

TRANSLATION [illegible] of ACHILLES,
in the A[illegible] TASSO, beginning,
"*Tu c[illegible] vigli.*"

GROWN old in courts, thou art not ſurely one
Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour;
Well ſkill'd to ſoothe a foe with looks of kindneſs,
To ſink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with ſeeming friendſhip:
Open to all, true only to thyſelf,
Thou know'ſt thoſe arts which blaſt with envious praiſe,
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuſes,
And drive diſcountenanc'd virtue from the throne:
That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
And of his ev'ry gift uſurp the merit;
That hide in ſeeming zeal a wicked purpoſe,
And only build upon another's ruin.

POEMATA.

[Jan. 20, 21, 1773.]

VITÆ qui varias vices
Rerum perpetuus temperat Arbiter,
Læto cedere lumini
Noctis triſtitiam qui gelidæ jubet,
Acri ſanguine turgidos,
Obductoſque oculos nubibus humidis
Sanari voluit meos.
Et me, cuncta beans cui nocuit dies,
Luci reddidit et mihi.
Qua te laude, Deus qua prece proſequar?
Sacri diſcipulus libri
Te ſemper ſtudiis utilibus colam:
Grates, ſumme Pater, tuis
Recte qui fruitur muneribus, dedit.

[Dec. 25, 1779.]

NUNC dies Chriſto memoranda nato
Fulſit, in pectus mihi fonte purum
Gaudium ſacro fluat, et benigni
Gratia Cœli!
Chriſte da tutam trepido quietem,
Chriſte, ſpem præſta ſtabilem timenti;
Da fidem certam, precibuſque fidis
Annue, Chriſte.

[In Lecto, die Paſſionis. Apr. 13, 1781.]

SUMME Deus, qui ſemper amas quodcunque creâsti;
Judice quo, ſcelerum eſt pœnituiſſe ſalus:
Da veteres noxas animo ſic flere novato,
Per Chriſtum ut veniam ſit reperire mihi.

[In Lecto. Dec. 25, 1782.]

SPE non inani confugis,
Peccator, ad latus meum;
Quod poſcis, haud unquam tibi
Negabitur ſolatium.

[Noctu, inter 16 et 17 Junii, 1783 *.]

SUMME Pater, quodcunque tuum † de corpore ‡ Numen
Hoc ‖ ſtatuat, § precibus Chriſtus adeſſe velit:
Ingenio parcas, nec ſit mihi culpa ¶ rogâſſe,
Qua ſolum potero parte, ** placere tibi.

* The night above referred to by Dr. Johnſon was that in which a paralytick ſtroke had deprived him of his voice, and, in the anxiety he felt leſt it ſhould likewiſe have impaired his underſtanding, he compoſed the above Lines, and ſaid concerning them, that he knew at the time that they were not good, but then that he deemed his diſcerning this, to be ſufficient for the quieting the anxiety before mentioned, as it ſhewed him that his power of judging was not diminiſhed.

† Al. tuæ. ‡ Al. leges. ‖ Al. ſtatuant.
§ Al. votis. ¶ Al. precari. ** Al. litare.

[Cal.

[Cal. Jan. in lecto, ante lucem. 1784.]

SUMME dator vitæ, naturæ æterne magiſter,
Cauſarum ſeries quo moderante fluit,
Reſpice quem ſubigit ſenium, morbique ſeniles,
Quem terret vitæ meta propinqua ſuæ,
Reſpice inutiliter lapſi quem pœnitet ævi;
Recte ut pœniteat, reſpice, magne parens.

PATER benigne, ſumma ſemper lenitas,
Crimine gravatam plurimo mentem leva:
Concede veram pœnitentiam, precor,
Concede agendam legibus vitam tuis.
Sacri vagantes luminis greſſus face
Rege, et tuere, quæ nocent pellens procul;
Veniam petenti, ſumme da veniam, pater;
Veniæque ſancta pacis adde gaudia:
Sceleris ut expers omni, et vacuus metu,
Te, mente purâ, mente tranquillâ colam:
Mihi dona morte hæc impetret Chriſtus ſuâ.

[Jan. 18, 1784.]

SUMME Pater, puro colluſtra lumine pectus,
Anxietas noceat ne tenebroſa mihi.
In me ſparſa manu virtutum ſemina larga
Sic ale, proveniat meſſis ut ampla boni.
Noctes atque dies animo ſpes læta recurſet,
Certa mihi ſancto flagret amore fides.

Certa vetet dubitare fides, ſpes læta timere,
Velle vetet cuiquam non bene ſanctus amor.
Da, ne ſint permiſſa, pater, mihi præmia fruſtra,
Et colere, et leges ſemper amare tuas.
Hæc mihi, quo gentes, quo ſecula, Chriſte, piâsti,
Sanguine, precanti promereare tuo!

[Feb. 27, 1784.]

MENS mea quid quereris? veniet tibi mollior hora,
In ſummo ut videas numine læta patrem;
Divinam in ſontes iram placavit Jeſus;
Nunc eſt pro pœna pœnituiſſe reis.

CHRISTIANUS PERFECTUS.

QUI cupit in ſanctos Chriſto cogente referri,
Abſtergat mundi labem, nec gaudia carnis
Captans, nec faſtu tumidus, ſemperque futuro
Inſtet, et evellens terroris ſpicula corde,
Suſpiciat tandem clementem in numine patrem.
Huic quoque, nec genti nec ſectæ noxius ulli,
Sit ſacer orbis amor, miſeris qui ſemper adeſſe
Geſtiat, et, nullo pietatis limite clauſus,
Cunctorum ignoſcat vitiis, pietate fruatur.
Ardeat huic toto ſacer ignis pectore, poſſit
Ut vitam, poſcat ſi res, impendere vero.
Cura placere Deo ſit prima, ſit ultima, ſanctæ
Irruptum vitæ cupiat ſervare tenorem;

Et

Et ſibi, delirans quanquam et peccator in horas
Diſpliceat, ſervet tutum ſub pectore rectum:
Nec natet, et nunc has partes, nunc eligat illas,
Nec dubitet quem dicat herum, ſed, totus in uno,
Se fidum addicat Chriſto, mortalia temnens.
Sed timeat ſemper, caveatque ante omnia, turbæ
Ne ſtolidæ ſimilis, leges, ſibi ſegreget audax
Quas ſervare velit, leges quas lentus omittat,
Plenum opus effugiens, aptans juga mollia collo
Sponte ſua demens; nihilum decedere ſummæ
Vult Deus, at, qui cuncta dedit tibi, cuncta repoſcit.
Denique perpetuo contendit in ardua niſu,
Auxilioque Dei fretus, jam mente ſerena
Pergit, et imperiis ſentit ſe dulcibus actum.
Paulatim mores, animum, vitamque refingit,
Effigiemque Dei, quantum ſervare licebit,
Induit, et, terris major, cœleſtia ſpirat.

ÆTERNE rerum conditor,
Salutis æternæ dator;
Felicitatis ſedibus
Qui nec ſceleſtos exigis,
Quoſcumque ſcelerum pœnitet;
Da, Chriſte, pœnitentiam,
Veniamque, Chriſte, da mihi;
Ægrum trahenti ſpiritum
Succurre præſens corpori,
Multo gravatam crimine
Mentem benignus alleva.

Luce colluſtret mihi pectus alma,
Pellat et triſtes animi tenebras,
Nec ſinat ſemper tremere ac dolore,
Gratia Chriſti:
Me pater tandem reducem benigno
Summus amplexu foveat, beato
Me gregi ſanctus ſocium beatum
Spiritus addat.

JEJUNIUM ET CIBUS.

Serviat ut menti corpus jejunia ſerva,
Ut mens utatur corpore, ſume cibos.

Urbane, nullis feſſe laboribus,
Urbane, nullis victe calumniis,
Cui fronte ſertum in erudita
Perpetuo viret, et virebit;

Quid moliatur gens inimicitium,
Quid et minetur, ſollicitus parum,
Vacare ſolis perge Mutis,
Juxta animo ſtudioſque fælix.

Linguæ procacis plumbea ſpicula,
Fidens, ſuperbo frange ſilentio;
Victrix per obſtantes catervas
Sedulitas animoſa tendet.

Intende nervos fortis, inanibus
Riſurus olim niſibus emuli;
Intende jam nervos, habebis
Participes opera camœnas.

Non

Non ulla Muſis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ ſeveris ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

Texente nymphis ſerta Lycoride,
Roſæ ruborem ſic viola adjuvat
Immiſta, ſic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis.

IN RIVUM A MOLA STOANA LICHFELDIÆ DIFFLUENTEM.

ERRAT adhuc vitreus per prata virentia rivus,
Quo toties lavi membra tenella puer;
Hic deluſa rudi fruſtrabar brachia motu,
Dum docuit blanda voce natare pater.
Fecerunt rami latebras, tenebriſque diurnis
Pendula ſecretas abdidit arbor aquas.
Nunc veteres duris perière ſecuribus umbræ,
Longinquiſque oculis nuda lavacra patent.
Lympha tamen curſus agit indefeſſa perennis,
Tectaque qua fluxit, nunc et aperta fluit.
Quid ferat externi velox, quid deterat ætas,
Tu quoque ſecurus res age, Niſe, tuas.

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

[Poſt Lexicon Anglicanum auctum et emendatum.]

LEXICON ad finem longo luctamine tandem
Scaliger ut duxit, tenuis pertæſus opellæ,
Vile indignatus ſtudium, nugaſque moleſtas,

Ingemit exoſus, ſcribendaque lexica mandat
Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.

Ille quidem recte, ſublimis, doctus et acer,
Quem decuit majora ſequi, majoribus aptum,
Qui veterum modo facta ducùm, modo carmina va-
Geſſerat et quicquid virtus, ſapientia quicquid,
Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus,
Ingentemque animo ſeclorum volveret orbem.

Fallimur exemplis; temere ſibi turba ſcholarum
Ima tuas credit permitti Scaliger iras.
Quiſque ſuum nôrit modulum; tibi, prime virorum
Ut ſtudiis ſperem, aut auſim par eſſe quereli-,
Non mihi ſorte datum; lenti ſeu ſanguinis obſint
Frigora, ſeu nimium longo jacuiſſe veterno,
Sive mihi mentem dederit natura minorem.

Te ſterili functum cura, vocumque ſalebris
Tuto eluctatum ſpatiis ſapientia dia
Excipit æthereis, ars omnis plaudit amico,
Linguarumque omni terra diſcordia concors
Multiplici reducem circum ſonatore magiſtrum.

Me, penſi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, iner-.
Deſidiæ ſors dura manet, graviorque labore
Triſtis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
Naſcuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala ſomnia mentis.
Nunc clamoſa juvant nocturnæ gaudia menſæ,
Nunc loca ſola placent; fruſtra te, Somne, recumbens
Alme voco, impatiens noctis metuenſque diei.
Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia luſtro,
Si qua uſquam pateat melioris ſemita vitæ,
Nec quid agam invenio, meditatus grandia, cogor
Notior ipſe mihi fieri, incultumque fateri

Pectus,

Pectus, et ingenium vano se robore jactans.
Ingenium nisi materiem doctrina ministrat,
Cessat inops rerum, ut torpet, si marmoris absit
Copia, Phidiaci fæcunda potentia cœli.
Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obstat
Res angusta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.

Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recensens
Conspicit aggestas, et se miratur in illis,
Nec sibi de gaza præsens quod postulat usus
Summus adesse jubet celsa dominator ab arce;
Non, operum serie seriem dum computat ævi,
Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut sumit honores
Ipse sui judex, actæ bene munera vitæ;
Sed sua regna videns, loca nocte silentia late
Horret, ubi vanæ species, umbræque fugaces,
Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.

Quid faciam? tenebrisne pigram damnare senectam
Restat? an accingar studiis gravioribus audax?
Aut, hoc si nimium est, tandem nova lexica poscam?

AD THOMAM LAURENCE,

MEDICUM DOCTISSIMUM,

Cum filium peregre agentem desiderio nimis tristi prosequeretur.

Fateris ergo, quod populus solet
Crepare væcors, nil sapientiam
Prodesse vitæ, literasque;
In dubiis dare terga rebus
Tu, queis laborat sors hominum, mala,
Nec vincis acer, nec pateris pius,
Te mille succorum potentem
Destituit medicina mentis.

Per cæca noctis tædia turbidæ,
Pigræ per horas lucis inutiles,
Torpeſque, langueſciſque, curis
Solicitus nimis heu! paternis.
Tandem dolori plus ſatis eſt datum,
Exurge fortis, nunc animis opus,
Te, docta, Laurenti; vetuſtas,
Te medici revocant labores.
Permitte ſummo quicquid habes patri,
Permitte fidens, et muliebribus,
Amice, majorem querelis
Redde tuis, tibi redde, mentem.

IN THEATRO, March 8, 1771.

Tertii verſo quater orbe luſtri,
Quid theatrales tibi, Criſpe, pompæ?
Quam decet canos male literatos
Sera voluptas!
Tene mulceri fidibus canoris?
Tene cantorum modulis ſtupere?
Tene per pictas oculo elegante
Currere formas?
Inter æquales, ſine felle liber,
Codices, veri ſtudioſus, inter
Rectius vives. Sua quiſque carpat
Gaudia gratus.
Luſibus gaudet puer otioſis,
Luxus oblectat juvenem theatri,
At ſeni fluxo ſapienter uti
Tempore reſtat.

[Inſeli

INSULA KENNETHI, INTER HEBRIDAS.

PARVA quidem regio, ſed relligione priorum
Clara Caledonias panditur inter aquas.
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuiſſe feroces
Dicitur, et vanos dedocuiſſe deos.
Huc ego delatus placido per cærula curſu,
Scire locus volui quid daret iſte novi.
Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aula,
Leniades, magnis nobilitatus avis.
Una duas cepit caſa cum genitore puellas,
Quas Amor undarum crederet eſſe deas.
Nec tamen inculti gelidis latuere ſub antris,
Accola Danubii qualia ſævus habet.
Mollia non deſunt vacuæ ſolatia vitæ
Sive libros poſcant otia, ſive lyram.
Fulſerat illa dies, legis qua docta ſupernæ
Spes hominum et curas gens procul eſſe jubet.
Ut precibus juſtas avertat numinis iras
Et ſummi accendat pectus amore boni.
Ponti inter ſtrepitus non ſacri munera cultus
Ceſſarunt, pietas hic quoque cura fuit.
Nil opus eſt æris ſacra de turre ſonantis
Admonitu, ipſa ſuas nunciat hora vices.
Quid, quod ſacrifici verſavit fœmina libros?
Sint pro legitimis pura labella ſacris.
Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic eſt,
Hic ſecura quies, hic et honeſtus amor.

SKIA.

PONTI profundis clauſa receſſibus,
Strepens procellis, rupibus obſita,
Quam grata defeſſo virentem,
Skia, ſinum nebuloſa pandis!

His, cura, credo, ſedibus exulat;
His blanda certe pax habitat locis;
Non ira, non mœror quietis
Inſidias meditatur horis.

At non cavatâ rupe lateſcere,
Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
Prodeſt vagari, nec frementes
In ſpecula numerare fluctus.

Humana virtus non ſibi ſufficit;
Datur nec æquum cuique animum ſibi
Parare poſſe, utcunque jactet
Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.

Exæſtuantis pectoris impetum
Rex ſumme, ſolus tu regis, arbiter;
Mentiſque, te tollente, fluctus;
Te, reſident, moderante fluctus.

ODE, DE SKIA INSULA.

PERMEO terras ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miſcet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident ſteriles coloni
Rura labores.

Pervago

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tigurîque fumis
Fæda lateſcit.

Inter erroris ſalebroſa longi,
Inter ignotæ ſtrepitus loquelæ,
Quot modis, mecum, quid agat, requiro,
Thralia dulcis?

Seu viri curis, pia nupta mulcet,
Seu ſovet mater ſobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate paſcit
Sedula mentem.

Sit memor noſtri, fideique ſolvat
Fida mercedem, meritoque blandum
Thraliæ diſcant reſonare nomen
Littora Skiæ.

SPES.

Apr. 16, 1783.

Hora ſic peragit citata curſum;
Sic diem ſequitur dies fugacem!
Spes novas nova lux parit, ſecunda
Spondens omnia credulis homullis;
Spes ludit ſtolidas, metuque cæco
Lux angit, miſeros ludens homullos,

VERSUS, COLLARI CAPRÆ DOMINI BANKS INSCRIBENDI.

PERPETUI, ambitâ bis terrâ premia lactis
Hæc habet, altrici capra ſecunda Jovis.

AD FOEMINAM QUANDAM GENEROSAM QUÆ LIBERTATIS CAUSÆ IN SERMONE PATROCINATA FUERAT.

LIBER ut eſſe velim, ſuaſiſti, pulchra Maria:
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

JACTURA TEMPORIS.

HORA perit ſurtim lætis, mens temporis ægra
Pigritiam incuſat, nec minus hora perit.

QUAS navis recipit, quantum ſit pondus aquarum,
Dimidium tanti ponderis intret onus.

QUOT vox miſſa pedes abit horæ parte ſecunda?
Undecies centum denos quater adde duoſque.

Εις ΒΙΡΧΙΟΝ*.

Εἶδεν Ἀληθείη πρώην χαίρουσα γράφοντα
Ἡρώων τε βίους Βίρχιον, ἠδὲ σοφῶν,
Καὶ Βίον, εἶπεν, ὅταν ῥίψῃς θανάτοιο Βέλεσσι,
Σὲ ποτε γραψόμενον Βίρχιον ἄλλον ἔχοις.

Εἰς τὸ τῆς ΕΛΙΣΣΗΣ περὶ τῶν Ὀνείρων Αἴνιγμα.

Τῇ κάλλους δυνάμει τὶ τέλος; Ζευς πάντα δέδωκεν
Κύπριδι, μηδ' αὐτῷ σκῆπτρα μέμηλε Θεῷ·
Ἐκ Διὸς ἐστὶν Ὄναρ, θειὸς ποτ ἔγραψεν Ὅμηρος,
Ἀλλὰ τόδ' εἰς θνητὸς Κύπρις ἔπεμψεν Ὄναρ·
Ζευὶ μοῦνος φλοίσβοντι πόλεις ἔκπερσε κεραυνῷ,
Ὄμμασι λαμπρὰ Διὸς Κύπρις ὀϊστὰ φέρει.

In ELIZÆ ENIGMA.

Quis formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptra Jovi.
Ab Jove Mæonides descendere somnia narrat;
Hæc veniunt Cypriæ somnia missa Deæ.
Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes;
Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.

* The Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch, author of the History of the Royal Society, and other works of note.

MESSIA.

Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex ſuo tantum verſificator.
SCALIG. Poet.

TOLLITE concentum, Solymææ tollite nymphæ!
Nil mortale loquor; cœlum mihi carminis alta
Materies; poſcunt gravius cœleſtia plectrum.
Muſcoſi fontes, ſylveſtria tecta valete,
Aonideſque Deæ, et mendacis ſomnia Pindi:
Tu, mihi, qui flammâ moviſti pectora ſancti
Sidereâ Iſaiæ, dignos accende furores!

Immatura calens rapitur per ſecula vates
Sic orſus—Qualis rerum mihi naſcitur ordo!
Virgo! virgo parit! felix radicibus arbor
Jeſſæis ſurgit, mulcenteſque æthera flores
Cœleſtes lambunt animæ, ramiſque columbæ,
Nuncia ſacra Dei, plaudentibus inſidet alis.
Nectareos rores, alimentaque mitia cœlum
Præbeat, et tacite fœcundos irriget imbres.
Huc, fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeſte,
Dia ſalutares ſpirant medicamina rami;
Hic requies feſſis; non ſacra fugit in umbra
Vis Boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia ſolis.
Irrita vaneſcent priſca veſtigia fraudis
Juſtitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem
Attollet reducis; bellis prætendet olivas
Compoſitis pax alma ſuas, terraſque reviſens
Sedatas niveo virtus lucebit amictu:
Volvantur celeres anni! lux purpuret ortum
Expectata diu! naturæ clauſtra refringens,
Naſcere, magne puer! tibi primas, ecce, corollas
Deproperat

Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
Carpit Arabs, hortis quicquid frondeſcit Eois.
Altius, en! Lebanon gaudentia culmina tollit,
En! ſummo exultant nutantes vertice ſylvæ.
Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes,
Et juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cœlum.
Deſerti lætâ molleſcunt aſpera voce
Auditur Deus! ecce Deus! reboantia circum
Saxa ſonant, Deus; ecce Deus! deflectitur æther,
Demiſſumque Deum tellus capit; ardua cedrus,
Gloria ſylvarum, dominum inclinata ſalutet.
Surgite convalles, tumidi ſubſidite montes!
Sternite ſaxa viam, rapidi diſcedite fluctus:
En! quem turba diu eccinerunt enthea, vates
En! ſalvator adeſt; vultus agnoſcite cæci
Divinos, ſurdos ſacra vox permulceat aures.
Ille cutim ſpiſſam viſus hebetare vetabit,
Recluſiſque oculis infundet amabile lumen;
Obſtrictaſque diu linguas in carmina ſolvet
Ille vias vocis pandet, flexuſque liquentis
Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.
Accreſcunt teneris tactu nova robora nervis:
Conſuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli
Nunc ſaltu capreas, nunc curſu provocat euros.
Non planctus, non mœſta ſonant ſuſpiria; pectus
Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes tergit ocellos.
Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,
Æternoque Orci dominator vulnere languens
Invalidi raptos ſceptri plorabit honores.
Ut qua dulce ſtrepent ſcatebræ, qua lata vireſcunt
Paſcua, qua blandum ſpirat puriſſimus aer,
Paſtor agit pecudes, teneros modo ſuſcipit agnos
Et gremio fotis ſelectas porrigit herbas,

Amiſſas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;
Fidus adeſt cuſtos, ſeu nox furat horrida nimbis,
Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva.
Poſtera ſic paſtor divinus ſecla beabit,
Et curas felix patrias teſtabitur orbis.
Non ultra infeſtis concurrent agmina ſignis,
Hoſtiles oculis flammas jaculantia torvis;
Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
Triſte coruſcabit radiis; dabit haſta recuſa
Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur enſis.
Atria, pacis opus, ſurgent, finemque caduci
Natus ad optatum perducet cæpta parentis.
Qui duxit ſulcos, illi teret area meſſem,
Et ſeræ texent vites umbracula proli.
Agroniti dumeta vident inculta coloni
Suave rubere roſis, ſitienteſque inter arenas
Garrula mirantur ſalientis murmura rivi.
Per ſaxa, ignivomi nuper ſpelæa draconis,
Canna viret, juncique tremit variabilis umbra.
Horruit implexo qua vallis ſente, figuræ
Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique ſequaces
Artificis frondent dextræ; palmiſque rubeta
Aſpera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
Per valles ſociata lupo laſcivet agna,
Cumque leone petet tutus præſepe juvencus.
Florea manſuetæ petulantes vincula tigri
Per ludum pueri injicient, et feſſa colubri
Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.
Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale micantes
Tractabit palmis infans, motuſque triſulcæ
Ridebit linguæ innocuos, ſquamaſque virentes
Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura criſtæ.
Indue reginam, turritæ frontis honores

Tolk

Tolle Salema ſacros, quam circum gloria pennas
Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ!
En! formoſa tibi ſpatioſa per atria, proles
Ordinibus ſurgit denſis, vitamque requirit
Impatiens, lenteque fluentes increpat annos.
Ecce peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis;
Barbarus en! clarum divino lumine templum
Ingreditur, cultuque tuo manſueſcere gaudet.
Cinnameos cumulos, Nabathæi munera veris,
Ecce cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ!
Solis Ophyræis crudum tibi montibus aurum
Maturant radii; tibi balſama ſudat Idume.
Ætheris en portas ſacro fulgore micantes
Cœlicolæ pandunt, torrentis aurea lucis
Flumina prorumpunt; non poſthac ſole rubeſcet
India naſcenti, placidæve argentea noctis
Luna vices revehet; radios pater ipſe diei
Proferet archetypos; cœleſtis gaudia lucis
Ipſo fonte bibes, quæ circumfuſa beatam
Regiam inundabit, nullis ceſſura tenebris.
Littora deficiens arentia deſeret æquor;
Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
Saxa cadent, ſolidique liqueſcent robora montis:
Tu ſecura tamen confuſa elementa videbis,
Lætaque Meſſia ſemper dominabere rege,
Pollicitis firmata Dei, ſtabilita ruinis.

* O Qui benignus crimina ignoſcis, pater
Faciliſque ſemper confitenti ades reo,
Aurem faventem precibus O prœbe meis;
Scelerum catenâ me laborantem grav
Æterna tandem liberet clementia,
Ut ſumma laus ſit, ſumma Chriſto gloria.

PER vitæ tenebras rerumque incerta vagantem
Numine præſenti me tueare pater!
Me ducat lux ſancta, Deus, lux ſancta ſequatur;
Uſque regat greſſus, gratia fida meos.
Sic peragam tua juſſa libens, accinctus ad omne
Mandatum, vivam ſic moriarque tibi.

ME, pater omnipotens, de puro reſpice cœlo,
Quem mœſtum et timidum crimina gravant;
Da veniam pacemque mihi, da, mente ſerena,
Ut tibi quæ placeant, omnia promptus agam.
Solvi, quo Chriſtus cunctis delicta redemit,
Et pro me pretium, tu patiare, pater.

* This and the three following articles are metrical verſions of collects in the Liturgy; the 1ſt, of that, beginning, "O God whoſe nature and property;" the 2d and 3d, of the collects for the 17th and 21ſt Sundays after Trinity; and the 4th, of the 1ſt collect in the communion ſervice.

[Dec. 5, 1784*.]

SUMME Deus, cui cæca patent penetralia cordis;
Quem nulla anxietas, nulla cupido fugit;
Quem nil vafrities peccantum ſubdola celat;
Omnia qui ſpectans, omnia ubique regis;
Mentibus afflatu terrenas ejice ſordes
Divino, ſanctus regnet ut intus amor:
Eloquiumque potens linguis torpentibus affer,
Ut tibi laus omni ſemper ab ore ſonet:
Sanguine quo gentes, quo ſecula cuncta piavit,
Hæc nobis Chriſtus promeruiſſe velit!

PSALMUS CXVII.

ANNI qua volucris ducitur orbita,
Patrem cœlicolûm perpetuo colunt
Quovis ſanguine cretæ
Gentes undique carmine.
Patrem, cujus amor blandior in dies
Mortales miſeros ſervat, alit, fovet,
Omnes undique gentes,
Sancto dicite carmine.

* The day on which he received the ſacrament for the laſt time; and eight days before his deceaſe.

* Seu te ſæva ſitis, levitas ſive improba fecit,
Muſca, meæ comitem, participemque dapis,
Pone metum, roſtrum fidens immitte culullo,
Nam licet, et toto prolue læta mero.
Tu, quamcunque tibi velox indulſerit annus,
Carpe diem, fugit, heu, non revocanda dies!
Quæ nos blanda comes, quæ nos perducat eodem,
Volvitur hora mihi, volvitur hora tibi!
Una quidem, ſic fata volunt, tibi vivitur æſtas,
Eheu, quid decies plus mihi ſexta dedit!
Olim, præteritæ numeranti tempora vitæ,
Sexaginta annis non minor unus erit.

† Habeo, dedi quod alteri;
Habuique, quod dedi mihi;
Sed quod reliqui, perdidi.

* The above is a verſion of the ſong, "Buſy, curious, thirſty fly."

† Theſe Lines are a verſion of three ſentences that are ſaid in the manuſcript to be "On the monument of John of Doncaſter;" and which are as follow:

What I gave that I have;
What I ſpent that I had;
What I left that I loſt.

* E WALTONI PISCATORE PERFECTO EXCERPTUM.

NUNC, per gramina fuſi,
Densâ fronde ſalicti,
Dum defenditur imber,
Molles ducimus horas.
Hic, dum debita morti
Paulum vita moratur,

* Theſe Lines are a Tranſlation of part of a Song in the Complete Angler of Iſaac Walton, written by John Chalkhill, a friend of Spenſer, and a good poet in his time. They are but part of the laſt ſtanza, which, that the Reader may have it entire, is here given at length.

If the ſun's exceſſive heat
Make our bodies ſwelter,
To an oſier hedge we get
For a friendly ſhelter;
Where in a dike,
Pearch or pike,
Roach or dace,
We do chaſe,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging,
We are ſtill contented.

Or we ſometimes paſs an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a ſhower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath:
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

Nunc reſcire priora,
Nunc inſtare futuris,
Nunc ſummi prece ſanctâ
Patris numen adire eſt.
Quicquid quæritur ultra,
Cæco ducit amore,
Vel ſpe ludit inani,
Luctus mox pariturum.

---

* Quisquis iter tendis, vitreas qua lucidus undas
Speluncæ latè Thameſis prætendit opacæ;
Marmoreâ trepidant quæ lentæ in fornice guttæ,
Cryſtalliſque latex fractus ſcintillat acutis;
Gemmaque, luxuriæ nondum famulata nitenti
Splendet, et incoquitur tectum ſine fraude metallum;
Ingredere O! rerum purâ cole mente parentem;
Auriferaſque auri metuens ſcrutare cavernas.
Ingredere! Egeriæ ſacrum en tibi panditur antrum!
Hic, in ſe totum, longe per opaca futuri
Temporis, Henricum rapuit vis vivida mentis:
Hic pia Vindamius traxit ſuſpiria, in ipsâ
Morte memor patriæ; hic, Marmontî pectore prima
Cœleſtis fido caluerunt ſemina flammæ.
Temnere opes, pretium ſceleris, patriamque tueri
Fortis, ades; tibi ſponte patet venerabile limen.

* The above Lines are a verſion of Pope's verſes on his own otto, which begin, "Thou who ſhalt ſtop where Thames ſlucent wave."

GRÆCORUM EPIGRAMMATUM VERSIONES METRICÆ.

Pag. 2. Brodæi edit. Baſ. Ann. 1549.

NON Argos pugilem, non me Meſſana creavit;
Patria Sparta mihi eſti, patria clara virûm.
Arte valent iſti, mihi robo revivere ſolo eſt,
Convenit ut natis, inclytæ Sparta, tuis.

Br. 2.

QUANDOQUIDEM paſſim nulla ratione feruntur,
Cuncta cinis, cuncta et ludicra, cuncta nihil.

Br. 5.

PECTORE qui duro, crudos de vite racemos
Venturi exſecuit, vaſcula prima meri,
Labraque conſtrictus, ſemeſos, jamque terendos
Sub pedibus, populo prætereunte, jacit.
Supplicium huic, quoniam creſcentia gaudia læſit,
Det Bacchus, dederat quale, Lycurge, tibi.
Hæ poterant uvæ læto convivia cantu,
Mulcere, aut pectus triſte levare malis.

Br. 8.

FERT humeris claudum validis per compita cæcus,
Hic oculos ſocio commodat, ille pedes.

Br. 10.

QUI, mutare vias auſus terræque mariſque,
Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,
Xerxi, tercentum Spartæ Mars obſtitit acris
Militibus; terris ſit pelagoque pudor!

Br. 11.

SIT tibi, Calliope, Parnaſſum, cura, tenenti,
Alter ut adſit Homerus, adeſt etenim alter Achilles.

Br. 18.

AD Muſas Venus hæc; Veneri parete puellæ,
In vos ne miſſus ſpicula tendat amor.
Hæc Muſæ ad Venerem; ſic Marti, diva, mineris,
Huc nunquam volitat debilis iſte puer.

Br. 19.

PROSPERA ſors nec te ſtrepitoſo turbine tollat,
Nec menti injiciat ſordida cura jugum;
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,
Omneſque in partes tracta, retracta fluit;
Firma manet virtus; virtuti innitere, tutus
Per fluctus vitæ ſic tibi curſus erit.

Br. 24.

HORA bonis quaſi nunc inſtet ſuprema fruaris,
Plura ut victurus ſecula, parce bonis:
Divitiis, utrinque cavens, qui tempore parcit,
Tempore divitiis utitur, ille ſapit.

Br. 24.

NUNQUAM jugera meſſibus onuſta, aut
Quos Gyges cumulos habebat auri;
Quod vitæ ſatis eſt, peto, Macrine,
Mi, nequid nimis, eſt nimis probatum.

Br. 24.

NON opto aut precibus poſco diteſcere, paucis
Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Br. 24.

RECTA ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi eſt
Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Br. 24.

TU neque dulce putes alienæ accumbere menſæ,
Nec probroſa avidæ grata ſit offa gulæ;
Nec ficto fletu, fictis ſolvare cachinnis,
Arridens domino, collacrymanſque tuo.
Lætior haud tecum, tecum neque triſtior unquam,
Sed Miliæ ridens, atque dolens Miliæ.

Br. 26.

NIL non mortale eſt mortalibus; omne quod eſt hi
Prætereunt, aut hos præterit omne bonum.

Br. 26.

DEMOCRITE, [illegible] ines majore cachinnos,
Plus tibi [illegible] ila nostra dabunt.
Heraclite, fluat lacryr [illegible] crebrior imber;
Vita hominum [illegible] quod misereris habet.
Interea dubito; tecu [illegible] usa nec ulla
Ridere, aut tecum r [illegible] imare jubet.

Br. 26.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut possis; rixisque dolisque
Perstrepit omne forum; cura molesta domi est.
Rura labor lassat; mare mille pericula terrent;
Verte solum, fient causa timoris opes;
Paupertas misera est; multæ cum conjuge lites
Tecta ineunt; cælebs omnia solus ages.
Proles aucta gravat, rapta orbat, cæca juventæ est
Virtus, canities cauta vigore caret.
Ergo optent homines, aut nunquam in luminis oras
Venisse, aut visâ luce repente mori.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut mavis, prudentia lausque
Permeat omne forum; vita quieta domi est.
Rus ornat natura; levat maris aspera Lucrum,
Verte solum, donet plena crumena decus;
Pauperies latitat, cum conjuge gaudia multa
Tecta ineunt, cælebs impediere minus;

Mulcet

Mulcet amor prolis, ſopor eſt ſine prole profundus;
Præcellit juvenis vi, pietate ſenex.
Nemo optet nunquam veniſſe in luminis oras,
Aut periiſſe; ſcatet vita benigna bonis.

Br. 27.

VITA omnis ſcena eſt luduſque, aut ludere diſce
Seria ſeponens, aut mala dura pati.

Br. 27.

QUÆ ſine morte fuga eſt vitæ, quam turba malorum
Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit?
Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, ſidera, terras,
Lunaque quas et ſol itque reditque vias.
Terror ineſt aliis, mœrorque, et ſiquid habebis
Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

Br. 27.

TERRAM adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo
Quid labor efficiet? non niſi nudus ero.

Br. 27.

NATUS eram lacrymans, lacrymans e luce recedo;
Sunt quibus a lacrymis vix vacat ulla dies.
Tale hominum genus eſt, infirmum, triſte, miſellum,
Quod mors in cineres ſolvit, et abdit humo.

Br. 29.

QUISQUIS adit lectos elatâ uxore ſecundos,
Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

Br. 30.

FÆLIX ante alios nullius debitor æris;
Hunc ſequitur cælebs; tertius, orbe, venis.
Nec male res ceſſit, ſubito ſi funere ſponſam
Ditatus magna dote, recondis humo.
His ſapiens lectis, Epicurum quærere fruſtra
Quales ſint monades, quà fit inane, ſinas.

Br. 31.

OPTARIT quicunque ſenex ſibi longius ævum,
Dignus qui multa in luſtra ſeneſcat, erit.
Cum procul eſt, optat, cum venit, quiſque ſenectam,
Incuſat, ſemper ſpe meliora videt.

Br. 46.

OMNIS vita nimis brevis eſt felicibus, una
Nox miſeris longi temporis inſtar habet.

Br. 55.

GRATIA ter grata eſt velox, ſin ſorte moretur,
Gratia vix reſtat nomine digna ſuo.

Br. 56.

SEU prece poſcatur, ſeu non, da Jupiter omne,
Magne, bonum, omne malum, et poſcentibus
abnuc nobis.

Br. 60.

ME, cane vitato, canis excipit alter; eodem
In me animo tellus gignit et unda feras,
Nec mirum; reſtat lepori conſcendere cœlum,
Sidereus tamen hic territat, ecce, canis!

Br. 70.

TELLURI, arboribus ver frondens, ſidera cœlo
Græciæ et urbs, urbi eſt iſta propago, decus.

Br. 75.

IMPIA facta patrans, homines fortaſſe latebis,
Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Br. 75.

ANTIOPE ſatyrum, Danaë aurum, Europa juvencum,
Et cycnum fecit, Leda petita Jovem.

Br. 92.

ÆVI ſat novi quam ſim brevis; aſtra tuenti,
Per certas ſtabili lege voluta vices,
Tangitur haud pedibus tellus: conviva Deorum
Expleor ambroſiis exhilarorque cibis.

Br. 96.

QUOD nimium eſt fit ineptum, hinc, ut dixere priores,
Et melli nimio fellis amaror ineſt.

Br. 103.

PUPPE gubernatrix ſediſti, audacia, prima
Divitiis acuens aſpera corda virum;
Sola rates ſtruis infidas, et dulcis amorem
Lucri ulciſcendum mox nece ſola doces.
Aurea ſecla hominum, quorum ſpectandus ocellis
E longinquo itidem pontus et orcus erat.

Br. 126.

DITESCIS, credo, quid reſtat? quicquid habebis
In tumulum tecum, morte jubente, trahes?
Divitias cumulas, pereuntes negligis horas,
Incrementa ævi non cumulare potes.

Br. 126.

MATER adulantum, proleſque pecunia curæ,
Teque frui timor eſt, teque carere dolor.

Br. 126.

ME miſerum ſors omnis habet; florentibus annis
Pauper eram, nummis diffluit arca ſenis;
Queis uti poteram quondam Fortuna negavit,
Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

Br. 127.

MNEMOSYNE, ut Sappho mellita voce canentem,
Audiit, irata eſt ne nova Muſa foret.

Br. 152.

CUM tacet indoctus, ſapientior eſſe videtur,
Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Br. 155.

NUNC huic, nunc aliis cedens, cui farra Menippus
Credit, Achæmenidæ nuper agellus eram.
Quod nulli proprium verſat Fortuna, putabat
Ille ſuum ſtolidus, nunc putat ille ſuum.

Br. 156.

NON Fortuna ſibi te gratum tollit in altum;
At docet, exemplo, vis ſibi quanta, tuo.

Br. 162.

HIC, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut aurum
Non reperit, nectit quem reperit, laqueum.

Br. 167.

VIVE tuo ex animo, vario rumore loquetur
De te plebs audax, hic bene, et ille male.

Br. 168.

VITÆ roſa brevis eſt, properans ſi carpere nolis.
Quærenti obveniet mox ſine flore rubus.

Br. 172.

PULICIBUS morſus, reſtinctâ lampade, ſtultus
Exclamat; nunc me cernere deſinitis.

Br. 202.

MENODOTUM pinxit Diodorus, et exit imago,
Præter Menodotum, nullius abſimilis.

Br. 205.

HAUD lavit Phido, haud tetigit, mihi febre calenti
In mentem ut venit nominis, interii.

Br. 210.

NYCTICORAX cantat lethale, ſed ipſa canenti
Demophilo auſcultans Nycticorax moritur.

Br. 212.

HERMEM Deorum nuncium, pennis levem,
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,
Hujus paleſtræ qui vigil cuſtos ſtetit,
Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait;
Præſtat magiſtro ſæpe diſcipulus ſuo.

Br. 223.

QUI jacet hic, ſervus vixit, nunc, lumine caſſus,
Dario magno non minus ille poteſt.

Br. 227.

FUNUS Alexandri mentitur fama; fideſque
Si Phœbo, victor neſcit obire diem.

Br. 241.

NAUTA, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere ſepulchro,
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi!

Br. 256.

CUR opulentus eges? tua cuncta in fœnore posti.
Sic aliis dives, tu tibi pauper agis.

Br. 262.

QUI pascit barbam si crescit mente, Platoni,
Hirce, parem nitido te tua barba facit.

Br. 266.

CLARUS Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto
Sanguine Anastasii; cuncta sepulta jacent:
Et pius, et recti cultor: non illa jacere
Dicam; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Br. 267.

CUNCTIPARENS tellus salve, levis esto pusillo
Lysigeni, fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Br. 285.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; contra, jacet ecce colonus!
Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

Br. 301.

QUID salvere jubes me, pessime? Corripe gressus;
Est mihi quod non te rideo, plena salus.

ET ferus eſt Timon ſub terris; janitor orci,
Cerbere, te morſu ne, petat ille, cave.

Br. 307.

VITAM a terdecimo ſextus mihi finiet annus,
Aſtra mathematicos ſi modo vera docent.
Sufficit hoc votis; flos hic pulcherimus ævi eſt,
Et ſenium triplex Neſtoris urna capit.

Br. 322.

ZOSIMA, qua ſolo fuit olim corpore ſerva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

Br. 326.

EXIGUUM en! Priami monumentum; haud ille meretur
Quale, ſed hoſtiles, quale dedere manus.

Br. 326.

HECTOR dat gladium Ajaci, dat Balteum et Ajax
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Br. 344.

UT vis, ponte minax; modo tres diſceſſeris ulnas;
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque ſonum.

Br. 344.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis,
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.

Br. 398.

HERACLITUS ego; indoctæ ne lædite linguæ
Subtile ingenium quæro, capaxque mei,
Unus homo mihi pro ſexcentis, turba popelli
Pro nullo, clamo nunc tumulatus idem.

Br. 399.

AMBRACIOTA, vale lux alma, Cleombrotus inſi-
Et ſaltu e muro ditis opaca petit:
Triſte nihil paſſus, animi at de ſorte Platonis
Scripta legens, ſolâ vivere mente cupit.

Br. 399.

SERVUS, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque Irus, curaque ſumma Deûm.

Br. 445.

UNDE hic Praxiteles? nudam vidiſtis, Adoni,
Et Pari, et Anchiſa, non alius, Venerem.

Br. 451.

UFFLATO accendis quiſquis carbone lucernam,
Corde meo accendas; ardeo totus ego.

Br. 486.

UPITER hoc templum, ut, ſiquando relinquit Olympum,
tthide non alius deſit Olympus, habet.

Br. 487.

IVIS et externus grati; domus hoſpita neſcit
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.

POMPEII.

Br. 487.

UM fugere haud poſſit, fractis Victoria pennis,
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

Br. 488.

ATRONES alibi locupletum quærite tecta,
Aſſidet huic cuſtos ſtrenua pauperies.

ORTUNÆ malim adverſæ tolerare procellas,
Quam domini ingentis ferre ſupercilium.

EN, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, ſilente,
Orator ſtatua eſt, ſtatuæque orator imago.

PULCHRA eſt virginitas intacta, at vita periret,
Omnes ſi vellent virginitate frui;
Nequitiam fugiens, ſervatâ contrahe lege
Conjugium, ut pro te des hominem patriæ.

FERT humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros
Per Trojæ flammas, denſaque tela, patrem.
Clamat et Argivis, vetuli, ne tangite, vita
Exiguum eſt Marti, ſed mihi grande lucrum.

FORMA animos hominum capit, at, ſi gratia deſit,
Non tenet; eſca natat pulchra, ſed hamus abeſt.

COGITAT aut loquitur nil vir, nil cogitat uxor,
Felici thalamo non, puto, rixa ſtrepit.

BUCCINA disjecit Thebarum mœnia, ſtruxit
Quæ lyra, quam ſibi non concinit harmonia!

MENTE ſenes olim juvenis, Fauſtine, premebas,
Nunc juvenum terres robore corda ſenex.
Lævum at utrumque decus, juveni quod præbuit olim
Turba ſenum, juvenes nunc tribuere ſeni.

EXCEPTÆ hoſpitio muſæ, tribuere libellos
Herodoto hoſpitii præmia, quæque ſuum.

STELLA mea, obſervans ſtellas, Dii me æthera faxint
Multis ut te oculis ſim potis aſpicere.

CLARA Cheroneæ ſoboles, Plutarche, dicavit
Hanc ſtatuam ingenio, Roma benigna, tuo.
Das bene collatos, quos Roma et Græcia jactat,
Ad Divos paribus paſſibus ire duces;
Sed ſimilem, Plutarche, tuæ deſcribere vitam
Non poteras, regio non tulit ulla parem.

DAT tibi Pythagoram pictor; quod ni ipſe tacere
Pythagoras mallet, vocem habuiſſet opus.

PROLEM Hippi et ſua quâ meliorem ſecula nullum
Videre, Archidicen hæc tumulavit humus;
Quam, regum ſobolem, nuptam, matrem, atque ſororem
Fecerunt nulli ſors titulique gravem.

CECROPIDIS gravis hic ponor, Martique dicatus,
Quo tua ſignantur geſta, Philippe, lapis,
Spreta jacet Marathon, jacet et Salaminia laurus,
Omnia dum Macedûm gloria et arma premunt.
Sint Demoſthenicâ ut jurata cadavera voce,
Stabo illis qui ſunt, quique fuere, gravis.

FLORIBUS in pratis, legi quos ipſe, coronam
Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi:
Hic anemone humet, confert narciſſus odores
Cum violis; ſpirant lilia miſta roſis.
His redimita comas, mores depone ſuperbos,
Hæc peritura nitent; tu peritura nites!

MUREM Aſclepiades ſub tecto ut vidit avarus,
Quid tibi, mus, mecum, dixit, amice, tibi.
Mus blandum ridens, reſpondit, pelle timorem;
Hic, bone vir, ſedem, non alimenta, peto.

SÆPE tuum in tumulum lacrymarum decidit imber
Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;
Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,
Cuique eſſes natus, cuique ſodalis, eras.
Heu quam dura preces ſprevit, quam ſurda querelas
Parca, juventutem non miſerata tuam!

ARTI ignis lucem tribui, tamen artis et ignis
Nunc ope, ſupplicii vivit imago mei.
Gratia nulla hominum mentes tenet, iſta Promethei
Munera muneribus, ſi retulere fabri.

ILLA triumphatrix Graiûm conſueta procorum
Ante ſuas agmen Lais habere fores,
Hoc Veneri ſpeculum; nolo me cernere qualis
Sum nunc, nec poſſum cernere qualis eram.

CRETHIDA fabellas dulces garrire peritam
Proſequitur lacrymis filia mœſta Sami;
Blandam lanifici ſociam ſine fine loquacem,
Quam tenet hic, cunctas quæ manet, alta quies.

DICITE, Cauſidici, gelido nunc marmore magni
Mugitum tumulus comprimit Amphiloci.

SI forſan tumulum quo conditur Eumarus auſer;
Nil lucri facies; oſſa habet et cinerem.

EPICTETI.

ME, rex deorum, tuque, duc, neceſſitas,
Quo, lege veſtrâ, vita me feret mea.
Sequar libenter, ſin reluctari velim,
Fiam ſceleſtus, nec tamen minus ſequar.

E THEOCRITO.

PORTA, lector, hic quieſcit Hipponax,
Si ſis ſceleſtus, præteri, procul, marmor:
At te bonum ſi nôris, et bonis natum,
Tutum hic ſedile, et ſi placet, ſopor tutus.

EUR. MED. 193—203.

NON immerito culpanda venit
Proavûm væcors inſipientia,
Qui convivia lautaſque dapes
Hilarare ſuis juſſere modis
Cantum, vitæ dulce levamen.
At nemo feras iras hominum,
Domibus claris exitiales,
Voce aut fidibus pellere docuit

Quæ

Queis tamen aptam ferre medelam
Utile cunctis hoc opus esset;
Namque, ubi mensas onerant epulæ,
Quorsum dulcis luxuria soni?
Sat lætitiâ, sine subsidiis,
Pectora molli mulcet dubiæ
Copia cœnæ.

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* Τοῖος Ἄρης βροτολοιγὸς ἐνὶ πολέμοισι μέμηνε
Καὶ τοῖος, Παφίην πλῆξεν ἔρωτι θεάν.

SEPTEM ÆTATES.

PRIMA parit terras ætas, siccatque secunda,
Evocat Abramum dein tertia; quarta relinquit
Ægyptum; templo Solomonis quinta superstit;
Cyrum sexta timet; lætatur septima Christo.

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* The above is a Version of a Latin Epigram on the famous John Duke of Marlborough by the Abbé Salvini, which is as follows:

Haud alio vultu, fremuit Mars acer in armis:
Haud alio, Cypriam perculit ore Deam.

The Duke was, it seems, remarkably handsome in his person, to which the second line has reference.

* His Tempelmanni numeris deſcripſeris orbem.
[1] Cum ſex centuriis Judæo millia ſeptem.
Myrias [2] Ægypto ceſſit bis ſeptima pingui.
Myrias adſciſcit ſibi nonageſima ſeptem
Imperium qua Turca [3] ferox exercet iniquum.
Undecies binas decadas et millia ſeptem
Sortitur [4] Pelopis tellus quæ nomine gaudet.
Myriadas decies ſeptem numerare jubebit
Paſtor [4] Arabs: decies octo ſibi Perſa [4] requirit.
Myriades ſibi pulcra duas, duo millia poſcit
Parthenope.

* To the above Lines (which are unfiniſhed, and can therefore be only offered as a fragment), in the Doctor's manuſcript, are prefixed the words, "Geographia Metrica." As we are referred, in the firſt of the verſes, to Templeman, for having furniſhed the numerical computations that are the ſubject of them, his work has been accordingly conſulted, the title of which is, "A new Survey of the Globe," and which profeſſes to give an accurate menſuration of all the empires, kingdoms, and other diviſions thereof, in the ſquare miles that they reſpectively contain. On compariſon of the ſeveral numbers in theſe verſes with thoſe ſet down by Templeman, it appears that nearly half of them are preciſely the ſame; the reſt are not quite ſo exactly done. —— For the convenience of the Reader it has been thought right to ſubjoin each number, as it ſtands in Templeman's work, to that in Dr. Johnſon's verſes which refers to it.

[1] In this firſt article that is verſified, there is an accurate conformity in Dr Johnſon's number to Templeman's; who ſets down the ſquare miles of Paleſtine at 7,600.

[2] The ſquare miles of Ægypt are, in Templeman, 140,700.

[3] The whole Turkiſh empire, in Templeman, is computed at 960,057 ſquare miles.

[4] In the four following articles, the numbers, in Templeman and in Johnſon's verſes, are alike.—We find, accordingly,

rthenope[4]. [5] Novies vult tellus mille Sicana.
'apa ſuo regit imperio ter millia quinque.
m ſex centuriis numerat ſex millia Tuſcus[7].
nturiâ Ligures[8] augent duo millia quartâ.
nturiæ octavam decadem addit Lucca[9] ſecundæ.
Ut dicas, ſpatiis quam latis imperet orbi
Ruſſia, myriadas ter denas adde trecentis:
Sardiniam cum ſexcentis ſex millia complent.
Cum ſexagenis, dum plura recluſerit ætas,
yriadas ter mille homini dat terra[12] colendas.
Vult ſibi vicenas milleſima myrias addi,
cenis quinas, Aſiam[13] metata celebrem.
Se quinquagenis octingenteſima jungit
yrias, ut menti pateat tota Africa[14] doctæ.
Myriadas ſeptem decies Europa[15] ducentis
quadragenis quoque ter tria millia jungit.

gly, the Morea, in Templeman, to be ſet down at 7,220 uare miles.—Arabia, at 700,000.—Perſia, at 800,000.— id Naples, at 22,000.

[5] Sicily, in Templeman, is put down at 9,400.

[6] The pope's dominions, at 14,868.

[7] Tuſcany, at 6,640.

[8] Genoa in Templeman, as in Johnſon likewiſe, is ſet down . 2,400.

[9] Lucca, at 286.

[10] The Ruſſian empire, in the 29th plate of Templeman, ſet down at 3,303,485 ſquare miles.

[11] Sardinia, in Templeman, as likewiſe in Johnſon, 6,600.

[12] The habitable world, in Templeman, is computed, in ıuare miles, at 30,666,806.

[13] Aſia, at 10,257,487.

[14] Africa, at 8,506,208.

[15] Europe, at 2,749,349.

Myriadas

Myriadas denas dat, quinque et millia, ſexque
Centurias, et tres decadas Europa Britannis [16].
Ter tria myriadi conjungit millia quartæ,
Centuriæ quartæ decades quinque [17] Anglia nectit
Millia myriadi ſeptem fœcunda ſecundæ
Et quadragenis decades quinque addit Ierne [18],
Quingentis quadragenis ſocialis adauget
Millia Belga [19] novem.
Ter ſex centurias Hollandia [19] jactat opima
Undecimum Camber [19] vult ſeptem millibus addi.

* * * * * * * * * * *

[16] The Britiſh dominions, at 105,634.

[17] England, as likewiſe in Johnſon's expreſſion of the number, at 49,450.

[18] Ireland, at 27,457.

[19] In the three remaining inſtances, which make the whole that Dr. Johnſon appears to have rendered into Latin verſe, we find the numbers exactly agreeing with thoſe of Templeman; who makes the ſquare miles of the United Provinces, 9540—of the province of Holland, 1800—and of Wales, 7011.

*** *The Lady on whom the Greek verſes, and the Latin ones that immediately follow, were written (page* 397*), is the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who tranſlated the works of Epictetus from the Greek.*

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☞ The Roman Numerals refer to the Volume, and the Figures to the Page.

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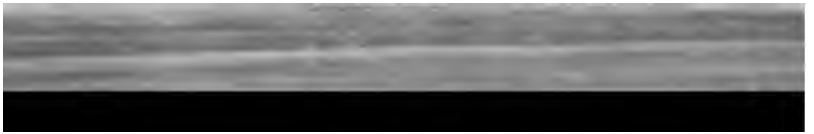

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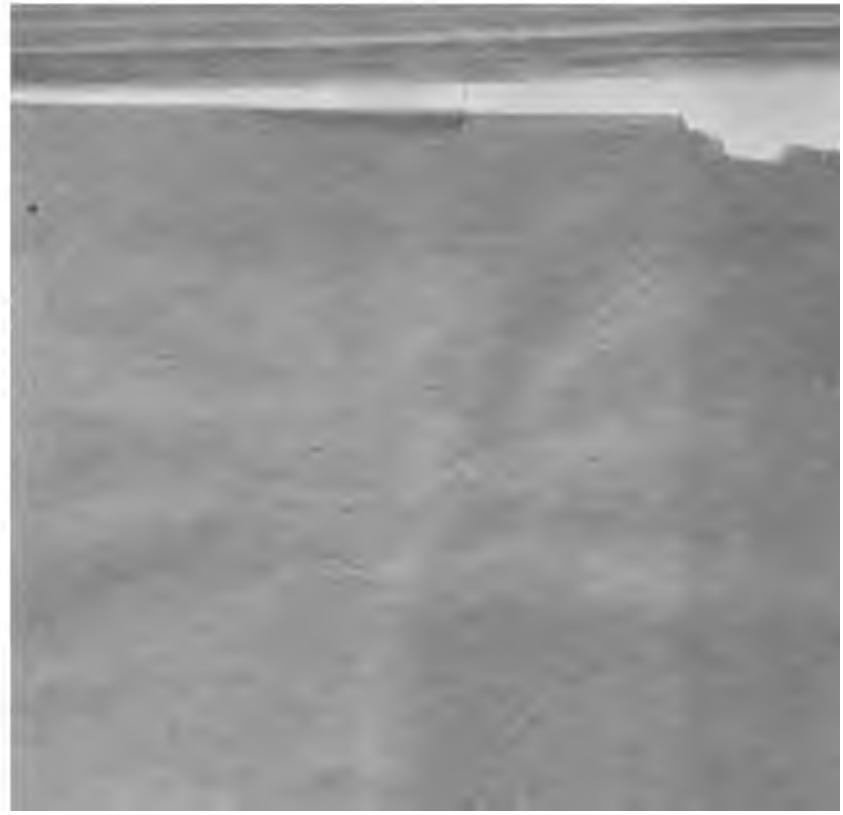
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